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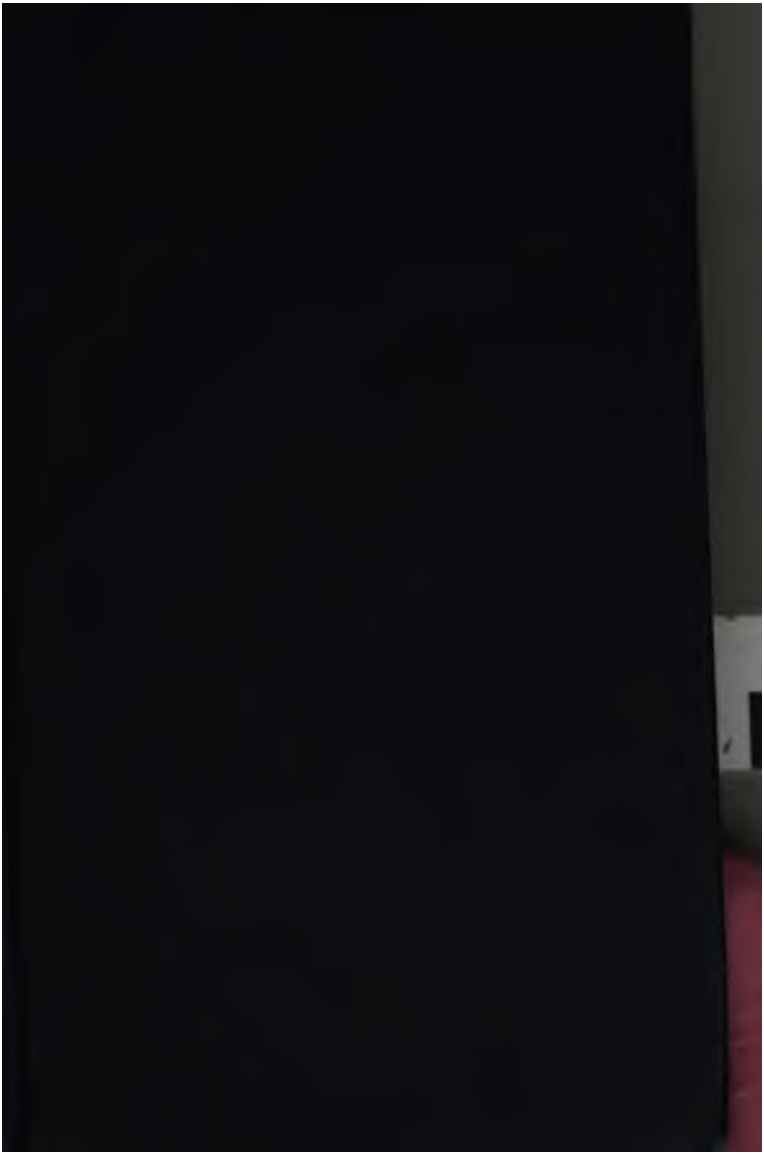

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PARTING GLIMPSE OF THE FACE-MAKER. *Chap. XXV.*

THE COMMERCIAL
TRAVELLER
by
Charles
DICKENS

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CONTENTS

PAGE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ix

CHAPTER I

His General Line of Business 1

CHAPTER II

The Shipwreck 2

CHAPTER III

Wapping Workhouse 21

CHAPTER IV

Two Views of a Cheap Theatre 36

CHAPTER V

Poor Mercantile Jack 51

CHAPTER VI

Refreshments for Travellers 67

CHAPTER VII

Travelling Abroad 80

CHAPTER VIII

The Great Tasmania's Cargo 96

CHAPTER IX

City of London Churches 109

CHAPTER X

Shy Neighbourhoods 123

CHAPTER XI

Tramps 137

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3614
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63

CONTENTS

PAGE

RAPHICAL NOTE ix

CHAPTER I

neral Line of Business 1

CHAPTER II

ipwreck 2

CHAPTER III

ng Workhouse 21

CHAPTER IV

iews of a Cheap Theatre 36

CHAPTER V

lercantile Jack 51

CHAPTER VI

hments for Travellers 67

CHAPTER VII

lling Abroad 80

CHAPTER VIII

reat Tasmania's Cargo 96

CHAPTER IX

f London Churches 109

CHAPTER X

leighbourhoods 123

CHAPTER XI

[illegible] 137

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

was in 1860, and in the pages of *All the Year Round*, that Charles Dickens began the d series of papers known as *The Uncommercial veller*. He continued to contribute them to his odical from time to time (in three series, 1860, 3 and 1868-9) up to the year that preceded death. We have the author's own words for fact that many of the papers record his personal riences. As he wrote in a letter to Mrs. J. T. is dated December 16, 1868:—"I trust, my Eugenius, that you have recognised yourself certain Uncommercial, and also some small rence to a name rather dear to you? As an nce of how strangely something comic springs in the midst of the direst misery, look to a ceeding Uncommercial, called *A Small Star in East*, published to-day, by-the-by. I have cribed with exactness, the poor places into ch I went, and how the people behaved, and t they said. I was wretched, looking on; and the boiler-maker and the poor man with the filled me with a sense of drollery not to be t down by any pressure."

The papers which form this volume appeared ginally in *All the Year Round*, in, as I have said ve, three more or less defined series. The first nteen of them appeared anonymously under the ple title of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, at s from June 28, 1860, to October 13, 1860; were published in book form at the close of year. Separate titles were only given to the

papers in the contents' list, and these frequently differed from those which Dickens adopted on the completion of the work. The second series, of a dozen papers, (beginning with *From Dover to Calais*), ran from May 2, 1863, until October 24, 1863. Then on October 10, 1868, appeared an isolated paper (the last in this collection), *The Ruffian. By an Uncommercial Traveller*, and the third series, with a fresh title as *New Uncommercial Samples*, duly signed by the author, began in the issue of the journal for December 5 following, and ran at irregular intervals until June 5, 1869. Of this last series one paper, *A Fly Leaf in a Life*, has not been reprinted in *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

It is worthy of note that in June, 1862, when contemplating an Australian reading-tour—he had been offered £10,000 for an eight months' tour—Charles Dickens considered the possibility of his writing a series of papers on his Antipodean travels, to be entitled *An Uncommercial Traveller Upside Down*.

WALTER JERROLD.

The Uncommercial Traveller

Chapter I

HIS GENERAL LINE OF BUSINESS

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me, no boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeon-pie is especially made for me, no hotel-advertisement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway wrappers is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its brandy or sherry. When I go upon my journeys, I am not usually rated at a low figure in the bill; when I come home from my journeys, I never get any commission. I know nothing about prices, and should have no idea, if I were put to it, how to weedle a man into ordering something he doesn't want. As a town traveller, I am never to be seen driving a vehicle externally like a young and volatile pianoforte van, and internally like an oven in which a number of flat boxes are baking in layers. As a country traveller, I am rarely to be found in a gig, and am never to be encountered by a pleasure train, waiting on the plat-

form of a branch station, quite a Druid in the midst of a light Stonehenge of samples.

And yet—proceeding now, to introduce myself positively—I am both a town traveller and a country traveller, and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent-garden, London—now about the city streets: now, about the country by-roads —seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others.

These are my brief credentials as the Uncommercial Traveller.

Chapter II

THE SHIPWRECK

NEVER had I seen a year going out, or going on, under quieter circumstances. Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was Peace on that sea-shore that morning.

So settled and orderly was everything seaward, in the bright light of the sun and under the transparent shadows of the clouds, that it was hard to imagine the bay otherwise, for years past or to come, than it was that very day. The Tug-steamer lying a little off the shore, the Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the regularly-turning windlass aboard the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly

and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, all seemed as much a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a-half; there was a slight obstruction in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stump of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from lying horizontally on the water, had slipped a little from the land—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the light swell that was coming in, I cast a stone over it.

So orderly, so quiet, so regular—the rising and falling of the Tug-steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—that I myself seemed, to my own thinking, anything but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had traversed two hundred miles to get at it. That very morning I had come bowling down, and struggling up, hill-country roads; looking back at snowy summits; meeting courteous peasants well to do, driving fat pigs and cattle to market: noting the neat and thrifty dwellings, with their unusual quantity of clean white linen, drying on the bushes; having windy weather suggested by every cotter's little rick, with its thatched straw-ridged and extra straw-ridged into overlapping compartments like the back of a rhinoceros. Had I not given a lift of fourteen miles to the Coast-guardsman (kit and all), who was coming to his spell of duty there, and had we not just now parted company? So it was; but the journey seemed to glide down into the placid sea, with other chafe and trouble, and for the moment nothing was so calmly and monotonously real under the sunlight as the gentle rising and falling of the water with its freight, the regular turning of

the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction so very near my feet.

O reader, haply turning this page by the fireside at Home, and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that slight obstruction was the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the Royal Charter, Australian trader and passenger ship, Homeward bound, that struck here on the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of this October, broke into three parts, went down with her treasure of at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

From which point, or from which, she drove ashore, stern foremost; on which side, or on which, she passed the little Island in the bay, for ages henceforth to be aground certain yards outside her; these are rendered bootless questions by the darkness of that night and the darkness of death. Here she went down.

Even as I stood on the beach with the words "Here she went down!" in my ears, a diver in his grotesque dress, dipped heavily over the side of the boat alongside the Lighter, and dropped to the bottom. On the shore by the water's edge, was a rough tent, made of fragments of wreck, where other divers and workmen sheltered themselves, and where they had kept Christmas-day with rum and roast beef, to the destruction of their frail chimney. Cast up among the stones and boulders of the beach, were great spars of the lost vessel, and masses of iron twisted by the fury of the sea into the strangest forms. The timber was already bleached and iron rusted, and even these objects did no violence to the prevailing air the whole scene wore, of having been exactly the same for years and years.

Yet, only two short months had gone, since

man, living on the nearest hill-top overlooking the sea, being blown out of bed at about daybreak by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbour to construct some temporary device for keeping his house over his head, saw from the ladder's elevation as he looked down by chance towards the shore, some dark troubled object close in with the land. And he and the other, descending to the beach, and finding the sea mercilessly beating over a great broken ship, had clambered up the stony ways, like staircases without stairs, on which the wild village hangs in little clusters, as fruit hangs on boughs, and had given the alarm. And so, over the hill-slopes, and past the waterfall, and down the gullies where the land drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales had come running to the dismal sight—their clergyman among them. And as they stood in the leaden morning, stricken with pity, leaning hard against the wind, their breath and vision often failing as the sleet and spray rushed at them from the ever forming and dissolving mountains of sea, and as the wool which was a part of the vessel's cargo blew in with the salt foam and remained upon the land when the foam melted, they saw the ship's lifeboat put off from one of the heaps of wreck; and first, there were three men in her, and in a moment she capsised, and there were but two; and again, she was struck by a vast mass of water, and there was but one; and again, she was thrown bottom upward, and that one, with his arm struck through the broken planks and waving as if for the help that could never reach him, went down into the deep.

It was the clergyman himself from whom I

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pace, among the loose stones, the deep mud, the wet coarse grass, the outlying water, and other obstructions from which frost and snow had lately thawed. It was a mistake (my friend was glad to tell me, on the way) to suppose that the peasantry had shown any superstitious avoidance of the drowned; on the whole, they had done very well, and had assisted readily. Ten shillings had been paid for the bringing of each body up to the church, but the way was steep, and a horse and cart (in which it was wrapped in a sheet) were necessary, and three or four men, and, all things considered, it was not a great price. The people were none the richer for the wreck, for it was the season of the herring-shoal—and who could cast nets for fish, and find dead men and women in the draught?

He had the church keys in his hand, and opened the churchyard gate, and opened the church door; and we went in.

It is a little church of great antiquity; there is reason to believe that some church has occupied the spot, these thousand years or more. The pulpit was gone, and other things usually belonging to the church were gone, owing to its living congregation having deserted it for the neighbouring school-room, and yielded it up to the dead. The very Commandments had been shouldered out of their places, in the bringing in of the dead; the black wooden tables on which they were painted, were askew, and on the stone pavement below them, and on the stone pavement all over the church, were the marks and stains where the drowned had been laid down. The eye, with little or no aid from the imagination, could yet see how the bodies had been turned, and where the head had been and where *the feet*. Some faded traces of the wreck of the

women-passengers, were known to have been in the middle of the ship when she parted, and thus the collapsing wreck would have fallen upon them after yawning open, and would keep them down. A diver made known, even then, that he had come upon the body of a man, and had sought to release it from a great superincumbent weight; but that, finding he could not do so without mutilating the remains, he had left it where it was.

It was the kind and wholesome face I have made mention of as being then beside me, that I had purposed to myself to see, when I left home for Wales. I had heard of that clergyman, as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonised friends; of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man can render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, "In the Christmas season of the year, I should like to see that man!" And he had swung the gate of his little garden in coming out to meet me, not half an hour ago.

So cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh frank face going up the village beside me, in five minutes, than I have read in anathematising discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets), in all my life. I heard more of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner, than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

We climbed towards the little church, at a cheery

this led him to notice that even the marks upon linen were sometimes inconsistent with one anoth and thus he came to understand that they dressed in great haste and agitation, and that t clothes had become mixed together. The ide fication of men by their dress, was rendered tremely difficult, in consequence of a large prop tion of them being dressed alike—in clothes of kind, that is to say, supplied by slopsellers and fitters, and not made by single garments but hundreds. Many of the men were bringing o parrots, and had receipts upon them for the p of the birds; others had bills of exchange in t pockets, or in belts. Some of these docume carefully unwrinkled and dried, were little less f in appearance that day, than the present page be under ordinary circumstances, after having b opened three or four times.

In that lonely place, it had not been easy to tain even such common commodities in towns ordinary disinfectants. Pitch had been burnt in church, as the readiest thing at hand, and the ing-pan in which it had bubbled over a brazier coals was still there, with its ashes. Hard by Communion-Table, were some boots that had b taken off the drowned and preserved—a gold-d ger's boot, cut down the leg for its removal- trodden-down man's ankle-boot with a buff cl top—and others—soaked and sandy, weedy salt.

From the church, we passed out into the chur yard. Here, there lay, at that time, one hund and forty-five bodies, that had come ashore f the wreck. He had buried them, when not id tified, in graves containing four each. He numbered each body in a register describing it,

had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the churchyard. Several bodies had been exhumed from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognised, these have been reburied in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate headstones over the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended. There had been no offence in the poor ashes when they were brought again to the light of day; the beneficent Earth had already absorbed it. The drowned were buried in their clothes. To supply the great sudden demand for coffins, he had got all the neighbouring people handy at tools, to work the livelong day, and Sunday likewise. The coffins were neatly formed;—I had seen two, waiting for occupants, under the lee of the ruined walls of a stone hut on the beach, within call of the tent where the Christmas Feast was held. Similarly, one of the graves for four was lying open and ready, here, in the churchyard. So much of the scanty space was already devoted to the wrecked people, that the villagers had begun to express uneasy doubts whether they themselves could lie in their own ground, with their forefathers and descendants, by-and-by. The churchyard being but a step from the clergyman's dwelling-house, we crossed to the latter; the white surplice was hanging up near the door ready to be put on at any time, for a funeral service.

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was as consolatory, as the circumstances out of which it shone were sad. I never have seen

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midst of a light Stonehenge of samples.

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the churchyard with its open grave, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling side by side with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former, without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had lost any one dear to me in this unfortunate ship, if I had made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the churchyard, I should go away, thankful to GOD that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day and its domestic lights by night fell upon the earth in which its Master had so tenderly laid my dear one's head.

The references that naturally arose out of our conversation, to the descriptions sent down of shipwrecked persons, and to the gratitude of relations and friends, made me very anxious to see some of those letters. I was presently seated before a shipwreck of papers, all bordered with black, and from them I made the following few extracts.

A mother writes:

REVEREND SIR. Amongst the many who perished on your shore was numbered my beloved son. I was only just recovering from a severe illness, and this fearful affliction has caused a relapse, so that I am unable at present to go to identify the remains of the loved and lost. My darling son would have been sixteen on Christmas-day next. He was a most amiable and obedient child, early taught the way of salvation. We fondly hoped that as a British seaman he might be an ornament to his profession, but, "it is well;" I feel assured my dear boy is now with the redeemed. Oh, he did not wish to go this last voyage! On the fifteenth of October, I received a letter from him from Melbourne, date

the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction so very near my feet.

O reader, haply turning this page by the fireside at Home, and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that slight obstruction was the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the Royal Charter, Australian trader and passenger ship, Homeward bound, that struck here on the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of this October, broke into three parts, went down with her treasure of at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

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DEAR AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRIENDS. I arrived here yesterday morning without accident, and am about to proceed to my home by railway.

I am overpowered when I think of you and your hospitable home. No words could speak language suited to my heart. I refrain. God reward you with the same measure you have meted with!

I enumerate no names, but embrace you all.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS. This is the first day that I have been able to leave my bedroom since I returned, which will explain the reason of my not writing sooner.

If I could only have had my last melancholy hope realised in recovering the body of my beloved and lamented son, I should have returned home somewhat comforted, and I think I could then have been comparatively resigned.

I fear now there is but little prospect, and I mourn as one without hope.

The only consolation to my distressed mind is in having been so feelingly allowed by you to leave the matter in your hands, by whom I well know that everything will be done that can be, according to arrangements made before I left the scene of the awful catastrophe, both as to the identification of my dear son, and also his interment.

I feel most anxious to hear whether anything fresh has transpired since I left you; will you add another to the many deep obligations I am under to you by writing to me? And should the body of my dear and unfortunate son be identified, let me hear from you immediately, and I will come again.

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel I owe to you all for your benevolent aid, your kindness, and your sympathy.

women-passengers, were known to have been in the middle of the ship when she parted, and thus the collapsing wreck would have fallen upon them after yawning open, and would keep them down. A diver made known, even then, that he had come upon the body of a man, and had sought to release it from a great superincumbent weight; but that, finding he could not do so without mutilating the remains, he had left it where it was.

It was the kind and wholesome face I have made mention of as being then beside me, that I had purposed to myself to see, when I left home for Wales. I had heard of that clergyman, as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonised friends; of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man can render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, "In the Christmas season of the year, I should like to see that man!" And he had swung the gate of his little garden in coming out to meet me, not half an hour ago.

So cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh frank face going up the village beside me, in five minutes, than I have read in anathematising discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets), in all my life. I heard more of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner, than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

We climbed towards the little church, at a cheery

addition to those indefatigable exertions, at the scene of the late disaster to the Royal Charter, which have received universal recognition, you have very benevolently employed your valuable efforts to assist such members of our faith as have sought the bodies of lost friends to give them burial in our consecrated grounds, with the observances and rites prescribed by the ordinances of our religion.

The wardens desire me to take the earliest available opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of our community, the expression of their warm acknowledgments and grateful thanks, and their sincere wishes for your continued welfare and prosperity.

A Jewish gentleman writes:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR. I take the opportunity of thanking you right earnestly for the promptness you displayed in answering my note with full particulars concerning my much lamented brother, and I also herein beg to express my sincere regard for the willingness you displayed and for the facility you afforded for getting the remains of my poor brother exhumed. It has been to us a most sorrowful and painful event, but when we meet with such friends as yourself, it in a measure, somehow or other, abates that mental anguish, and makes the suffering so much easier to be borne. Considering the circumstances connected with my poor brother's fate, it does, indeed, appear a hard one. He had been away in all seven years; he returned four years ago to see his family. He was then engaged to a very amiable young lady. He had been very successful abroad, and was now returning to fulfil his sacred vow; he brought all his property with him in gold

uninsured. We heard from him when the ship topped at Queenstown, when he was in the highest of hope, and in a few short hours afterwards all was washed away.

Mournful in the deepest degree, but too sacred for quotation here, were the numerous references to those miniatures of women worn round the necks of rough men (and found there after death), those locks of hair, those scraps of letters, those many many slight memorials of hidden tenderness. One man cast up by the sea bore about him, printed on perforated lace card, the following singular (and unavailing) charm:

A BLESSING.

May the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy bed; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights. May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the Angel of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction.

A sailor had these devices on his right arm. Our Saviour on the Cross, the forehead of the Crucifix and the vesture stained red; on the lower part of the arm, a man and woman; on one side of the Cross, the appearance of a half moon, with a face; on the other side, the sun; on the top of

the Cross, the letters I.H.S.; on the left arm
man and woman dancing, with an effort to deli
ate the female's dress; under which, initial
Another seaman "had, on the lower part of
right arm, the device of a sailor and a female;
man holding the Union Jack with a streamer,
folds of which waved over her head, and the
of it was held in her hand. On the upper part
the arm, a device of Our Lord on the Cross, w
stars surrounding the head of the Cross, and
large star on the side in Indian ink. On the
arm, a flag, a true lover's knot, a face, and initial
This tattooing was found still plain, below the
coloured outer surface of a mutilated arm, wh
such surface was carefully scraped away with
knife. It is not improbable that the perpetuat
of this marking custom among seamen, may
referred back to their desire to be identified,
drowned and flung ashore.

It was some time before I could sever mys
from the many interesting papers on the table,
then I broke bread and drank wine with the k
family before I left them. As I brought the Co
guard down, so I took the Postman back, with
leathern wallet, walking stick, bugle, and ter
dog. Many a heart-broken letter had he brou
to the Rectory House within two months; man
benignantly painstaking answer had he carried ba

As I rode along, I thought of the many peo
inhabitants of this mother country, who wo
make pilgrimages to the little churchyard in
years to come; I thought of the many people
Australia, who would have an interest in such
shipwreck, and would find their way here wh
they visit the Old World; I thought of the writ
of all the wreck of letters I had left upon the tab

nd I resolved to place this little record where stands. Convocations, Conferences, Diocesan pistles, and the like, will do a great deal for Re-gion, I dare say, and Heaven send they may! but doubt if they will ever do their Master's service lf so well, in all the time they last, as the Heavens ve seen it done in this bleak spot upon the gged coast of Wales.

Had I lost the friend of my life, in the wreck of e Royal Charter; had I lost my betrothed, the ore than friend of my life; had I lost my maiden ughter, had I lost my hopeful boy, had I lost my le child; I would kiss the hands that worked so ily and gently in the church, and say, "None tter could have touched the form, though it had in at home." I could be sure of it, I could be hankful for it: I could be content to leave the ave near the house the good family pass in and t of every day, undisturbed, in the little church-rd where so many are so strangely brought to-ther.

Without the name of the clergyman to whom—hope, not without carrying comfort to some heart some time—I have referred, my reference would e as nothing. He is the Reverend Stephen Roose Hughes, of Llanallgo, near Moelfra, Anglesey. His brother is the Reverend Hugh Robert Hughes, f Penrhos, Alligwy.

Chapter III

WAPPING WORKHOUSE

MY day's no-business beckoning me to the East end of London, I had turned my face to at point of the metropolitan compass on leaving

Covent-garden, and had got past the India House thinking in my idle manner of Tippoo-Sahib and Charles Lamb, and had got past my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake and had got past Aldgate Pump, and had got past the Saracen's Head (with an ignominious rash of posting bills disfiguring his swarthy countenance) and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbour the Black or Blue Boar, or Bull, who departed this life I don't know when, and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where; and had come out again into the age of railways, and had got past Whitechapel Church, and was—rather inappropriately for an Uncommercial Traveller—in the Commercial Road. Pleasantly wallowing in the abundant mud of that thoroughfare, and greatly enjoying the huge piles of building belonging to the sugar refiners, the little masts and vanes in small back gardens in back streets, the neighbouring canals and docks, the India vans lumbering along their stone tramway, and the pawnbrokers' shops where hard-up Mates had pawned so many sextants and quadrants, that I should have bought a few cheap if I had the least notion how to use them, I at last began to file off to the right, towards Wapping.

Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccer-box marked with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because

an Eastern police magistrate had said, through the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping workhouse for women, and that it was a disgrace and a shame, and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood. For, that Eastern police magistrates are not always the wisest men of the East, may be inferred from their course of procedure respecting the fancy-dressing and pantomime-posturing at St. George's in that quarter: which is usually, to discuss the matter at issue, in a state of mind betokening the weakest perplexity, with all parties concerned and unconcerned, and, for a final expedient, to consult the complainant as to what he thinks ought to be done with the defendant, and take the defendant's opinion as to what he would recommend to be done with himself.

Long before I reached Wapping, I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somehow or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found myself on a swing-bridge looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me, stood a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty and shiny and slimy, who may have been the youngest son of his filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the granite post like a large thimble, that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? Unto which, it replied, with a ghastly grin and a sound like gurgling water in its throat:

"Mr. Baker's trap."

As it is a point of great sensitiveness with me o such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pre sure of the conversation, I deeply considered th meaning of this speech, while I eyed the apparitio —then engaged in hugging and sucking a horizon tal iron bar at the top of the locks. Inspiratio suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the actin coroner of that neighbourhood.

"A common place for suicide," said I, lookin down at the locks.

"Sue?" returned the ghost, with a star "Yes! And Poll. Likewise Emily. And Nancy And Jane;" he sucked the iron between eac name; "and all the bileing. Ketches off the bonnets or shorls, takes a run, and headers dow here, they doos. Always a headerin' down her they is. Like one o'clock."

"And at about that hour of the morning, I sup pose?"

"Ah!" said the apparition. "*They* an't pa tickler. Two 'ull do for *them*. Three. All time o' night. On'y mind you!" Here the apparitio rested his profile on the bar, and gurgled in a sa castic manner. "There must be somebody comin They don't go a headerin' down here, wen the an't no Bobby nor gen'ral Cove, fur to hear th splash."

According to my interpretation of these word I was myself a General Cove, or member of th miscellaneous public. In which modest character remarked:

"They are often taken out, are they, and r stored?"

"I dunno about restored," said the apparitio who, for some occult reason, very much objecte

at word; "they're carried into the werkiss ut into a 'ot bath, and brought round. But I about restored," said the apparition; "blow "—and vanished.

it had shown a desire to become offensive, I not sorry to find myself alone, especially as werkiss" it had indicated with a twist of its d head, was close at hand. So I left Mr. 's terrible trap (baited with a scum that was he soapy rinsing of sooty chimneys), and bold to ring at the workhouse gate, where I wholly unexpected and quite unknown.

very bright and nimble little matron, with a of keys in her hand, responded to my re- to see the House. I began to doubt whether olice magistrate was quite right in his facts, I noticed her quick active little figure and telligent eyes.

e Traveller (the matron intimated) should see vorst first. He was welcome to see every- . Such as it was, there it all was.

is was the only preparation for our entering Foul wards." They were in an old building zed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite hed from the more modern and spacious main of the workhouse. They were in a building monstrously behind the time—a mere series rrets or lofts, with every inconvenient and ob- nable circumstance in their construction, and accessible by steep and narrow staircases, in- usly ill-adapted for the passage up-stairs of the or down-stairs of the dead.

-bed in these miserable rooms, here on bed- s, there (for a change, as I understood it) on floor, were women in every stage of distress disease. None but those who have attentively

observed such scenes, can conceive the extraordi nary variety of expression still latent under the gen eral monotony and uniformity of colour, attitude and condition. The form a little coiled up an turned away, as though it had turned its back o this world for ever; the uninterested face at onc lead-coloured and yellow, looking passively upwar from the pillow; the haggard mouth a litt dropped, the hand outside the coverlet, so dull an indifferent, so light, and yet so heavy; these wer on every pallet; but when I stopped beside a bed and said ever so slight a word to the figure lyin there, the ghost of the old character came into th face, and made the Foul ward as various as the fai world. No one appeared to care to live, but n one complained; all who could speak, said that s much was done for them as could be done there that the attendance was kind and patient, that thei suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing t ask for. The wretched rooms were as clean an sweet as it is possible for such rooms to be; the would become a pest-house in a single week, i they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another bar barous staircase, into a better kind of loft devote to the idiotic and imbecile. There was at leas Light in it, whereas the windows in the forme wards had been like sides of schoolboys' bird cages. There was a strong grating over the fir here, and, holding a kind of state on either side o the hearth, separated by the breadth of this grating were two old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity which was surely the very last and lowest reduc tion of self-complacency, to be found in this won derful humanity of ours. They were evidentl jealous of each other, and passed their whole tim

(as some people do, whose fires are not grated) in mentally disparaging each other, and contemptuously watching their neighbours. One of these parodies on provincial gentlewomen was extremely talkative, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which she represented herself to have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gossiped so well, and looked altogether so cheery and harmless, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion of her attending chapel she had secreted a small stick, and had caused some confusion in the responses by suddenly producing it and belabouring the congregation.

So, these two old ladies, separated by the breadth of the grating—otherwise they would fly at one another's caps—sat all day long, suspecting one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For, everybody else in the room had fits, except the wards-woman; an elderly, able-bodied pauperess, with a large upper lip, and an air of repressing and saving her strength, as she stood with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding somebody. This civil personage (in whom I regretted to identify a reduced member of my honourable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, "They has 'em continiwal, sir. They drops without no more notice than if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes there'll be as many as four or five on 'em at once, dear me, a rolling and a tearin', bless you!—this young woman, now, has 'em dreadful bad."

She turned up this young woman's face with her

hand as she said it. This young woman w
seated on the floor, pondering in the foreground
the afflicted. There was nothing repellent eith
in her face or head. Many, apparently wors
varieties of epilepsy and hysteria were about he
but she was said to be the worst here. When
had spoken to her a little, she still sat with her fa
turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-d
sun shone in upon her.

—Whether this young woman, and the rest
these so sorely troubled, as they sit or lie ponde
ing in their confused dull way, ever get ment
glimpses among the motes in the sunlight,
healthy people and healthy things? Whether th
young woman, brooding like this in the summ
season, ever thinks that somewhere there are tre
and flowers, even mountains and the great se
Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ev
has any dim revelation of that young woman—th
young woman who is not here and never will con
here; who is courted, and caressed, and loved, a
has a husband, and bears children, and lives in
home, and who never knows what it is to have th
lashing and tearing coming upon her? An
whether this young woman, God help her, giv
herself up then and drops like a coach-horse fro
the moon?

I hardly knew whether the voices of infa
children, penetrating into so hopeless a place, mad
a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It w
something to be reminded that the weary wor
was not all aweary, and was ever renewing itsel
but, this young woman was a child not long ag
and a child not long hence might be such as sh
Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigila
matron conducted me past the two provincial gentl

(whose dignity was ruffled by the children), the adjacent nursery.

were many babies here, and more than dsome young mother. There were ugly others also, and sullen young mothers, and oung mothers. But, the babies had not ted to themselves any bad expression yet, t have been, for anything that appeared to rary in their soft faces, Princes Imperial, cesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving l commission to the baker's man to make a h all despatch and toss it into the oven for headed young pauper and myself, and felt e better for it. Without that refreshment, if I should have been in a condition for fractories," towards whom my quick little —for whose adaptation to her office I had ime conceived a genuine respect—drew me d marshalled me the way that I was going. Refractories were picking oakum, in a small ving on a yard. They sat in line on a ith their backs to a window; before them, and their work. The oldest Refractory twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. ever yet ascertained in the course of my ercial travels, why a Refractory habit ffect the tonsils and uvula; but, I have al- served that Refractories of both sexes and ade, between a Ragged School and the Old have one voice, in which the tonsils and in a diseased ascendency.

e pound indeed! I hain't a going fur to pound," said the Chief of the Refractories, time to herself with her head and chin. than enough to pick what we picks now, place as this, and on wot we gets here!"

(This was an acknowledgment of a delicat
mation that the amount of work was likely to
creased. It certainly was not heavy then, fo
Refractory had already done her day's task—
barely two o'clock—and was sitting behind it
a head exactly matching it.)

"A pretty Ouse this is, matron, ain't it?"
Refractory Two, "where a pleeseman's calle
if a gal says a word!"

"And wen you're sent to prison for nothi
less!" said the Chief, tugging at her oakum a
were the matron's hair. "But any place is
than this; that's one thing, and be thankful!"

A laugh of Refractories led by Oakum
with folded arms—who originated nothing, bu
was in command of the skirmishers outside the
versation.

"If any place is better than this," said my
guide, in the calmest manner, "it is a pity yo
a good place when you had one."

"Ho, no, I didn't, matron," returned the
with another pull at her oakum, and a very ex
ive look at the enemy's forehead. "Don'
that, matron, cos it's lies!"

Oakum Head brought up the skirmishers
skirmished, and retired.

"And *I* warn't a going," exclaimed Refra
Two, "though I was in one place for as lo
four year—*I* warn't a going fur to stop in a
that warn't fit for me—there! And wher
family warn't 'spectable characters—there!
where I fort'nately or hunfort'nately, found th
people warn't what they pretended to make
selves out to be—there! And where it v
their faults, by chalks, if I warn't made bac
ruinated—Hah!"

During this speech, Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again withdrawn.

The Uncommercial Traveller ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number One, to be the two young women who had been taken before the magistrate?

"Yes!" said the Chief, "we har! and the wonder is, that a pleeseman an't 'ad in now, and we took off agen. You can't open your lips here, without a pleeseman."

Number Two laughed (very uvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

"I'm sure I'd be thankful," protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, "if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I'm sick and tired of this precious Ouse, I am, with reason."

So would be, and so was, Number Two. So would be, and so was, Oakum Head. So would be, and so were, Skirmishers.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady or gentleman in want of a likely young domestic of retiring manners, would be tempted into the engagement of either of the two leading Refractories, on her own presentation of herself as per sample.

"It ain't no good being nothink else here," said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it might be worth trying.

"Oh no it ain't," said the Chief.

"Not a bit of good," said Number Two.

"And I'm sure I'd be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad," said the Chief.

"And so should I," said Number Two. "Truly thankful, I should."

Oakum Head then rose, and announce
entirely new idea, the mention of which
novelty might be naturally expected to st
unprepared hearers, that she would be ver
ful to be got into a place, or got abroad.
if she had then said, "Chorus, ladies!"
Skirmishers struck up to the same purpos
left them, thereupon, and began a long wal
the women who were simply old and infi
whenever, in the course of this same walk,
out of any high window that commanded t
I saw Oakum Head and all the other Ref
looking out at their low window for me, a
failing to catch me, the moment I showed r

In ten minutes I had ceased to believe
fables of a golden time as youth, the prime
or a hale old age. In ten minutes, all the
womankind seemed to have been blown
nothing in that way to be left this vault to
but the flickering and expiring snuffs.

And what was very curious, was, that th
old women had one company notion which
fashion of the place. Every old woman
came aware of a visitor and was not in bed
over a form into her accustomed seat, and
one of a line of dim old women confron
other line of dim old women across a narro
There was no obligation whatever upon
range themselves in this way; it was their
of "receiving." As a rule, they made no
to talk to one another, or to look at the vi
to look at anything, but sat silently worki
mouths, like a sort of poor old Cows. In
these wards, it was good to see a few green
in others, an isolated Refractory acting a
who did well enough in that capacity, wh

m her compeers; every one of these wards,
m, night room, or both combined, was
ıly clean and fresh. I have seen as many
ces as most travellers in my line, and I
v one such, better kept.

g the bedridden there was great patience,
iance on the books under the pillow, great
God. All cared for sympathy, but none
red to be encouraged with hope of recov-
the whole, I should say, it was considered
distinction to have a complication of dis-
nd to be in a worse way than the rest.
me of the windows, the river could be
h all its life and movement; the day was
ut I came upon no one who was looking

e large ward, sitting by the fire in arm-
distinction, like the President and Vice of
company, were two old women, upwards
y years of age. The younger of the two,
ned ninety, was deaf, but not very, and
ısily be made to hear. In her early time
nursed a child, who was now another old
more infirm than herself, inhabiting the
ne chamber. She perfectly understood this
ne matron told it, and, with sundry nods
tions of her forefinger, pointed out the
n question. The elder of this pair, ninety-
ated before an illustrated newspaper (but

would have had her life gently assimilated to a comfortable life out of doors. Would that be much to do in England for a woman who has kept herself out of a workhouse more than ninety rough long years? When Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose, with a great deal of allegorical confusion, from out the azure main, did her guardian angels positively forbid it in the Charter which has been so much besung?

The object of my journey was accomplished when the nimble matron had no more to show me. As I shook hands with her at the gate, I told her that I thought Justice had not used her very well, and that the wise men of the East were not infallible.

Now, I reasoned with myself, as I made my journey home again, concerning those Foul wards. They ought not to exist; no person of common decency and humanity can see them and doubt it. But what is this Union to do? The necessary alteration would cost several thousands of pounds it has already to support three workhouses; its inhabitants work hard for their bare lives, and are ready rated for the relief of the Poor to the utmost extent of reasonable endurance. One poor parish in this very Union is rated to the amount of AND SIXPENCE in the pound, at the very same when the rich parish of Saint George's, Hanover square, is rated at about SEVENPENCE in the pound Paddington at about FOURPENCE, St. James's, Westminster, at about TENPENCE! It is only through equalisation of Poor Rates that what is left undone in this wise, can be done. Much more is left done, or is ill-done, than I have space to suggest these notes of a single uncommercial journey. The wise men of the East, before they can rea

hold forth about it, must look to the North and South and West; let them also, any morning before taking the seat of Solomon, look into the shops and dwellings all around the Temple, and first ask themselves "how much more can these poor people—many of whom keep themselves with difficulty enough out of the workhouse—bear?"

I had yet other matter for reflection as I journeyed home, inasmuch as, before I altogether departed from the neighbourhood of Mr. Baker's trap, I had knocked at the gate of the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East, and had found it to be an establishment highly creditable to those parts, and thoroughly well administered by a most intelligent master. I remarked in it, an instance of the collateral harm that obstinate vanity and folly can do. "This was the Hall where those old paupers, male and female, whom I had just seen, met for the Church service, was it?"—"Yes."—"Did they sing the Psalms to any instrument?"—"They would like to, very much; they would have an extraordinary interest in doing so."—"And could one be got?"—"Well, a piano could even have been got for nothing, but these unfortunate dissen——" Ah! better, far better, my Christian friend in the beautiful garment, to have let the singing boys alone, and left the multitude to sing for themselves! You should know better than I, but I think I have read that they did so, once upon a time, and that "when they had sung an hymn," Some one (not in a beautiful garment) went up into the Mount of Olives.

It made my heart ache to think of this miserable failing, in the streets of a city where every stone seemed to call to me, as I walked along, "Turn this way, *man, and see what* waits to be done!" So I

diverted myself into another train of thought to ease my heart. But, I don't know that I did it, for I was so full of paupers, that it was, after all, only a change to a single pauper, who took possession of my remembrance instead of a thousand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he had said, in a confidential manner, on another occasion, taking me aside; "but I have seen better days."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"Sir, I have a complaint to make against the master."

"I have no power here, I assure you. And if I had ——"

"But allow me, sir, to mention it, as between yourself and a man who has seen better days, sir. The master and myself are both masons, sir, and I make him the sign continually; but, because I am in this unfortunate position, sir, he won't give me the countersign!"

Chapter IV

TWO VIEWS OF A CHEAP THEATRE

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighbourhood of Covent-garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighbourhood which has seen better days, that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited when damp breaks forth. Those wonder-

al houses about Drury-lane Theatre, which in the almy days of theatres were prosperous and long-ettled places of business, and which now change ands every week, but never change their character f being divided and sub-divided on the ground oor into mouldy dens of shops where an orange nd half-a-dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake f fancy soap, and a cigar box, are offered for sale nd never sold, were most ruefully contemplated hat evening, by the statue of Shakespeare, with he raindrops coursing one another down its inno-ent nose. Those inscrutable pigeon-hole offices, vith nothing in them (not so much as an inkstand) et a model of a theatre before the curtain, where, n the Italian Opera season, tickets at reduced rices are kept on sale by nomadic gentlemen in meary hats too tall for them, whom one occasion-lly seems to have seen on race-courses, not wholly nconnected with strips of cloth of various colours nd a rolling ball—those Bedouin establishments, leserted by the tribe, and tenantless, except when heltering in one corner an irregular row of ginger-eer-bottles, which would have made one shudder n such a night, but for its being plain that they ad nothing in them, shrunk from the shrill cries f the newsboys at their Exchange in the kennel f Catherine-street, like guilty things upon a fearful ummons. At the pipe-shop in Great Russell-treet, the Death's-head pipes were like theatrical nemento mori, admonishing beholders of the de-line of the playhouse as an Institution. I walked p Bow-street, disposed to be angry with the shops here, that were letting out theatrical secrets by ex-ibiting to work-a-day humanity the stuff of which adems and robes of kings are made. I noticed hat some shops which had once been in the dra-

matic line, and had struggled out of it, were not getting on prosperously—like some actors I have known, who took to business and failed to make it answer. In a word, those streets looked so dull, and, considered as theatrical streets, so broken and bankrupt, that the FOUND DEAD on the black board at the police station might have announced the decease of the Drama, and the pools of water outside the fire-engine makers at the corner of Long-acre might have been occasioned by his having brought out the whole of his stock to play upon its last smouldering ashes.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within half an hour I was in an immense theatre, capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to the latter for hearing in; infinitely superior to both, for seeing in. To every part of this Theatre, spacious fire-proof ways of ingress and egress. For every part of it, convenient places of refreshment and retiring rooms. Everything to eat and drink carefully supervised as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest women in the audience; a general air of consideration, decorum, and supervision, most commendable; an unquestionably humanising influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a dear Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half-a-guinea a head, whose arrangements were not half so civilised. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A

y at threepence, another gallery at fourpence,
at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling,
few private-boxes at half-a-crown.
y uncommercial curiosity induced me to go
every nook of this great place, and among
class of the audience assembled in it—amount-
iat evening, as I calculated, to about two thou-
and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted
firmament of sparkling chandeliers, the build-
vas ventilated to perfection. My sense of
, without being particularly delicate, has been
fended in some of the commoner places of
: resort, that I have often been obliged to
them when I have made an uncommercial
ey expressly to look on. The air of this
tre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To
towards this end, very sensible precautions
been used, ingeniously combining the ex-
nce of hospitals and railway stations. As-
pavements substituted for wooden floors,
it bare walls of glazed brick and tile—even at
ack of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no
nes stuffed, and no carpeting or baize used; a
material with a light glazed surface, being the
ing of the seats.
nese various contrivances are as well considered
e place in question as if it were a Fever Hos-
; the result is, that it is sweet and healthful.
is been constructed from the ground to the
with a careful reference to sight and sound in
corner; the result is, that its form is beauti-
and that the appearance of the audience, as
from the proscenium—with every face in it
nanding the stage, and the whole so admirably
l and turned to that centre, that a hand can
ely move in the great assemblage without the

movement being seen from thence—is highly remarkable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage height and breadth, are on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris, than any notion a stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of St. Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of real camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the spectators at this theatre, for a reason I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two thousand and odd hundreds, by looking about me at my neighbours. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion of family groups, would be to make a gross mis-statement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons

of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The caps of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who wore them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hands in our pockets, and occasionally twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and occasionally tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a screw in our hair over each cheek-bone with a slight Thief-flavour in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-labourers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and byways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for through anybody's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So, we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order; and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half-past six with a pantomime—with a pantomime so long, that before it was over I felt as if I had been travelling for six weeks—going to India, say, by the Overland Mail. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the Introduction, and the Four Quarters of the World came out of the globe, glittering, and discoursed

with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no liberty anywhere but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact. In an allegorical way, which did as well as any other way, we and the Spirit of Liberty got into a kingdom of Needles and Pins, and found them at war with a potentate who called in to his aid their old arch enemy Rust, and who would have got the better of them if the Spirit of Liberty had not in the nick of time transformed the leaders into Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, Harlequina, and a whole family of Sprites, consisting of a remarkably stout father and three spineless sons. We all knew what was coming when the Spirit of Liberty addressed the king with a big face, and His Majesty backed to the side-scenes and began untying himself behind, with his big face all on one side. Our excitement at that crisis was great, and our delight unbounded. After this era in our existence, we went through all the incidents of a pantomime; it was not by any means a savage pantomime, in the way of burning or boiling people, or throwing them out of window, or cutting them up; was often very droll; was always liberally got up, and cleverly presented. I noticed that the people who kept the shops, and who represented the passengers in the thoroughfares, and so forth, had no conventionality in them, but were unusually like the real thing—from which I infer that you may take that audience in (if you wish to) concerning Knights and Ladies, Fairies, Angels, or such like, but they are not to be done as to anything in the streets. I noticed, also, that when two young men, dressed in exact imitation of the eel-and-sausage-cravated portion of the audience, were chased by policemen, and, finding them-

danger of being caught, dropped so sud-
o oblige the policemen to tumble over
t was great rejoicing among the caps—as
were a delicate reference to something
eard of before.
ntomime was succeeded by a Melo-
Throughout the evening I was pleased to
rtue quite as triumphant as she usually is
rs, and indeed I thought rather more so.
reed (for the time) that honesty was the
, and we were as hard as iron upon Vice,
uldn't hear of Villainy getting on in the
, not on any consideration whatever.
the pieces, we almost all of us went out
ied. Many of us went the length of
er at the bar of the neighbouring public-
e of us drank spirits, crowds of us had
and ginger-beer at the refreshment-bars
for us in the Theatre. The sandwich—
al as was consistent with portability, and
possible—we hailed as one of our great-
ions. It forced its way among us at all
he entertainment, and we were always
o see it; its adaptability to the varying
our nature was surprising; we could
so comfortably as when our tears fell
dwich; we could never laugh so heartily
e choked with sandwich; Virtue never
eautiful or Vice so deformed as when we
dwich in hand, to consider what would
at resolution of Wickedness in boots, to
cence in flowered chintz from Honest
striped stockings. When the curtain
night, we still fell back upon sandwich,
through the rain and mire, and home to

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my uncommercial journey; for, its object was to compare the play on Saturday evening with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half-past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to this Theatre. I drove up to the entrance (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and found myself in a large crowd of people who, I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to look at but the mud and the closed doors, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of yards, into a dark corner, they at once forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the mud and looking in at the closed doors: which, being of grated ironwork, allowed the lighted passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, odd and impulsive as most crowds are, and making a joke of being there as most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat a long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people whom I saw in the street were all shut out for want of room. After that, I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Carefully estimating the pit alone, I could bring it out as holding little less than fourteen hundred. Every part of the house was well filled,

I had not found it easy to make my way along
ack of the boxes to where I sat. The chan-
rs in the ceiling were lighted; there was no
on the stage; the orchestra was empty. The
curtain was down, and, packed pretty closely
airs on the small space of stage before it, were
thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In
entre of these, in a desk or pulpit covered with
aize, was the presiding minister. The kind
strum he occupied will be very well under-
, if I liken it to a boarded-up fireplace turned
rds the audience, with a gentleman in a black
at standing in the stove and leaning forward
the mantelpiece.

portion of Scripture was being read when I
in. It was followed by a discourse, to which
congregation listened with most exemplary at-
on and uninterrupted silence and decorum.
own attention comprehended both the auditory
the speaker, and shall turn to both in this re-
ng of the scene, exactly as it did at the time.

A very difficult thing," I thought, when the
urse began, "to speak appropriately to so
an audience, and to speak with tact. With-
it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better,
ead the New Testament well, and to let *that*
k. In this congregation there is indubitably
pulse; but I doubt if any power short of
us can touch it as one, and make it answer as
"

could not possibly say to myself as the dis-
se proceeded, that the minister was a good
ker. I could not possibly say to myself that
xpressed an understanding of the general mind
character of his audience. There was a sup-
itious working-man introduced into the homily,

to make suppositious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than anything I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my uncommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner anything but agreeable to his feelings I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a model pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to show himself in absolute want and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the gospel of humility? A gentleman met him in the workhouse, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), "Ah, John? I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor." "Poor, sir!" replied that man, drawing himself up, "I am the son of a Prince! *My* father is the King of Kings. *My* father is the Lord of Lords. *My* father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!" &c. And this was what all the preacher's fellow-sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my own feelings of reverence, to see held out at arm's length at frequent intervals and soundingly slapped, like a slow lot at a sale. Now, could I help asking myself the question, whether the mechanic before me, who must detect the preacher as being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about

such a noisy lip-server as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the usefulness of the occasion, doubt that preacher's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually as "fellow-sinners"? Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these, Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation, and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a personage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been personally known to the preacher, and had been quite a Crichton in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on that subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. But he fell ill, and died, and before he died he recorded his conversion—in words which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from this piece of paper. I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought their tone extremely selfish, and I thought they had a

spiritual vanity in them which was of the before mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All slangs and twangs are objectionable everywhere, but the slang and twang of the conventicle—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and nothing worse can be said of it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The avoidance was not complete on this occasion. Nor was it quite agreeable to see the preacher addressing his pet "points" to his backers on the stage, as if appealing to those disciples to show him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a clincher.

But, in respect of the large Christianity of his general tones; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to the people that the commonest among them could work out their own salvation if they would by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following Our Saviour, and that they needed the mediation of no erring man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, or the plain emphatic words of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that whenever he struck that chord, or whenever he described anything which Christ himself had done, the array of faces before him was very much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now, I am brought to the fact, that the lowest part of the audience of the previous night *was not there*. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing in that building, that Sunday evening. I have been told since, that the lowest *part of* the audience of the Victoria Theatre to

been attracted to its Sunday services. I have been very glad to hear it, but on this occasion of which I write, the lowest part of the usual audience of the Britannia Theatre, decidedly and unquestionably stayed away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house, my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening, was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in identifying the character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, while the discourse was in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance, that when the minister addressed a suppositious "outcast," one really felt a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by anything the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated in a few sensible words that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung, could go now, without giving offence. No one stirred. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these *Sunday meetings* in Theatres are *good things, I do not doubt.* Nor do I doubt that

they will work lower and lower down in
scale, if those who preside over them wil
careful on two heads; firstly, not to dis
places in which they speak, or the intel
their hearers; secondly, not to set ther
antagonism to the natural inborn desire o
of mankind to recreate themselves ar
amused.

There is a third head, taking precede
others, to which my remarks on the d
heard, have tended. In the New Testar
is the most beautiful and affecting hi
ceivable by man, and there are the terse
all prayer and for all preaching. As to th
imitate them, Sunday preachers—else wh
there, consider? As to the history, tell
people cannot read, some people will
many people (this especially holds ar
young and ignorant) find it hard to
verse-form in which the book is presente
and imagine that those breaks imply gaps
of continuity. Help them over that first
block, by setting forth the history in narr
no fear of exhausting it. You will never
well, you will never move them so profo
will never send them away with half so
think of. Which is the better interest
choice of twelve poor men to help in thos
wonders among the poor and rejected; o
bullying of a whole Union-full of paupers
is your changed philosopher to wretched
ing in at the door out of the mud of the
of my life, when you have the widow's
me about, the ruler's daughter, the othe
the door when the brother of the two
dead, and one of the two ran to the mou

ing, "The Master is come and calleth for thee"? —Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre any Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

Chapter V

POOR MERCANTILE JACK

IS the sweet little cherub who sits smiling aloft and keeps watch on the life of poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of Mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked out by pennyweights, aboard the brig Beelzebub, or the barque Bowie-knife—when he looks his last at that infernal craft, with the first officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towed overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wounds in it do "the multitudinous seas incarnadine"?

Is it unreasonable to entertain a belief that if, aboard the brig Beelzebub or the barque Bowie-knife, the first officer did half the damage to cotton that he does to men, there would presently arise from both sides of the Atlantic so vociferous an invocation of the sweet little cherub who sits calculating aloft, keeping watch on the markets that pay, that such vigilant cherub would, with a winged sword, have that gallant officer's organ of destructiveness out of his head in the space of a flash of lightning?

If it be unreasonable, then am I the most unreasonable of men, for I believe it with all my soul.

This was my thought as I walked the dock-quay at Liverpool, keeping watch on poor Mercantile Jack. Alas for me! I have long outgrown the state of sweet little cherub; but there I was, and there Mercantile Jack was, and very busy he was and very cold he was: the snow yet lying in the frozen furrows of the land, and the north-east winds snipping off the tops of the little waves in the Mersey, and rolling them into hailstones to pelt him with. Mercantile Jack was hard at it, in the hard weather: as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was girded to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a forester to a great oak, scraping and painting; he was lying out on yards, furling sails that tried to beat him off; he was dimly discernible up in a world of giant cobwebs, reefing and splicing; he was faintly audible down in holds stowing and unshipping cargo; he was winding round and round at capstans melodious, monotonous and drunk; he was of a diabolical aspect, with coaling for the Antipodes; he was washing decks barefoot, with the breast of his red shirt open to the blast, though it was sharper than the knife in his leathern girdle; he was looking over bulwarks, all eyes and hair; he was standing by at the shoot of the Cunard steamer, off to-morrow, as the stock in trade of several butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers, poured down into the ice-house; he was coming aboard of other vessels, with his kit in a tarpaulin bag, attended by plunderers to the very last moment of his shore-going existence. And though his senses when released from the uproar of the elements, were under obligation to be confused by other turmoil, there was a rattling of wheels,

of hoofs, a clashing of iron, a jolting of
d hides and casks and timber, an incessant
disturbance on the quays, that was the
ness of sound. And as, in the midst of
od swaying about, with his hair blown all
f wild ways, rather crazedly taking leave of
derers, all the rigging in the docks was
the wind, and every little steamer coming
g across the Mersey was sharp in its blow-
nd every buoy in the river bobbed spite-
and down, as if there were a general taunt-
s of "Come along, Mercantile Jack! Ill-
ll-fed, ill-used, hocussed, entrapped, antici-
eaned out. Come along, Poor Mercantile
be tempest-tossed till you are drowned!"
ncommercial transaction which had brought
Jack together, was this:—I had entered
rpool police-force, that I might have a look
rious unlawful traps which are every night
Jack. As my term of service in that dis-
d corps was short, and as my personal bias
apacity of one of its members has ceased,
tion will attach to my evidence that it is an
e force. Besides that it is composed, with-
ur, of the best men that can be picked, it
ed by an unusual intelligence. Its organi-
gainst Fires, I take to be much better than
ropolitan system, and in all respects it tem-
remarkable vigilance with a still more re-
discretion.

had knocked off work in the docks some
nd I had taken, for purposes of identifica-
photograph-likeness of a thief, in the por-
n at our head police office (on the whole,
d rather complimented by the proceeding),
ad been on police parade, and the small

hand of the clock was moving on to ten, took up my lantern to follow Mr. Superi to the traps that were set for Jack. In M intendent I saw, as anybody might, a t looking well set-up man of a soldierly bear a cavalry air, a good chest, and a resolut by any means ungentle face. He carrie hand a plain black walking-stick of hard and whenever and wherever, at any after- the night, he struck it on the pavement wit ing sound, it instantly produced a whistle the darkness, and a policeman. To this able stick, I refer an air of mystery an which pervaded the whole of my pe among the traps that were set for Jack.

We began by diving into the obscure and lanes of the port. Suddenly pausing of cheerful discourse, before a dead wal ently some ten miles long, Mr. Superi struck upon the ground, and the wall op shot out, with military salute of hand to two policemen—not in the least surprise selves, not in the least surprising Mr. Sup ent.

"All right, Sharpeye?"

"All right, sir."

"All right, Trampfoot?"

"All right, sir."

"Is Quickear there?"

"Here am I, sir."

"Come with us."

"Yes, sir."

So, Sharpeye went before, and Mr. Sup ent and I went next, and Trampfoot and marched as rear-guard. Sharpeye, I soon casion to remark, had a skilful and quite pr

pening doors—touched latches delicately,
y were keys of musical instruments—
very door he touched, as if he were per-
fident that there was stolen property be-
instantly insinuated himself, to prevent its
.

ve opened several doors of traps that were
ck, but Jack did not happen to be in any
They were all such miserable places
, Jack, if I were you, I would give them
erth. In every trap, somebody was sit-
a fire, waiting for Jack. Now, it was a
old woman, like the picture of the Nor-
psy in the old sixpenny dream-books;
as a crimp of the male sex, in a checked
without a coat, reading a newspaper;
as a man crimp and a woman crimp, who
troduced themselves as united in holy ma-
now, it was Jack's delight, his (un)
in; but they were all waiting for Jack,
all frightfully disappointed to see us.
have you got up-stairs here?" says
generally. (In the Move-on tone.)
ody, surr; sure not a blessed sowl!"
ninine reply.)
t do you mean by nobody? Didn't I
oman's step go up-stairs when my hand
e latch?"
sure thin you're right, surr, I forgot her!
Betsy White, surr. Ah! you know
r. Come down, Betsy darlin', and say
min."
lly, Betsy looks over the bannisters (the
rcase is in the room) with a forcible ex-
in her protesting face, of an intention to
e herself for the present trial by grinding

Jack finer than usual when he does come. ally, Sharpeye turns to Mr. Superintende says, as if the subjects of his remarks wer work:

"One of the worst, sir, this house is. woman has been indicted three times. Thi a regular bad one likewise. His real name i Gives himself out as Waterhouse."

"Never had sitch a name as Pegg near m thin, since I was in this house, bee the good L says the woman.

Generally, the man says nothing at all, comes exceedingly round-shouldered, and p to read his paper with rapt attention. Ge Sharpeye directs our observation with a the prints and pictures that are invariably ous on the walls. Always, Trampfoot and ear are taking notice on the doorstep. In of Sharpeye being acquainted with the ex dividuality of any gentleman encountered, these two is sure to proclaim from the ou like a gruff spectre, that Jackson is not Jacks knows himself to be Fogle; or that Ca Walker's brother, against whom there was n cient evidence; or that the man who says h was at sea since he was a boy, came ashore voyage last Thursday, or sails to-morrow m "And that is a bad class of man, you see Mr. Superintendent, when he got out i dark again, "and very difficult to deal with when he has made this place too hot to ho enters himself for a voyage as steward or co is out of knowledge for months, and then t again worse than ever."

When we had gone into many such hous had come out (always leaving everybody re

titled SNUG, and reserved for mates and
good company. About the room, some
coffee-coloured pictures varnished an inch
d some stuffed creatures in cases; dotted
the audience, in Snug and out of Snug, the
sionals;" among them, the celebrated
favourite Mr. Banjo Bones, looking very
with his blackened face and limp sugar-loaf
eside him, sipping rum-and-water, Mrs.
ones, in her natural colours—a little height-

s a Friday night, and Friday night was con-
not a good night for Jack. At any rate,
d not show in very great force even here,
the house was one to which he much re-
d where a good deal of money is taken.
was a British Jack, a little maudlin and
lolling over his empty glass, as if he were
o read his fortune at the bottom; there was
Jack of the Stars and Stripes, rather an un-
ng customer, with his long nose, lank cheek,

hands had been got together, they wo
more than half-filled the room. Obser
said Mr. Licensed Victualler, the host
Friday night, and, besides, it was ge
twelve, and Jack had gone aboard.
watchful man, Mr. Licensed Victualle
with tight lips and a complete edition
arithmetic in each eye. Attended to
himself, he said. Always on the spot.
heard of talent, trusted nobody's accou
went off by rail to see it. If true tal
it. Pounds a week for talent—four
round. Banjo Bones was undoubted t
this instrument that was going to play-
talent! In truth it was very good;
piano-accordion, played by a young g
rare prettiness of face, figure, and dres
the audience look coarser. She sang t
ment, too; first, a song about villag
how they chimed; then a song about
to sea; winding up with an imitation
pipes, which Mercantile Jack seemed to
much the best. A good girl, said M
Victualler. Kept herself select. Sat i
listening to the blandishments of Mates.
mother. Father dead. Once a mercl
dealer, but over-speculated himself. C
inquiry as to salary paid for item of
consideration, Mr. Victualler's poun
suddenly to shillings—still it was a ve
thing for a young person like that,
ly went on six times a night, an

equired to be there from six at night to twelve. What was more conclusive was, Mr. Victualler's assurance that he "never allowed any language, and never suffered any disturbance." Sharpeye confirmed the statement, and the order that prevailed was the best proof of it that could have been cited. So, I came to the conclusion that poor Mercantile Jack might do (as I am afraid he does) much worse than trust himself to Mr. Victualler, and pass his evenings here.

But we had not yet looked, Mr. Superintendent —said Trampfoot, receiving us in the street again with military salute—for Dark Jack. True, Trampfoot. Ring the wonderful stick, rub the wonderful lantern, and cause the spirits of the stick and lantern to convey us to the Darkies.

There was no disappointment in the matter of Dark Jack; *he* was producible. The Genii set us down in the little first floor of a little public-house, and there, in a stiflingly close atmosphere, were Dark Jack, and Dark Jack's delight, his *white* unlovely Nan, sitting against the wall all round the room. More than that: Dark Jack's delight was the least unlovely Nan, both morally and physically, that I saw that night.

As a fiddle and tambourine band were sitting among the company, Quickear suggested why not strike up? "Ah, la'ads!" said a negro sitting by the door, "gib the jebblem a darnse. Tak' yah pardlers, jebblem, for 'um QUAD-rill."

This was the landlord, in a Greek cap, and a dress half Greek and half English. As master of the ceremonies, he called all the figures, and occasionally addressed himself parenthetically—after this manner. When he was very loud, I use capitals.

"Now den! Hoy! ONE. Right and left.

(Put a steam on, gib 'um powder.) La-dies' chail. Bal-loon say. Lemonade! Two. Ad-warnse and go back (gib 'ell a breakdown, shake it out o' yerselbs, keep a movil). Swing-corners, Bal-loon say, and Lemonade! (Hoy!) Three. Gent come for'ard with a lady and go back, hoppersite come for'ard and do what yer can. (Aeiohoy!) Bal-loon say, and leetle lemonade (Dat hair nigger by 'um fireplace 'hind a' time, shake it out o' yerselbs, gib 'ell a breakdown.) Now den! Hoy! Four! Lemonade. Bal-loon say, and swing. Four ladies meets in 'um middle, four gents goes round 'um ladies, four gents passes out under 'um ladies' arms, swing—and Lemonade till 'a moosic can't play no more! (Hoy, Hoy!)"

The male dancers were all blacks, and one was an unusually powerful man of six feet three or four. The sound of their flat feet on the floor was as unlike the sound of white feet as their faces were unlike white faces. They toed and heeled, shuffled, double-shuffled, double-double-shuffled, covered the buckle, and beat the time out, rarely, dancing with a great show of teeth, and with a childish good-humoured enjoyment that was very prepossessing. They generally kept together, these poor fellows, said Mr. Superintendent, because they were at a disadvantage singly, and liable to slights in the neighbouring streets. But, if I were Light Jack, I should be very slow to interfere oppressively with Dark Jack, for, whenever I have had to do with him I have found him a simple and a gentle fellow. Bearing this in mind, I asked his friendly permission to leave him restoration of beer, in wishing him good night, and thus it fell out that the last words I heard him say as I blundered down the worn stairs, were, "Jebblem's elth! Ladies drinks fust!"

The night was now well on into the morning, ut, for miles and hours we explored a strange orld, where nobody ever goes to bed, but everyody is eternally sitting up, waiting for Jack. This xploration was among a labyrinth of dismal courts nd blind alleys, called Entries, kept in wonderful rder by the police, and in much better order than y the corporation: the want of gaslight in the ost dangerous and infamous of these places being uite unworthy of so spirited a town. I need deribe but two or three of the houses in which Jack as waited for as specimens of the rest. Many e attained by noisome passages so profoundly dark hat we felt our way with our hands. Not one of he whole number we visited, was without its show f prints and ornamental crockery; the quantity of he latter set forth on little shelves and in little aces, in otherwise wretched rooms, indicating that Mercantile Jack must have an extraordinary fondess for crockery, to necessitate so much of that ar in his traps.

Among such garniture, in one front parlour in he dead of the night, four women were sitting by fire. One of them had a male child in her arms. On a stool among them was a swarthy youth with guitar, who had evidently stopped playing when ur footsteps were heard.

"Well! how do *you* do?" says Mr. Superintendent, looking about him.

"Pretty well, sir, and hope you gentlemen are going to treat us ladies, now you have come to see us."

"Order there!" says Sharpeye.

"None of that!" says Quickear.

Trampfoot, outside, is heard to confide to himself, "Meggisson's lot this is. And a bad 'un!"

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, layi
hand on the shoulder of the swarthy youth,
who's this?"

"Antonio, sir."

"And what does *he* do here?"

"Come to give us a bit of music. No h
that, I suppose?"

"A young foreign sailor?"

"Yes. He's a Spaniard. You're a Spa
ain't you, Antonio?"

"Me Spanish."

"And he don't know a word you say, n
not if you was to talk to him till doom
(Triumphantly, as if it redounded to the cre
the house.)

"Will he play something?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Play something
tonio. *You* ain't ashamed to play something
you?"

The cracked guitar raises the feeblest ghos
tune, and three of the women keep time to i
their heads, and the fourth with the child.
tonio has brought any money in with him,
afraid he will never take it out, and it even
me that his jacket and guitar may be in a bad
But, the look of the young man and the tinkl
the instrument so change the place in a mom
a leaf out of Don Quixote, that I wonder
his mule is stabled, until he leaves off.

I am bound to acknowledge (as it tends ra
my uncommercial confusion), that I occasio
difficulty in this establishment, by having tak
child in my arms. For, on my offering to resto
a ferocious joker not unstimulated by rum
claimed to be its mother, that unnatural pare
her hands behind her, and declined to acc

backing into the fireplace, and very shrilly declaring, regardless of remonstrance from her friends, that she knowed it to be Law, that whoever took a child from its mother of his own will, was bound to stick to it. The uncommercial sense of being in a rather ridiculous position with the poor little child beginning to be frightened, was relieved by my worthy friend and fellow-constable, Trampfoot; who, laying hands on the article as if it were a Bottle, passed it on to the nearest woman, and bade her "take hold of that." As we came out the Bottle was passed to the ferocious joker, and they all sat down as before, including Antonio and the guitar. It was clear that there was no such thing as a nightcap to this baby's head, and that even he never went to bed, but was always kept up—and would grow up, kept up—waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night, we came (by the court "where the man was murdered," and by the other court across the street, into which his body was dragged) to another parlour in another Entry, where several people were sitting round a fire in just the same way. It was a dirty and offensive place, with some ragged clothes drying in it; but there was a high shelf over the entrance-door (to be out of the reach of marauding hands, possibly) with two large white loaves on it, and a great piece of Cheshire cheese.

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, with a comprehensive look all round. "How do *you* do?"

"Not much to boast of, sir." From the curtseying woman of the house. "This is my good man, sir."

"You are not registered as a common Lodging House?"

"No, sir."

Sharpeye (in the Move-on tone) puts in th pertinent inquiry, "Then why ain't you?"

"Ain't got no one here, Mr. Sharpeye," rejoi the woman and my good man together, "but o own family."

"How many are you in family?"

The woman takes time to count, under pretenc of coughing, and adds, as one scant of breat "Seven, sir."

But she has missed one, so Sharpeye, who kno all about it, says:

"Here's a young man here makes eight, wh ain't of your family?"

"No, Mr. Sharpeye, he's a weekly lodger."

"What does he do for a living?"

The young man here, takes the reply upon hin self, and shortly answers, "Ain't got nothing do."

The young man here, is modestly brooding b hind a damp apron pendent from a clothes-lin As I glance at him I become—but I don't kno why—vaguely reminded of Woolwich, Chathar Portsmouth, and Dover. When we get out, n respected fellow-constable Sharpeye addressing M Superintendent, says:

"You noticed that young man, sir, in Darby's?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"Deserter, sir."

Mr. Sharpeye further intimates that when y have done with his services, he will step back and ta that young man. Which in course of time does: feeling at perfect ease about finding him, ar knowing for a moral certainty that nobody in th region will be gone to bed.

Later still in the night, we came to another pa

door up a step or two from the street, which was very cleanly, neatly, even tastefully, kept, and in which, set forth on a draped chest of drawers masking the staircase, was such a profusion of ornamental crockery, that it would have furnished forth a handsome sale-booth at a fair. It backed up a stout old lady—HOGARTH drew her exact likeness more than once—and a boy who was carefully writing a copy in a copy-book.

"Well, ma'am, how do *you* do?"

Sweetly, she can assure the dear gentlemen, sweetly. Charmingly, charmingly. And overjoyed to see us!

"Why, this is a strange time for this boy to be writing his copy. In the middle of the night!"

"So it is, dear gentlemen, Heaven bless your welcome faces and send ye prosperous, but he has been to the Play with a young friend for his diversion, and he combinates his improvement with entertainment, by doing his school-writing afterwards, God be good to ye!"

The copy admonished human nature to subjugate the fire of every fierce desire. One might have thought it recommended stirring the fire, the old lady so approved it. There she sat, rosily beaming at the copy-book and the boy, and invoking showers of blessings on our heads, when we left her in the middle of the night, waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night, we came to a nauseous room with an earth floor, into which the refuse scum of an alley trickled. The stench of this habitation was abominable; the seeming poverty of it, diseased and dire. Yet, here again, was visitor or lodger—a man sitting before the fire, like the rest of them elsewhere, and apparently not distasteful to the mistress's niece, who was also before the fire.

The mistress herself had the misfortune of bein jail.

Three weird old women of transcendent gha ness, were at needlework at a table in this ro Says Trampfoot to First Witch, "What are making?" Says she, "Money-bags."

"*What* are you making?" retorts Trampfo little off his balance.

"Bags to hold your money," says the wi shaking her head, and setting her teeth; "yo has got it."

She holds up a common cash-bag, and on table is a heap of such bags. Witch Two la at us. Witch Three scowls at us. Witch si hood all, stitch, stitch. First Witch has a red c round each eye. I fancy it like the beginnin the development of a perverted diabolical halo, that when it spreads all round her head, she wil in the odour of devilry.

Trampfoot wishes to be informed what Witch has got behind the table, down by the of her, there? Witches Two and Three c angrily, "Show him the child!"

She drags out a skinny little arm from a br dustheap on the ground. Adjured not to di the child, she lets it drop again. Thus we fi last that there is one child in the world of En who goes to bed—if this be bed.

Mr. Superintendent asks how long are they g to work at those bags?

How long? First Witch repeats. Goin have supper presently. See the cups and sau and the plates.

"Late? Ay! But we has to 'arn our su afore we eats it!" Both the other witches re this after First Witch, and take the Uncomme

measurement with their eyes, as for a charmed winding-sheet. Some grim discourse ensues, referring to the mistress of the cave, who will be released from jail to-morrow. Witches pronounce Trampfoot "right there," when he deems it a trying distance for the old lady to walk; she shall be fetched by niece in a spring-cart.

As I took a parting look at First Witch in turning away, the red marks round her eyes seemed to have already grown larger, and she hungrily and thirstily looked out beyond me into the dark doorway, to see if Jack were there. For, Jack came even here, and the mistress had got into jail through deluding Jack.

When I at last ended this night of travel and got to bed, I failed to keep my mind on comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved dock regulations giving Jack greater benefit of fire and candle aboard ship, through my mind's wandering among the vermin I had seen. Afterwards the same vermin ran all over my sleep. Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running into port with a fair wind under all sail, I shall think of the unsleeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their set traps waiting for him.

Chapter VI

REFRESHMENTS FOR TRAVELLERS

IN the late high winds I was blown to a great many places—and indeed, wind or no wind, I generally have extensive transactions on hand in the article of Air—but I have not been blown to

any English place lately, and I very seldom h
blown to any English place in my life, wher
could get anything good to eat and drink in
minutes, or where, if I sought it, I was recei
with a welcome.

This is a curious thing to consider. But bef
(stimulated by my own experiences and the rep
sentations of many fellow-travellers of every
commercial and commercial degree) I consider
further, I must utter a passing word of won
concerning high winds.

I wonder why metropolitan gales always bl
so hard at Walworth. I cannot imagine w
Walworth has done, to bring such windy puni
ment upon itself, as I never fail to find recorded
the newspapers when the wind has blown at
hard. Brixton seems to have something on
conscience; Peckham suffers more than a virtu
Peckham might be supposed to deserve; the ho
ing neighbourhood of Deptford figures largely
the accounts of the ingenious gentlemen who
out in every wind that blows, and to whom
an ill high wind that blows no good; but, there
hardly be any Walworth left by this time.
must surely be blown away. I have read of m
chimney-stacks and house-copings coming do
with terriffic smashes at Walworth, and of m
sacred edifices being nearly (not quite) blown
to sea from the same accursed locality, than I h
read of practised thieves with the appearance
manners of gentlemen—a popular phenome
which never existed on earth out of fiction an
police report. Again: I wonder why people
always blown into the Surrey Canal, and into
other piece of water! Why do people get up e
and go out in groups, to be blown into the Su

Do they say to one another, "Welcome
so that we get into the newspapers?" Even
ould be an insufficient explanation, because
hen they might sometimes put themselves in
y of being blown into the Regent's Canal,
of always saddling Surrey for the field.
nameless policeman, too, is constantly, on the
t provocation, getting himself blown into
me Surrey Canal. Will SIR RICHARD
e see to it, and restrain that weak-minded
eble-bodied constable?

resume the consideration of the curious ques-
Refreshment. I am a Briton, and, as such,
ware that I never will be a slave—and yet I
latent suspicion that there must be some
of wrong custom in this matter.

avel by railroad. I start from home at seven
ht in the morning, after breakfasting hur-
What with skimming over the open
ape, what with mining in the damp bowels
earth, what with banging booming and
ng the scores of miles away, I am hungry
I arrive at the "Refreshment" station where
expected. Please to observe, expected. I
aid, I am hungry; perhaps I might say, with
r point and force, that I am to some extent
sted, and that I need—in the expressive
h sense of the word—to be restored. What
vided for my restoration? The apartment
s to restore me is a wind-trap, cunningly
inveigle all the draughts in that country-side,
communicate a special intensity and velocity
m as they rotate in two hurricanes: one,
my wretched head: one, about my wretched
The training of the young ladies behind the
r who are to restore me, has been from their

infancy directed to the assumption of a defia dramatic show that I am *not* expected. It is vain for me to represent to them by my humb and conciliatory manners, that I wish to be liber It is in vain for me to represent to myself, for t encouragement of my sinking soul, that the you ladies have a pecuniary interest in my arriv Neither my reason nor my feelings can make he against the cold glazed glare of eye with which am assured that I am not expected, and not wante The solitary man among the bottles would som times take pity on me, if he dared, but he is powe less against the rights and mights of Woman. (C the page I make no account, for, he is a boy, a therefore the natural enemy of Creation.) Chilli fast, in the deadly tornadoes to which my upp and lower extremities are exposed, and subdu by the moral disadvantage at which I stand, I tu my disconsolate eyes on the refreshments that a to restore me. I find that I must either scald n throat by insanely ladling into it, against time a for no wager, brown hot water stiffened with flou or I must make myself flaky and sick with Banbu cake; or, I must stuff into my delicate organisatio a currant pincushion which I know will swell in immeasurable dimensions when it has got ther or, I must extort from an iron-bound quarry, wi a fork, as if I were farming an inhospitable so some glutinous lumps of gristle and grease, call pork-pie. While thus forlornly occupied, I fi that the depressing banquet on the table is, in eve phase of its profoundly unsatisfactory character, like the banquet at the meanest and shabbiest evening parties, that I begin to think I must ha "brought down" to supper, the old lady unknow blue with cold, who is setting her teeth on ed

cool orange at my elbow—that the pastry-
o has compounded for the company on the
erms per head, is a fraudulent bankrupt, re-
his contract with the stale stock from his
—that, for some unexplained reason, the
giving the party have become my mortal
I have given it on purpose to affront me.
ncy that I am "breaking up" again, at the
conversazione at school, charged two-and-
in the half-year's bill; or breaking down
that celebrated evening party given at
gles's boarding-house when I was a boarder
which occasion Mrs. Bogles was taken in
n by a branch of the legal profession who
s the harp, and was removed (with the
d subscribed capital) to a place of durance,
hour prior to the commencement of the
s.

another case.

Grazinglands, of the Midland Counties, came
on by railroad one morning last week, ac-
ed by the amiable and fascinating Mrs.
lands. Mr. G. is a gentleman of a com-
property, and had a little business to trans-
he Bank of England, which required the
nce and signature of Mrs. G. Their busi-
posed of, Mr. and Mrs. Grazinglands
the Royal Exchange, and the exterior of
's Cathedral. The spirits of Mrs. Graz-
then gradually beginning to flag, Mr.
lands (who is the tenderest of husbands) re-
with sympathy, "Arabella, my dear, I fear
faint." Mrs. Grazinglands replied, "Alex-
I am rather faint; but don't mind me, I
e better presently." Touched by the
meekness of this answer, Mr. Grazing-

lands looked in at a pastrycook's window, he
tating as to the expediency of lunching at that e
tablishment. He beheld nothing to eat, but butt
in various forms, slightly charged with jam, a
languidly frizzling over tepid water. Two ancie
turtle-shells, on which was inscribed the legen
"Soups," decorated a glass partition within, e
closing a stuffy alcove, from which a ghast
mockery of a marriage-breakfast spread on a ricke
table, warned the terrified traveller. An oblo
box of stale and broken pastry at reduced pric
mounted on a stool, ornamented the doorway; a
two high chairs that looked as if they were perfor
ing on stilts, embellished the counter. Over t
whole, a young lady presided, whose gloon
haughtiness as she surveyed the street, announc
a deep-seated grievance against society, and an i
placable determination to be avenged. From
beetle-haunted kitchen below this institution, fum
arose, suggestive of a class of soup which M
Grazinglands knew, from painful experience, e
feebles the mind, distends the stomach, forces itse
into the complexion, and tries to ooze out at t
eyes. As he decided against entering, and turn
away, Mrs. Grazinglands becoming perceptib
weaker, repeated, "I am rather faint, Alexande
but don't mind me." Urged to new efforts
these words of resignation, Mr. Grazinglands look
in at a cold and floury baker's shop, where uti
tarian buns unrelieved by a currant, consorted wi
hard biscuits, a stone filter of cold water, a ha
pale clock, and a hard little old woman with flax
hair, of an undeveloped-farinaceous aspect, as if s
had been fed upon seeds. He might have enter
even here, but for the timely remembrance comi
upon him that Jairing's was but round the corner.

Now, Jairing's being an hotel for families and gentlemen, in high repute among the midland counties, Mr. Grazinglands plucked up a great spirit when he told Mrs. Grazinglands she should have a chop there. That lady, likewise felt that she was going to see Life. Arriving on that gay and festive scene, they found the second waiter, in a flabby undress, cleaning the windows of the empty coffee-room; and the first waiter, denuded of his white tie, making up his cruets behind the Post-Office Directory. The latter (who took them in hand) was greatly put out by their patronage, and showed his mind to be troubled by a sense of the pressing necessity of instantly smuggling Mrs. Grazinglands into the obscurest corner of the building. This slighted lady (who is the pride of her division of the county) was immediately conveyed, by several dark passages, and up and down several steps, into a penitential apartment at the back of the house, where five invalided old plate-warmers leaned up against one another under a discarded old melancholy sideboard, and where the wintry leaves of all the dining-tables in the house lay thick. Also, a sofa, of incomprehensible form regarded from any sofane point of view, murmured "Bed;" while an air of mingled fluffiness and heeltaps, added, "Second Waiter's." Secreted in this dismal hold, objects of a mysterious distrust and suspicion, Mr. Grazinglands and his charming partner waited twenty minutes for the smoke (for it never came to a fire), twenty-five minutes for the sherry, half an hour for the tablecloth, forty minutes for the knives and forks, three-quarters of an hour for the chops, and an hour for the potatoes. On settling the little bill—which was not much more than the day's pay of a Lieutenant in the navy—Mr. Grazinglands

took heart to remonstrate against the general quali and cost of his reception. To whom the waite replied, substantially, that Jairing's made it a mer to have accepted him on any terms: "for," adde the waiter (unmistakably coughing at Mrs. Gra inglands, the pride of her division of the county "when indiwiduals is not staying in the 'Ous their favours is not as a rule looked upon as makin it worth Mr. Jairing's while; nor is it, indeed, style of business Mr. Jairing wishes." Finall Mr. and Mrs. Grazinglands passed out of Jairing hotel for Families and Gentlemen, in a state of th greatest depression, scorned by the bar; and di not recover their self-respect for several days.

Or take another case. Take your own case.

You are going off by railway, from any Te minus. You have twenty minutes for dinner, b fore you go. You want your dinner, and like D Johnson, Sir, you like to dine. You present t your mind, a picture of the refreshment-table that terminus. The conventional shabby evenin party supper—accepted as the model for all termi and all refreshment stations, because it is the la repast known to this state of existence of which an human creature would partake, but in the direst e tremity—sickens your contemplation, and yo words are these: "I cannot dine on stale spong cakes that turn to sand in the mouth. I cann dine on shining brown patties, composed of u known animals within, and offering to my view th device of an indigestible star-fish in leaden pie-cru without. I cannot dine on a sandwich that h long been pining under an exhausted receiver. cannot dine on barley-sugar. I cannot dine o Toffee." You repair to the nearest hotel, and a rive, agitated in the coffee-room.

It is a most astonishing fact that the waiter is very
d to you. Account for it how you may, smooth
ver how you will, you cannot deny that he is
d to you. He is not glad to see you, he does
want you, he would much rather you hadn't
ne. He opposes to your flushed condition, an
novable composure. As if this were not enough,
ther waiter, born, as it would seem, expressly
look at you in this passage of your life, stands at
tle distance, with his napkin under his arm and
hands folded, looking at you with all his might.
u impress on your waiter that you have ten
utes for dinner, and he proposes that you shall
in with a bit of fish which will be ready in
nty. That proposal declined, he suggests—as
neat originality—"a weal or mutton cutlet."
u close with either cutlet, any cutlet, anything.
goes, leisurely, behind a door and calls down
ne unseen shaft. A ventriloquial dialogue en-
, tending finally to the effect that weal only, is
llable on the spur of the moment. You anxiously
out, "Veal, then!" Your waiter having set-
d that point, returns to array your tablecloth,
h a table napkin folded cocked-hat-wise (slowly,
something out of window engages his eye), a
ite wine-glass, a green wine-glass, a blue finger-
s, a tumbler, and a powerful field battery of
rteen castors with nothing in them; or at all
nts—which is enough for your purpose—with
thing in them that will come out. All this time,
other waiter looks at you—with an air of mental
mparison and curiosity, now, as if it had oc-
rred to him that you are rather like his brother.
lf your time gone, and nothing come but the jug
ale and the bread, you implore your waiter to
See after that cutlet, waiter; pray do!" He

cannot go at once, for he is carrying in seven
pounds of American cheese for you to finish w
and a small Landed Estate of celery and wa
cresses. The other waiter changes his leg,
takes a new view of you, doubtfully, now, as if
had rejected the resemblance to his brother,
had begun to think you more like his aunt or
grandmother. Again you beseech your waiter w
pathetic indignation, to "see after that cutle
He steps out to see after it, and by-and-by, w
you are going away without it, comes back with
Even then, he will not take the sham silver-co
off, without a pause for a flourish, and a look at
musty cutlet as if he were surprised to see
which cannot possibly be the case, he must h
seen it so often before. A sort of fur has been
duced upon its surface by the cook's art, and
sham silver vessel staggering on two feet instead
three, is a cutaneous kind of sauce, of brown pim
and pickled cucumber. You order the bill,
your waiter cannot bring your bill yet, because
is bringing, instead, three flinty-hearted pota
and two grim head of brocoli, like the occasi
ornaments on area railings, badly boiled.
know that you will never come to this pass,
more than to the cheese and celery, and you
peratively demand your bill; but, it takes tim
get, even when gone for, because your waiter
to communicate with a lady who lives behin
sash-window in a corner, and who appears to
to refer to several Ledgers before she can mak
out—as if you had been staying there a year.
become distracted to get away, and the other wa
once more changing his leg, still looks at you—
suspiciously, now, as if you had begun to rem
him of the party who took the great-coats

winter. Your bill at last brought and paid, at the rate of sixpence a mouthful, your waiter reproachfully reminds you that "attendance is not charged for a single meal," and you have to search in all your pockets for sixpence more. He has a worse opinion of you than ever, when you have given it to him, and lets you out into the street with the air of one saying to himself, as you cannot doubt he is, "I hope we shall never see *you* here again!"

Or, take any other of the numerous travelling instances in which, with more time at your disposal, you are, have been, or may be, equally ill served. Take the old-established Bull's Head with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established frouziness up-stairs and down-stairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its side-dishes of mashed sweetbreads in white poultices, of apothecaries' powders in rice for curry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on forcement balls. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head stringy fowls, with lower extremities like wooden legs, sticking up out of the dish; of its cannibalic boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers, when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roofs of spermaceti ointment, erected over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have yet forgotten the old-established Bull's Head fruity port: whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it, and the old-established air with which the Bull's Head set the glasses and D'Oyleys on, and held

that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax-candle, as if its old-established colour hadn't come from the dyer's.

Or lastly, take to finish with, two cases that we all know, every day.

We all know the new hotel near the station, where it is always gusty, going up the lane which is always muddy, where we are sure to arrive at night, and where we make the gas start awfully when we open the front door. We all know the flooring of the passages and staircases that is too new, and the walls that are too new, and the house that is haunted by the ghost of mortar. We all know the doors that have cracked, and the cracked shutters through which we get a glimpse of the disconsolate moon. We all know the new people, who have come to keep the new hotel, and who wish they had never come, and who (inevitable result) wish *we* had never come. We all know how much too scant and smooth and bright the new furniture is, and how it has never settled down, and cannot fit itself into right places, and will get into the wrong places. We all know how the gas, being lighted, shows maps of Damp upon the walls. We all know how the ghost of mortar passes into our sandwich, stirs our negus, goes up to bed with us, ascends the pale bedroom chimney, and prevents the smoke from following. We all know how a leg of our chair comes off at breakfast in the morning, and how the dejected waiter attributes the accident to a general greenness pervading the establishment, and informs us, in reply to a local inquiry, that he is thankful to say he is an entire stranger in that part of the country, and is going back to his own connexion on Saturday.

We all know, on the other hand, the great station hotel belonging to the company of proprietors, which has suddenly sprung up in the back outskirts of any place we like to name, and where we look out of our palatial windows, at little back yards and gardens, old summer-houses, fowl-houses, pigeon-traps, and pigsties. We all know this hotel in which we can get anything we want, after its kind, for money; but where nobody is glad to see us, or sorry to see us, or minds (or bill paid) whether we come or go, or how, or when, or why, or cares about us. We all know this hotel, where we have no individuality, but put ourselves into the general post, as it were, and are sorted and disposed of according to our division. We all know that we can get on very well indeed at such a place, but still not perfectly well; and this may be, because the place is largely wholesale, and there is a lingering personal retail interest within us that asks to be satisfied.

To sum up. My uncommercial travelling has not yet brought me to the conclusion that we are close to perfection in these matters. And just as I do not believe that the end of the world will ever be near at hand, so long as any of the very tiresome and arrogant people who constantly predict that catastrophe are left in it, so, I shall have small faith in the Hotel Millennium, while any of the uncomfortable superstitions I have glanced at remain in existence.

Chapter VII

TRAVELLING ABROAD

I GOT into the travelling chariot—it was of G man make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished- got into the travelling chariot, pulled up the st after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of door, and gave the word, "Go on!"

Immediately, all that W. and S.W. division London began to slide away at a pace so lively, t I was over the river, and past the Old Kent Ro and out on Blackheath, and even ascending Sh er's Hill, before I had had time to look about in the carriage, like a collected traveller.

I had two ample Imperials on the roof, ot fitted storage for luggage in front, and other up hind; I had a net for books overhead, great poc to all the windows, a leathern pouch or two h up for odds and ends, and a reading lamp fixe the back of the chariot, in case I should be nighted. I was amply provided in all respects, had no idea where I was going (which was delig ful), except that I was going abroad.

So smooth was the old high road, and so fr were the horses, and so fast went I, that it midway between Gravesend and Rochester, the widening river was bearing the ships, wh sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noti by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"Holloa!" said I, to the very queer small b "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went

Presently, the very queer small boy says, "This is Gads-hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now, I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well! I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on. Over the road where the old Romans used to march, over the road where the old Canterbury pilgrims used to go, over the road where the travelling trains of the old imperious priests and princes used to jingle on horseback between the continent and this Island through the mud and water, over the road where Shakespeare hummed to himself, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," as he sat in the saddle at the

gate of the inn yard noticing the carrier among the cherry orchards, apple orchards, fields and hop-gardens; so went I, by Cant to Dover. There, the sea was tumbling in deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving light on Cape Grinez was seen regularly b out and becoming obscured, as if the hea gigantic light-keeper in an anxious state of were interposed every half minute, to look was burning.

Early in the morning I was on the deck steam-packet, and we were aiming at the bar usual intolerable manner, and the bar was ain us in the usual intolerable manner, and the l by far the best of it, and we got by far the —all in the usual intolerable manner.

But, when I was clear of the Custom Ho the other side, and when I began to make th fly on the thirsty French roads, and when the some trees by the wayside (which, I suppose, will grow leafy, for they never did) guarde and there a dusty soldier, or field labourer, on a heap of broken stones, sound asleep in tion of shade, I began to recover my tra spirits. Coming upon the breaker of the stones, in a hard hot shining hat, on which t played at a distance as on a burning-glass that now, indeed, I was in the dear old Fra my affections. I should have known it, v the well-remembered bottle of rough ordinary the cold roast fowl, the loaf, and the pinch o on which I lunched with unspeakable satisf from one of the stuffed pockets of the charic

I must have fallen asleep after lunch, for v bright face looked in at the window, I starte said :

'Good God, Louis, I dreamed you were
!!"
My cheerful servant laughed, and answered:
Me? Not at all, sir."
How glad I am to wake! What are we do-
Louis?"
We go to take relay of horses. Will you
up the hill?"
Certainly."
Welcome the old French hill, with the old
ich lunatic (not in the most distant degree re-
d to Sterne's Maria) living in a thatched dog-
nel half way up, and flying out with his crutch
his big head and extended nightcap, to be be-
hand with the old men and women exhibiting
pled children, and with the children exhibiting
men and women, ugly and blind, who always
ned by resurrectionary process to be recalled out
he elements for the sudden peopling of the soli-
!
'It is well," said I, scattering among them what
ll coin I had; "here comes Louis, and I am
e roused from my nap."
We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every
assurance that France stood where I had left
There were the posting-houses, with their
ways, dirty stable-yards, and clean postmasters'
es, bright women of business, looking on at the
ing-to of the horses; there were the postilions
nting what money they got, into their hats, and
r making enough of it; there were the stand-
population of grey horses of Flanders descent,
riably biting one another when they got a
nce; there were the fleecy sheepskins, looped
over their uniforms by the postilions, like bibbed
ons when it blew *and* rained; there were their

jack-boots, and their cracking whips; there were the cathedrals that I got out to see, as under some cruel bondage, in no wise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason for being towns, since most of their houses were to let and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. I lay a night upon the road and enjoyed delectable cookery of potatoes, and some other sensible things, adoption of which at home would inevitably be shown to be fraught with ruin, somehow or other, to that rickety national blessing, the British farmer; and at last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, until—madly cracking, plunging, and flourishing two grey tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

At Paris, I took an upper apartment for a few days in one of the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli; my front windows looking into the garden of the Tuileries (where the principal difference between the nursemaids and the flowers seemed to be that the former were locomotive and the latter not); my back windows looking at all the other back windows in the hotel, and deep down into a paved yard, where my German chariot had retired under a tight-fitting archway, to all appearance for life, and where bells rang all day without anybody's minding them but certain chamberlains with feather brooms and green baize caps, who here and there leaned out of some high window placidly looking down, and where neat waiters with trays on their left shoulders passed and repassed from morning to night.

Whenever I am at Paris, I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go

am always pulled there. One Christ-
when I would rather have been any-
I was attracted in, to see an old grey
all alone on his cold bed, with a tap of
d on over his grey hair, and running,
drip, down his wretched face until it
corner of his mouth, where it took a
made him look sly. One New Year's
by the same token, the sun was shining
there was a mountebank balancing a
his nose, within a yard of the gate), I
in again to look at a flaxen-haired boy
, with a heart hanging on his breast—
mother," was engraven on it—who had
the net across the river, with a bullet
his fair forehead and his hands cut with
t whence or how was a blank mystery.
I was forced into the same dread place,
arge dark man whose disfigurement by
in a frightful manner, comic, and whose
was that of a prize-fighter who had
eyelids under a heavy blow, but was go-
iately to open them, shake his head, and
smiling." Oh what this large dark
ne in that bright city!
ery hot weather, and he was none the
that, and I was much the worse. In-
ry neat and pleasant little woman with
her lodging on her forefinger, who had
ing him to her little girl while she and
ate sweetmeats, observed monsieur look-
as we came out together, and asked
with her wondering little eyebrows pret-
, if there were anything the matter?
dying in the negative, monsieur crossed
a wine-shop, got some brandy, and re-

solved to freshen himself with a dip in the gr floating bath on the river.

The bath was crowded in the usual airy mann by a male population in striped drawers of vari gay colours, who walked up and down arm in ar drank coffee, smoked cigars, sat at little tables, c versed politely with the damsels who dispensed towels, and every now and then pitched themsel into the river head foremost, and came out ag to repeat this social routine. I made haste to p ticipate in the water part of the entertainments, a was in the full enjoyment of a delightful ba when all in a moment I was seized with an unr sonable idea that the large dark body was floa straight at me.

I was out of the river, and dressing instant In the shock I had taken some water into mouth, and it turned me sick, for I fancied that contamination of the creature was in it. I had back to my cool darkened room in the hotel, a was lying on a sofa there, before I began to rea with myself.

Of course, I knew perfectly well that the la dark creature was stone dead, and that I should more come upon him out of the place where I h seen him dead, than I should come upon the cat dral of Notre-Dame in an entirely new situati What troubled me was the picture of the creatu and that had so curiously and strongly painted its upon my brain, that I could not get rid of it u it was worn out.

I noticed the peculiarities of this possession, wh it was a real discomfort to me. That very day, dinner, some morsel on my plate looked like piece of him, and I was glad to get up and go o Later in the evening, I was walking along the R

St. Honoré, when I saw a bill at a public room there, announcing small-sword exercise, broad-sword exercise, wrestling, and other such feats. I went in, and some of the sword-play being very skilful, remained. A specimen of our own national sport, The British Boaxe, was announced to be given at the close of the evening. In an evil hour, I determined to wait for this Boaxe, as became a Briton. It was a clumsy specimen (executed by two English grooms out of place), but one of the combatants, receiving a straight right-hander with the glove between his eyes, did exactly what the large dark creature in the Morgue had seemed going to do—and finished me for that night.

There was rather a sickly smell (not at all an unusual fragrance in Paris) in the little ante-room of my apartment at the hotel. The large dark creature in the Morgue was by no direct experience associated with my sense of smell, because, when I came to the knowledge of him, he lay behind a wall of thick plate-glass as good as a wall of steel or marble for that matter. Yet the whiff of the room never failed to reproduce him. What was more curious, was the capriciousness with which his portrait seemed to light itself up in my mind, elsewhere. I might be walking in the Palais Royal, lazily enjoying the shop windows, and might be regaling myself with one of the ready-made clothes shops that are set out there. My eyes, wandering over impossible-waisted dressing-gowns and luminous waist-coats, would fall upon the master, or the shopman, or even the very dummy at the door, and would suggest to me, "Something like him!"—and instantly I was sickened again.

This would happen at the theatre, in the same

manner. Often it would happen in the stre
when I certainly was not looking for the likene
and when probably there was no likeness the
It was not because the creature was dead tha
was so haunted, because I know that I might h
been (and I know it because I have been) equa
attended by the image of a living aversion. T
lasted about a week. The picture did not fade
degrees, in the sense that it became a whit
forcible and distinct, but in the sense that it
truded itself less and less frequently. The exp
ence may be worth considering by some who h
the care of children. It would be difficult to o
state the intensity and accuracy of an intelli
child's observation. At that impressible time
life, it must sometimes produce a fixed impressi
If the fixed impression be of an object terribl
the child, it will be (for want of reasoning up
inseparable from great fear. Force the child
such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into
dark against its will, leave it in a lonely bedro
against its will, and you had better murder it.

On a bright morning I rattled away from Pa
in the German chariot, and left the large dark cr
ture behind me for good. I ought to confe
though, that I had been drawn back to t
Morgue, after he was put underground, to look
his clothes, and that I found them frightfully l
him—particularly his boots. However, I ratt
away for Switzerland, looking forward and
backward, and so we parted company.

Welcome again, the long long spell of Fran
with the queer country inns, full of vases of flow
and clocks, in the dull little towns, and with
little population not at all dull on the little Bou
vard in the evening, under the little trees! W

come Monsieur the Curé walking alone in the early morning a short way out of the town, reading that eternal Breviary of yours, which surely might be almost read, without book, by this time! Welcome Monsieur the Curé, later in the day, jolting through the highway dust (as if you had already ascended to the cloudy region), in a very big-headed cabriolet, with the dried mud of a dozen winters on it. Welcome again Monsieur the Curé, as we exchange salutations; you, straightening your back to look at the German chariot, while picking in your little village garden a vegetable or two for the day's soup; I, looking out of the German chariot window in that delicious traveller's trance which knows no cares, no yesterdays, no to-morrows, nothing but the passing objects and the passing scents and sounds! And so I came, in due course of delight, to Strasbourg, where I passed a wet Sunday evening at a window, while an idle trifle of a vaudeville was played for me at the opposite house.

How such a large house came to have only three people living in it, was its own affair. There were at least a score of windows in its high roof alone; how many in its grotesque front, I soon gave up counting. The owner was a shopkeeper, by name Straudenheim; by trade—I couldn't make out what by trade, for he had forborne to write that up, and his shop was shut.

At first, as I looked at Straudenheim's, through the steadily falling rain, I set him up in business in the goose-liver line. But, inspection of Straudenheim, who became visible at a window on the ground floor, convinced me that there was something more precious than liver in the case. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, and looked usurious

and rich. A large-lipped, pear-nosed old
with white hair, and keen eyes, though
sighted. He was writing at a desk, was Stra
heim, and ever and again left off writing, p
pen in his mouth, and went through action
his right hand, like a man steadying piles of
Five-franc pieces, Straudenheim, or golden
poleons? A jeweller, Straudenheim, a dea
money, a diamond merchant, or what?

Below Straudenheim, at a window on th
floor, sat his housekeeper—far from young, b
a comely presence, suggestive of a well-m
foot and ankle. She was cheerily dressed,
fan in her hand, and wore large gold earring
a large gold cross. She would have been ou
day-making (as I settled it) but for the pestilen
Strasbourg had given up holiday-making fo
once, as a bad job, because the rain was jerk
gushes out of the old roof-spouts, and runnin
brook down the middle of the street. The h
keeper, her arms folded on her bosom and h
tapping her chin, was bright and smiling
open window, but otherwise Straudenheim's
front was very dreary. The housekeeper'
the only open window in it; Straudenheim
himself close, though it was a sultry evening
air is pleasant, and though the rain had br
into the town that vague refreshing smell of
which rain does bring in the summer-time.

The dim appearance of a man at Straudenh
shoulder, inspired me with a misgiving that
body had come to murder that flourishing me
for the wealth with which I had handsome
dowed him: the rather, as it was an excited
lean and long of figure, and evidently stealt
foot. But, he conferred with Straudenheim i

of doing him a mortal injury, and then they both softly opened the other window of that room—which was immediately over the housekeeper's—and tried to see her by looking down. And my opinion of Straudenheim was much lowered when I saw that eminent citizen spit out of window, clearly with the hope of spitting on the housekeeper.

The unconscious housekeeper fanned herself, nursed her head, and laughed. Though unconscious of Straudenheim, she was conscious of somebody else—of me?—there was nobody else.

After leaning so far out of the window, that I confidently expected to see their heels tilt up, Straudenheim and the lean man drew their heads in and shut the window. Presently, the house door secretly opened, and they slowly and spitefully crept forth into the pouring rain. They were coming over to me (I thought) to demand satisfaction for my looking at the housekeeper, when they plunged into a recess in the architecture under my window and dragged out the puniest of little soldiers, begirt with the most innocent of little swords. The tall glazed head-dress of this warrior, Straudenheim instantly knocked off, and out of it fell two sugar-sticks, and three or four large lumps of sugar.

The warrior made no effort to recover his property or to pick up his shako, but looked with an expression of attention at Straudenheim when he kicked him five times, and also at the lean man when *he* kicked him five times, and again at Straudenheim when he tore the breast of his (the warrior's) little coat open, and shook all his ten fingers in his face, as if they were ten thousand. When these outrages had been committed, Strauden-

heim and his man went into the house again and barred the door. A wonderful circumstance was, that the housekeeper who saw it all (and who could have taken six such warriors to her buxom bosom at once), only fanned herself and laughed as she had laughed before, and seemed to have no opinion about it, one way or other.

But, the chief effect of the drama was the remarkable vengeance taken by the little warrior. Left alone in the rain, he picked up his shako; put it on, all wet and dirty as it was; retired into a court, of which Straudenheim's house formed the corner; wheeled about; and bringing his two forefingers close to the top of his nose, rubbed them over one another, cross-wise, in derision, defiance, and contempt of Straudenheim. Although Straudenheim could not possibly be supposed to be conscious of this strange proceeding, it so inflated and comforted the little warrior's soul, that twice he went away, and twice came back into the court to repeat it, as though it must goad his enemy to madness. Not only that, but he afterwards came back with two other small warriors, and they all three did it together. Not only that —as I live to tell the tale!—but just as it was falling quite dark, the three came back, bringing with them a huge bearded Sapper, whom they moved, by recital of the original wrong, to go through the same performance, with the same complete absence of all possible knowledge of it on the part of Straudenheim. And then they all went away, arm in arm, singing.

I went away too, in the German chariot at sunrise, and rattled on, day after day, like one in a sweet dream; with so many clear little bells on the harness of the horses, that the nursery rhyme

Banbury Cross and the venerable lady who
state there, was always in my ears. And
came to the land of wooden houses, inno-
kes, thin butter soup, and spotless little inn
ms with a family likeness to Dairies. And
e Swiss marksmen were forever rifle-shoot-
marks across gorges, so exceedingly near my
t I felt like a new Gesler in a Canton of
and went in highly-deserved danger of my
ical life. The prizes at these shootings,
watches, smart handkerchiefs, hats, spoons,
bove all) tea-trays; and at these contests I
upon a more than usually accomplished and
e countryman of my own, who had shot
f deaf in whole years of competition, and
on so many tea-trays that he went about the
y with his carriage full of them, like a glori-
heap-Jack.

the mountain-country into which I had now
ed, a yoke of oxen were sometimes hooked
fore the post-horses, and I went lumbering
, up, through mist and rain, with the roar
ng water for change of music. Of a sud-
ist and rain would clear away, and I would
down into picturesque little towns with
ng spires and odd towers; and would stroll
into market-places in steep winding streets,
a hundred women in bodices, sold eggs and
, butter and fruit, and suckled their children
y sat by their clean baskets, and had such
ous goitres (or glandular swellings in the
) that it became a science to know where the
nded and the child began. About this time,
rted my German chariot for the back of a
(in colour and consistency so very like a
old hair trunk I once had at school, that I

half-expected to see my initials in br
nails on his backbone), and went up a
rugged ways, and looked down at a thous
of fir and pine, and would on the whole
ferred my mule's keeping a little nearer
side, and not usually travelling with a h
over the precipice—though much conso
planation that this was to be attributed t
sagacity, by reason of his carrying broa
wood at other times, and not being clear
myself belonged to that station of life, an
as much room as they. He brought m
his own wise way, among the passes of th
here I enjoyed a dozen climates a day;
(like Don Quixote on the back of the woo
in the region of wind, now in the region o
in the region of unmelting ice and snow.
passed over trembling domes of ice, ben
the cataract was roaring; and here wa
under arches of icicles, of unspeakable be
here the sweet air was so bracing and so
at halting-times I rolled in the snow w
my mule do it, thinking that he must l
At this part of the journey we would
midday, into half an hour's thaw: when
mountain inn would be found on an islan
mud in a sea of snow, while the baiting
mules, and the carts of full casks and ba
had been in an Arctic condition a mile
steam again. By such ways and mean

e woman-guide within the hut, who would
out hastily, throwing her child over one
shoulders and her goitre over the other, as
ne along. I slept at religious houses, and
efuges of many kinds, on this journey, and
stove at night heard stories of travellers who
rished within call, in wreaths and drifts of
One night the stove within, and the cold
awakened childish associations long for-
and I dreamed I was in Russia—the ident-
f out of a picture-book I had, before I could
for myself—and that I was going to be
by a noble personage in a fur cap, boots,
rings, who, I think, must have come out
melodrama.

mend me to the beautiful waters among
nountains! Though I was not of their
they, being inveterately bent on getting
nto the level country, and I ardently desir-
linger where I was. What desperate leaps
ok, what dark abysses they plunged into,
cks they wore away, what echoes they in-
In one part where I went, they were
into the service of carrying wood down, to
t next winter, as costly fuel, in Italy. But,
ree savage nature was not to be easily con-
, and they fought with every limb of the
whirling it round and round, stripping its

white mountains opposite, and the boats at my with their furled Mediterranean sails, showing enormous magnifications of this goose-quill pen is now in my hand.

—The sky became overcast without any no a wind very like the March east wind of Eng blew across me; and a voice said, "How do like it? Will it do?"

I had merely shut myself, for half a minute, German travelling chariot that stood for sale i Carriage Department of the London Pantechn I had a commission to buy it, for a friend who going abroad; and the look and manner o chariot, as I tried the cushions and the spr brought all these hints of travelling remembr before me.

"It will do very well," said I, rather sor fully, as I got out at the other door, and shu carriage up.

Chapter VIII

THE GREAT TASMANIA'S CARGO

I TRAVEL constantly, up and down a c line of railway that has a terminus in Lon It is the railway for a large military depôt, an other large barracks. To the best of my s belief, I have never been on that railway by light, without seeing some handcuffed deserte the train.

It is in the nature of things that such an in tion as our English army should have many and troublesome characters in it. But, this reason for, and not against, its being made

as possible to well-disposed men of decent
. Such men are assuredly not tempted
ranks, by the beastly inversion of natural
l the compulsion to live in worse than
foulness. Accordingly, when any such
cutional embellishments of the soldier's
have of late been brought to notice, we
seated in outer darkness cheerfully medi-
an Income Tax, have considered the mat-
ing our business, and have shown a ten-
declare that we would rather not have it
ted, if such declaration may, without vio-
the Church Catechism, be hinted to those
put in authority over us.

nimated description of a modern battle,
te soldier's letter published in the news-
ny page of the records of the Victoria
ll show that in the ranks of the army,
sts under all disadvantages as fine a sense
s is to be found in any station on earth.
ubts that if we all did our duty as faith-
he soldier does his, this world would be a
ace? There may be greater difficulties in
than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But,
east do our duty towards *him*.

got back again to that rich and beautiful
e I had looked after Mercantile Jack, and
lking up a hill there, on a wild March
My conversation with my official friend
by whom I was accidentally accompanied,
direction as we took the up-hill direction,
he object of my uncommercial journey
ee some discharged soldiers who had re-
ne home from India. There were men
ock's among them; there were men who
in many of the great battles of the great

Indian campaign, among them; and I
to note what our discharged soldiers
when they were done with.

I was not the less interested (as I m
my official friend Pangloss) because the
claimed to be discharged, when their
discharged was not admitted. They h
with unblemished fidelity and braver
change of circumstances had arisen, wh
considered, put an end to their comp
titled them to enter on a new one. Th
had been blunderingly resisted by the a
India; but, it is to be presumed that th
not far wrong, inasmuch as the bungle
in their being sent home discharged, i
of orders from home. (There was a
waste of money, of course.)

Under these circumstances—though
walked up the hill, on which I accid
countered my official friend—under th
stances of the men having successful
themselves to the Pagoda Department o
Circumlocution Office on which the su
and the light of reason never rises, the
partment will have been particularly ca
national honour. It will have shown th
the scrupulous good faith, not to say the
of its dealing with them, that great natio
ties can have no small retaliations and re
will have made evety provision for thei
the passage home, and will have lande
stored from their campaigning fatigues
voyage, pure air, sound food, and good
And I pleased myself with dwelling
on the great accounts of their persona
which these men would carry into th

nd villages, and on the increasing popularity
ervice that would insensibly follow. I al-
gan to hope that the hitherto-never-failing
on my railroad would by-and-by become
menon.

is agreeable frame of mind I entered the
se of Liverpool.—For, the cultivation of
n a sandy soil, had brought the soldiers in
to *that* abode of Glory.

e going into their wards to visit them, I in-
ow they had made their triumphant entry
They had been brought through the rain
, it seemed, from the landing-place to the
d had then been carried up-stairs on the
f paupers. Their groans and pains during
ormance of this glorious pageant, had been
ssing, as to bring tears into the eyes of
s but too well accustomed to scenes of suf-
The men were so dreadfully cold, that
ho could get near the fires were hard to be
d from thrusting their feet in among the
coals. They were so horribly reduced, that
re awful to look upon. Racked with dys-
nd blackened with scurvy, one hundred and
retched soldiers had been revived with
nd laid in bed.

fficial friend Pangloss is lineally descended
earned doctor of that name, who was once
Candide, an ingenious young gentleman of
lebrity. In his personal character, he is as
and worthy a gentleman as any I know;
fficial capacity, he unfortunately preaches
rines of his renowned ancestor, by demon-
on all occasions that we live in the best of
le official worlds.

he name of Humanity," said I, "how did

the men fall into this deplorable state? Was the ship well found in stores?"

"I am not here to asseverate that I know the fact, of my own knowledge," answered Pangloss, "but I have grounds for asserting that the stores were the best of all possible stores."

A medical officer laid before us, a handful of rotten biscuit, and a handful of split peas. The biscuit was a honeycombed heap of maggots, and the excrement of maggots. The peas were even harder than this filth. A similar handful had been experimentally boiled six hours, and had shown no signs of softening. These were the stores on which the soldiers had been fed.

"The beef—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short.

"Was the best of all possible beef," said he.

But, behold, there was laid before us certain evidence given at the Coroner's Inquest, holden on some of the men (who had obstinately died of their treatment), and from that evidence it appeared that the beef was the worst of possible beef!

"Then I lay my hand upon my heart, and take my stand," said Pangloss, "by the pork, which was the best of all possible pork."

"But look at this food before our eyes, if one may so misuse the word," said I. "Would any Inspector who did his duty, pass such abomination?"

"It ought not to have passed," Pangloss admitted.

"Then the authorities out there—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short again.

"There would certainly seem to have been something wrong somewhere," said he; "but I am prepared to prove that the authorities out there, are the best of all possible authorities."

I never heard of any impeached public authority

in my life, who was not the best public authority in existence.

"We are told of these unfortunate men being laid low by scurvy," said I. "Since lime-juice has been regularly stored and served out in our navy, surely that disease, which used to devastate it, has almost disappeared? Was there lime-juice aboard this transport?"

My official friend was beginning "the best of all possible—" when an inconvenient medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, from which it appeared that the lime-juice had been bad too. Not to mention that the vinegar had been bad too, the vegetables bad too, the cooking accommodation insufficient (if there had been anything worth mentioning to cook), the water supply exceedingly inadequate, and the beer sour.

"Then the men," said Pangloss, a little irritated, "were the worst of all possible men."

"In what respect?" I asked.

"Oh! Habitual drunkards," said Pangloss.

But, again the same incorrigible medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, showing that the dead men had been examined after death, and that they, at least, could not possibly have been habitual drunkards, because the organs within them which must have shown traces of that habit, were perfectly sound.

"And besides," said the three doctors present, one and all, "habitual drunkards brought as low as these men have been, could not recover under care and food, as the great majority of these men are recovering. They would not have strength of constitution to do it."

"Reckless and improvident dogs, then," said Pangloss. "Always are—nine times out of ten."

I turned to the master of the workhouse, a
asked him whether the men had any money?

"Money?" said he. "I have in my iron s
nearly four hundred pounds of theirs; the age
have nearly a hundred pounds more; and many
them have left money in Indian banks besides."

"Hah!" said I to myself, as we went
stairs, "this is not the best of all possible stories
doubt!"

We went into a large ward, containing so
twenty or five-and-twenty beds. We went i
several such wards, one after another. I find
very difficult to indicate what a shocking sigh
saw in them, without frightening the reader fi
the perusal of these lines, and defeating my ob
of making it known.

O the sunken eyes that turned to me as I wal
between the rows of beds, or—worse still—
glazedly looked at the white ceiling, and saw no
ing and cared for nothing! Here, lay the skele
of a man, so lightly covered with a thin unwh
some skin, that not a bone in the anatomy
clothed, and I could clasp the arm above the elb
in my finger and thumb. Here, lay a man w
the black scurvy eating his legs away, his g
gone, and his teeth all gaunt and bare. This
was empty, because gangrene had set in, and
patient had died but yesterday. That bed w
hopeless one, because its occupant was sinking
and could only be roused to turn the poor pinc
mask of face upon the pillow, with a feeble mo
The awful thinness of the fallen cheeks, the aw
brightness of the deep set eyes, the lips of lead,
hands of ivory, the recumbent human images ly
in the shadow of death with a kind of solemn
light on them, like the sixty who had died abo

the ship and were lying at the bottom of the sea, O Pangloss, GOD forgive you!

In one bed, lay a man whose life had been saved (as it was hoped) by deep incisions in the feet and legs. While I was speaking to him, a nurse came up to change the poultices which this operation had rendered necessary, and I had an instinctive feeling that it was not well to turn away, merely to spare myself. He was sorely wasted and keenly susceptible, but the efforts he made to subdue any expression of impatience or suffering, were quite heroic. It was easy to see, in the shrinking of the figure, and the drawing of the bed-clothes over the head, how acute the endurance was, and it made me shrink too, as if *I* were in pain; but, when the new bandages were on, and the poor feet were composed again, he made an apology for himself (though he had not uttered a word), and said plaintively, "I am so tender and weak, you see, sir!" Neither from him nor from any one sufferer of the whole ghastly number, did I hear a complaint. Of thankfulness for present solicitude and care, I heard much; of complaint, not a word.

I think I could have recognised in the dismalest skeleton there, the ghost of a soldier. Something of the old air was still latent in the palest shadow of life I talked to. One emaciated creature, in the strictest literality worn to the bone, lay stretched on his back, looking so like death that I asked one of the doctors if he were not dying, or dead? A few kind words from the doctor, in his ear, and he opened his eyes, and smiled—looked, in a moment, as if he would have made a salute, if he could. "We shall pull him through, please God," said the Doctor. "Plase God, surr, and thankye," said the patient. "You are much better to-day; are

you not?" said the Doctor. "Plase God, surr; 'tis the slape I want, surr; 'tis my breathin' makes the nights so long." "He is a careful fellow this, you must know," said the Doctor, cheerfully; "it was raining hard when they put him in the open cart to bring him here, and he had the presence of mind to ask to have a sovereign taken out of his pocket that he had there, and a cab engaged. Probably it saved his life." The patient rattled out the skeleton of a laugh, and said, proud of the story, "'Deed, surr, an open cairt was a comical means o' bringin' a dyin' man here, and a clever way to kill him." You might have sworn to him for a soldier when he said it.

One thing had perplexed me very much in going from bed to bed. A very significant and cruel thing. I could find no young man but one. He had attracted my notice, by having got up and dressed himself in his soldier's jacket and trousers, with the intention of sitting by the fire; but he had found himself too weak, and had crept back to his bed and laid himself down on the outside of it. I could have pronounced him, alone, to be a young man aged by famine and sickness. As we were standing by the Irish soldier's bed, I mentioned my perplexity to the Doctor. He took a board with an inscription on it from the head of the Irishman's bed, and asked me what age I supposed that man to be? I had observed him with attention while talking to him, and answered, confidently, "Fifty." The Doctor, with a pitying glance at the patient who had dropped into a stupor again, put the board back, and said, "Twenty-four."

All the arrangements of the wards were excellent. They could not have been more humane, sympathising, gentle, attentive, or wholesome

owners of the ship, too, had done all they
, liberally. There were bright fires in every
, and the convalescent men were sitting round
reading various papers and periodicals. I
he liberty of inviting my official friend Pan-
to look at those convalescent men, and to tell
hether their faces and bearing were or were
generally, the faces and bearing of steady
table soldiers? The master of the work-
, overhearing me, said he had had a pretty
experience of troops, and that better con-
d men than these, he had never had to do
They were always (he added) as we saw
. And of us visitors (I add) they knew noth-
hatever, except that we were there.
was audacious in me, but I took another liberty
Pangloss. Prefacing it with the observation
of course, I knew beforehand that there was
he faintest desire, anywhere, to hush up any
of this dreadful business, and that the Inquest
he fairest of all possible Inquests, I besought
things of Pangloss. Firstly, to observe that
nquest *was not held in that place*, but at some
nce off. Secondly, to look round upon those
ess spectres in their beds. Thirdly, to re-
ber that the witnesses produced from among
before that Inquest, could not have been se-
d because they were the men who had the
to tell it, but because they happened to be in
e admitting of their safe removal. Fourthly,
y whether the coroner and Jury could have
there, to those pillows, and taken a little
nce? My official friend declined to commit
elf to a reply.
here was a sergeant, reading, in one of the fire-
groups. As he was a man of very intelligent

countenance, and as I have a great respect for non-commissioned officers as a class, I sat down on the nearest bed, to have some talk with him. (It was the bed of one of the grisliest of the poor skeletons, and he died soon afterwards.)

"I was glad to see, in the evidence of an officer at the Inquest, sergeant, that he never saw men behave better on board ship than these men."

"They did behave very well, sir."

"I was glad to see, too, that every man had a hammock."

The sergeant gravely shook his head. "There must be some mistake, sir. The men of my own mess had no hammocks. There were not hammocks enough on board, and the men of the two next messes laid hold of hammocks for themselves as soon as they got on board, and squeezed my men out, as I may say."

"Had the squeezed-out men none then?"

"None, sir. As men died, their hammocks were used by other men, who wanted hammocks; but many men had none at all."

"Then you don't agree with the evidence on that point?"

"Certainly not, sir. A man can't, when he knows to the contrary."

"Did any of the men sell their bedding for drink?"

"There is some mistake on that point too, sir. Men were under the impression—I knew it for a fact at the time—that it was not allowed to take blankets or bedding on board, and so men who had things of that sort came to sell them purposely."

"Did any of the men sell their clothes for drink?"

"They did, sir." (I believe there never was

ul witness than the sergeant. He had
on to make out a case.)
?"
sir" (considering the question). "Sol-
They had been long marching in the
, by bad roads—no roads at all, in short
n they got to Calcutta, men turned to
before taking a last look at it. Soldier-

u see any men in this ward, for exam-
ld clothes for drink at that time?"
geant's wan eye, happily just beginning
with health, travelled round the place
ack to me. "Certainly, sir."
narching to Calcutta in the rainy season
been severe?"
very severe, sir."
nat with the rest and the sea air, I should
ht that the men (even the men who got
ld have soon begun to recover on board

y might; but the bad food told upon
when we got into a cold latitude, it be-
more, and the men dropped."
ick had a general disinclination for food,
sergeant?"
you seen the food, sir?"
of it."
you seen the state of their mouths,

rgeant, who was a man of a few orderly
spoken the amount of this volume, he
have settled that question better. I be-
ick could as soon have eaten the ship, as
provisions.
the additional liberty with my friend

Pangloss, when I had left the sergeant with go
wishes, of asking Pangloss whether he had ev
heard of biscuit getting drunk and bartering
nutritious qualities for putrefaction and vermin;
peas becoming hardened in liquor; of hammoc
drinking themselves off the face of the earth;
lime-juice, vegetables, vinegar, cooking accomm
dation, water supply, and beer, all taking to dri
ing together and going to ruin? "If not (I ask
him), what did he say in defence of the offic
condemned by the Coroner's Jury, who, by signi
the General Inspection report relative to the s
Great Tasmania, chartered for these troops, h
deliberately asserted all that bad and poison
dunghill refuse, to be good and wholesome food
My official friend replied that it was a remarka
fact, that whereas some officers were only po
tively good, and other officers only comparativ
better, those particular officers were superlativ
the very best of all possible officers.

My hand and my heart fail me, in writing
record of this journey. The spectacle of the s
diers in the hospital-beds of that Liverpool wo
house (a very good workhouse, indeed, be it und
stood), was so shocking and so shameful, that as
Englishman I blush to remember it. It wo
have been simply unbearable at the time, but
the consideration and pity with which they w
soothed in their sufferings.

No punishment that our inefficient laws provi
is worthy of the name when set against the g
of this transaction. But, if the memory of it
out unavenged, and if it do not result in the in
orable dismissal and disgrace of those who are
sponsible for it, their escape will be infamous to
Government (no matter of what party) that

its duty, and infamous to the nation that
ıffers such intolerable wrong to be done in

Chapter IX

CITY OF LONDON CHURCHES

confession that I have often travelled from
Covent Garden lodging of mine on Sun-
ıuld give offence to those who never travel
ays, they will be satisfied (I hope) by my
hat the journeys in question were made to
.

hat I have any curiosity to hear powerful
ı. Time was, when I was dragged by the
my head, as one may say, to hear too
On summer evenings, when every flower,
and bird, might have better addressed my
ng heart, I have in my day been caught in
of a female hand by the crown, have been
scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the
purification for the Temple, and have then
ried off highly charged with saponaceous
y, to be steamed like a potato in the un-
d breath of the powerful Boanerges Boiler
congregation, until what small mind I had,
e steamed out of me. In which pitiable
have been haled out of the place of meet-
he conclusion of the exercises, and cate-
especting Boanerges Boiler, his fifthly, his
and his seventhly, until I have regarded
rend person in the light of a most dismal
ressive Charade. Time was, when I was
ff to platform assemblages at which no hu-

man child, whether of wrath or grace, could possibly keep its eyes open, and when I felt the fatal sleep stealing, stealing over me, and when I gradually heard the orator in possession, spinning and humming like a great top, until he rolled, collapsed, and tumbled over, and I discovered to my burning shame and fear, that as to that last stage it was not he, but I. I have sat under Boanerges when he has specifically addressed himself to us—us, the infants—and at this present writing I hear his lumbering jocularity (which never amused us, though we basely pretended that it did), and I behold his big round face, and I look up the inside of his outstretched coat-sleeve as if it were a telescope with the stopper on, and I hate him with an unwholesome hatred for two hours. Through such means did it come to pass that I knew the powerful preacher from beginning to end, all over and all through, while I was very young, and that I left him behind at an early period of life. Peace be with him! More peace than he brought to me!

Now, I have heard many preachers since that time—not powerful; merely Christian, unaffected, and reverential—and I have had many such preachers on my roll of friends. But, it was not to hear these, any more than the powerful class, that I made my Sunday journeys. They were journeys of curiosity to the numerous churches in the City of London. It came into my head one day, here had I been cultivating a familiarity with all the churches of Rome, and I knew nothing of the insides of the old churches of London! This befell on a Sunday morning. I began my expeditions that very same day, and they lasted me a year.

I never wanted to know the names of the churches to which I went, and to this hour I am

profoundly ignorant in that particular of at least nine-tenths of them. Indeed, saving that I know the church of old GOWER's tomb (he lies in effigy with his head upon his books) to be the church of Saint Saviour's, Southwark; and the church of MILTON's tomb to be the church of Cripplegate; and the church on Cornhill with the great golden keys to be the church of Saint Peter; I doubt if I could pass a competitive examination in any of the names. No question did I ever ask of living creature concerning these churches, and no answer to any antiquarian question on the subject that I ever put to books, shall harass the reader's soul. A full half of my pleasure in them arose out of their mystery; mysterious I found them; mysterious they shall remain for me.

Where shall I begin my round of hidden and forgotten old churches in the City of London?

It is twenty minutes short of eleven on a Sunday morning, when I stroll down one of the many narrow hilly streets in the City that tend due south to the Thames. It is my first experiment, and I have come to the region of Whittington in an omnibus, and we have put down a fierce-eyed spare old woman, whose slate coloured gown smells of herbs, and who walked up Aldersgate-street to some chapel where she comforts herself with brimstone doctrine, I warrant. We have also put down a stouter and sweeter old lady, with a pretty large prayer-book in an unfolded pocket-handkerchief, who got out at a corner of a court near Stationers' Hall, and who I think must go to church there, because she is the widow of some deceased old Company's Beadle. The rest of our freight were mere chance pleasure-seekers and rural walkers, and went on to the Blackwall railway. So many

bells are ringing, when I stand undecided at
street corner, that every sheep in the ecclesiastica
fold might be a bell-wether. The discordance i
fearful. My state of indecision is referable to, an
about equally divisible among, four great churches
which are all within sight and sound, all within
the space of a few square yards.

As I stand at the street corner, I don't see a
many as four people at once going to church, though
I see as many as four churches with their steeples
clamouring for people. I choose my church, and
go up the flight of steps to the great entrance in
the tower. A mouldy tower within, and like
neglected washhouse. A rope comes through the
beamed roof, and a man in the corner pulls it and
clashes the bell—a whity-brown man, whose
clothes were once black—a man with flue on him
and cobweb. He stares at me, wondering how I
come there, and I stare at him, wondering how he
comes there. Through a screen of wood and
glass, I peep into the dim church. About twenty
people are discernible, waiting to begin. Christen
ing would seem to have faded out of this church
long ago, for the font has the dust of desuetude
thick upon it, and its wooden cover (shaped like
an old-fashioned tureen-cover) looks as if it would
n't come off, upon requirement. I perceive the
altar to be rickety and the Commandments damp.
Entering after this survey, I jostle the clergyman
in his canonicals, who is entering too from a door
lane behind a pew of state with curtains, where
nobody sits. The pew is ornamented with four
blue wands, once carried by four somebodys, I
suppose, before somebody else, but which there is
nobody now to hold or receive honour from. I
open the door of a family pew, and shut myself

I could occupy twenty family pews at once
t have them. The clerk, a brisk young man
does *he* come here?), glances at me know-
as who should say, "You have done it now;
ust stop." Organ plays. Organ-loft is in
l gallery across the church; gallery congre-
two girls. I wonder within myself what
ppen when we are required to sing.
re is a pale heap of books in the corner of
w, and while the organ, which is hoarse and
plays in such fashion that I can hear more
rusty working of the stops than of any
I look at the books, which are mostly bound
d baize and stuff. They belonged in 1754,
Dowgate family; and who were they? Jane
rt must have married Young Dowgate, and
into the family that way; Young Dowgate
urting Jane Comport when he gave her her
book, and recorded the presentation in the
; if Jane were fond of Young Dowgate,
id she die and leave the book here? Per-
t the rickety altar, and before the damp
andments, she, Comport, had taken him,
te, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and
s it had not turned out in the long run as
success as was expected?
opening of the service recalls my wander-
oughts. I then find, to my astonishment,
have been, and still am, taking a strong kind
sible snuff, up my nose, into my eyes, and
my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough.
erk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the un-
rganist sneezes and coughs (and probably
; all our little party wink, sneeze, and
The snuff seems to be made of the decay
ting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and

something else. Is the something else, th
of dead citizens in the vaults below? As
Death it is! Not only in the cold damp F
day, do we cough and sneeze dead citiz
through the service, but dead citizens have
the very bellows of the organ, and half cho
same. We stamp our feet to warm them, a
citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citize
upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the so
board over the clergyman's head, and, whe
of air comes, tumble down upon him.

In this first experience I was so nause
too much snuff, made of the Dowgate fam
Comport branch, and other families and br
that I gave but little heed to our dull ma
ambling through the service; to the brisk
manner of encouraging us to try a note or
psalm time; to the gallery-congregation's
of enjoying a shrill duet, without a notion
or tune; to the whity-brown man's man
shutting the minister into the pulpit, and bei
particular with the lock of the door, as if h
a dangerous animal. But, I tried again ne
day, and soon accustomed myself to the de
zens when I found that I could not possibly
without them among the City churches.

Another Sunday.

After being again rung for by conflictin
like a leg of mutton or a laced hat a hundre
ago, I make selection of a church oddly pi
in a corner among a number of lanes—a
church than the last, and an ugly: of ab
date of Queen Anne. As a congregation,
fourteen strong: not counting an exhausted
school in a gallery, which has dwindled a
four boys, and two girls. In the porch, is

of loaves of bread, which there would seem nobody left in the exhausted congregation to and which I saw an exhausted beadle, long out of uniform, eating with his eyes for self mily when I passed in. There is also an ted clerk in a brown wig, and two or three ted doors and windows have been bricked i the service books are musty, and the pul- hions are threadbare, and the whole of the furniture is in a very advanced stage of ex- n. We are three old women (habitual), ung lovers (accidental), two tradesmen, one wife and one alone, an aunt and nephew, two girls (these two girls dressed out for with everything about them limp that should f, and *vice versâ*, are an invariable experi- and three sniggering boys. The clergyman aps, the chaplain of a civic company; he moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and vintages.

are so quiet in our dulness that the three ing boys, who have got away into a corner altar-railing, give us a start, like crackers, ver they laugh. And this reminds me of my llage church where, during sermon-time on Sundays when the birds are very musical in- farmers' boys patter out over the stone pave- and the clerk steps out from his desk after and is distinctly heard in the summer repose sue and punch them in the churchyard, and to return with a meditative countenance, believe that nothing of the sort has hap-

The aunt and nephew in this City church ch disturbed by the sniggering boys. The r is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt

him to secular thoughts of marbles and strin
secretly offering such commodities to his c
contemplation. This young Saint Anthony
while resists, but presently becomes a backs
and in dumb show defies the sniggerers to " he
a marble or two in his direction. Herein he
tected by the aunt (a rigorous reduced gentlew
who has the charge of offices), and I perceiv
worthy relative to poke him in the side, wi
corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umb
The nephew revenges himself for this, by h
his breath and terrifying his kinswoman wi
dread belief that he has made up his mind to
Regardless of whispers and shakes, he swel
becomes discoloured, and yet again swells ar
comes discoloured, until the aunt can bear
longer, but leads him out, with no visible nec
with his eyes going before him like a pra
This causes the sniggerers to regard flight
eligible move, and I know which of them w
out first, because of the over-devout attentio
he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman.
little while, this hypocrite, with an elaborate
onstration of hushing his footsteps, and with
generally expressive of having until now for
a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone.
ber two gets out in the same way, but
quicker. Number three getting safely to the
there turns reckless, and banging it open, flie
with a Whoop! that vibrates to the top
tower above us.

The clergyman, who is of a prandial pr
and a muffled voice, may be scant of hear
well as of breath, but he only glances up, as
an idea that somebody has said Amen in a
place, and continues his steady jog-trot,

wife going to market. He does all he
o, in the same easy way, and gives us a
rmon, still like the jog-trot of the farmer's
a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon
three old women asleep, and the unmar-
esman sits looking out at window, and
ied tradesman sits looking at his wife's
nd the lovers sit looking at one another,
atively happy, that I mind when I, turned
en, went with my Angelica to a City
n account of a shower (by this special
ce that it was in Huggin-lane), and when
my Angelica, "Let the blessed event,
occur at no altar but this!" and when
lica consented that it should occur at no
hich it certainly never did, for it never
anywhere. And O, Angelica, what has
f you, this present Sunday morning when
ttend to the sermon; and, more difficult
than that, what has become of Me as I
n I sat by your side!

e receive the signal to make that unani-
e which surely is a little conventional—
trange rustlings and settlings and clearings
s and noses, which are never dispensed
certain points of the Church service, and
held to be necessary under any other cir-
es. In a minute more it is all over, and
expresses itself to be as glad of it as it
of anything in its rheumatic state, and in
minute we are all of us out of the church,
ty-brown has locked it up. Another
r little more, and, in the neighbouring
rd—not the yard of that church, but of
a churchyard like a great shabby old
e box, with two trees in it and one tomb

—I meet Whity-brown, in his private
fetching a pint of beer for his dinner fron
lic-house in the corner, where the keys
ting fire-ladders are kept and were never
and where there is a ragged, white-seame
elbowed bagatelle board on the first floor.

In one of these City churches, and o
found an individual who might have bee
as expressly a City personage. I reme
church, by the feature that the clergyma
get to his own desk without going th
clerk's, or couldn't get to the pulpit witl
through the reading-desk—I forget whi
is no matter—and by the presence of this
among the exceedingly sparse congre
doubt if we were a dozen, and we ha
hausted charity school to help us out.
sonage was dressed in black of square
was stricken in years, and wore a black
and cloth shoes. He was of a staid, we
dissatisfied aspect. In his hand, he co
church a mysterious child: a child of th
gender. The child had a beaver hat,
drab plume that surely never belonged t
of the air. The child was further at
nankeen frock and spencer, brown boxi
and a veil. It had a blemish, in the
currant jelly, on its chin; and was a thi
Insomuch that the personage carried in hi
green bottle, from which, when the first
given out, the child was openly refreshe
other times throughout the service it w
less, and stood on the seat of the large pe
fitted into the corner, like a rain-water pi

The personage never opened his book,
looked at the clergyman. *He* never

r, but stood with his arms leaning on the top
e pew, and his forehead sometimes shaded
his right hand, always looking at the church
It was a long church for a church of its
and he was at the upper end, but he always
d at the door. That he was an old book-
r, or an old trader who had kept his own
, and that he might be seen at the Bank of
nd about Dividend times, no doubt. That he
ved in the City all his life and was disdainful
her localities, no doubt. Why he looked at
loor, I never absolutely proved, but it is my
that he lived in expectation of the time when
tizens would come back to live in the City, and
cient glories would be renewed. He appeared
pect that this would occur on a Sunday, and
he wanderers would first appear, in the deserted
hes, penitent and humbled. Hence, he looked
e door which they never darkened. Whose
the child was, whether the child of a disin-
d daughter, or some parish orphan whom the
nage had adopted, there was nothing to lead
. It never played, or skipped, or smiled.
, the idea occurred to me that it was an au-
on, and that the personage had made it; but
ving the strange couple out one Sunday, I
the personage say to it, "Thirteen thousand
ds;" to which it added in a weak human
, "Seventeen and fourpence." Four Sundays
owed them out, and this is all I ever heard or
them say. One Sunday, I followed them
. They lived behind a pump, and the per-
e opened their abode with an exceeding large
The one solitary inscription on their house
d to a fire-plug. The house was partly un-
ned by a deserted and closed gateway; its

windows were blind with dirt; and it stood with its face disconsolately turned to a wall. Five great churches and two small ones rang their Sunday bells between this house and the church the couple frequented, so they must have had some special reason for going a quarter of a mile to it. The last time I saw them, was on this wise. I had been to explore another church at a distance, and happened to pass the church they frequented, at about two of the afternoon when that edifice was closed. But, a little side-door, which I had never observed before, stood open, and disclosed certain cellarous steps. Methought "They are airing the vaults to-day," when the personage and the child silently arrived at the steps, and silently decended. Of course, I came to the conclusion that the personage had at last despaired of the looked-for return of the penitent citizens, and that he and the child went down to get themselves buried.

In the course of my pilgrimages I came upon one obscure church which had broken out in the melodramatic style, and was got up with various tawdry decorations, much after the manner of the extinct London may-poles. These attractions had induced several young priests or deacons in black bibs for waistcoats, and several young ladies interested in that holy order (the proportion being, as I estimated, seventeen young ladies to a deacon), to come into the City as a new and odd excitement. It was wonderful to see how these young people played out their little play in the heart of the City, all among themselves, without the deserted City's knowing anything about it. It was as if you should take an empty counting-house on a Sunday, and act one of the old Mysteries there. They had impressed a small school (from what neighbourhood I

ow) to assist in the performances, and it sant to notice frantic garlands of inscription valls, especially addressing those poor in- in characters impossible for them to deci- There was a remarkably agreeable smell of in this congregation.

n other cases, rot and mildew and dead formed the uppermost scent, while, infused a dreamy way not at all displeasing, was e character of the neighbourhood. In the about Mark-lane, for example, there was iff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an ple of barley out of an aged hassock in one From Rood-lane to Tower-street, and ats, there was often a subtle flavour of metimes, of tea. One church near Minc- smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the nt the service had a flavour of damaged which, a little further down towards the npered into herrings, and gradually toned smopolitan blast of fish. In one church, t counterpart of the church in the Rake's where the hero is being married to the old lady, there was no speciality of atmos- ntil the organ shook a perfume of hides all from some adjacent warehouse.

scent what it would, however, there was ality in the people. There were never f them to represent any calling or neigh- d. They had all gone elsewhere over- d the few stragglers in the many churches d there inexpressively.

g the Uncommercial travels in which I aged, this year of Sunday travel occupies place, apart from all the rest. Whether I the church where the sails of the oyster-

boats in the river almost flapped against the windows, or of the church where the railroad made the bells hum as the train rushed by above the roof, I recall a curious experience. On summer Sundays, in the gentle rain or the bright sunshine—either, deepening the idleness of the idle City—I have sat, in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir, in scores of buildings at the heart of the world's metropolis, unknown to far greater numbers of people speaking the English tongue, than the ancient edifices of the Eternal City, or the Pyramids of Egypt. The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old Master of the old Company, on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out.

There are few more striking indications of the changes of manners and customs that two or three hundred years have brought about, than these deserted churches. Many of them are handsome and costly structures, several of them were designed by WREN, many of them arose from the ashes of the great fire, others of them outlived the plague and the fire too, to die a slow death in these later days. No one can be sure of the coming time; but it is

not too much to say of it that it has no sign in its outsetting tides, of the reflux to these churches of their congregations and uses. They remain like the tombs of the old citizens who lie beneath them and around them, Monuments of another age. They are worth a Sunday-exploration, now and then, for they yet echo, not unharmoniously, to the time when the City of London really was London; when the 'Prentices and Trained Bands were of mark in the state; when even the Lord Mayor himself was a Reality—not a Fiction conventionally be-puffed on one day in the year by illustrious friends, who no less conventionally laugh at him on the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days.

Chapter X

SHY NEIGHBOURHOODS

SO much of my travelling is done on foot, that if I cherished betting propensities, I should probably be found registered in sporting newspapers under some such title as the Elastic Novice, challenging all eleven stone mankind to competition in walking. My last special feat was turning out of bed at two, after a hard day, pedestrian and otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country to breakfast. The road was so lonely in the night, that I fell asleep to the monotonous sound of my own feet, doing their regular four miles an hour. Mile after mile I walked, without the slightest sense of exertion, dozing heavily and dreaming constantly. It was only when I made a stumble like a drunken man, or struck out into the road to avoid a horseman close upon me on the path—who had no ex-

istence—that I came to myself and looked abou
The day broke mistily (it was autumn time), and
could not disembarrass myself of the idea that I ha
to climb those heights and banks of cloud, and th
there was an Alpine Convent somewhere behin
the sun, where I was going to breakfast. Th
sleepy notion was so much stronger than such sul
stantial objects as villages and haystacks, that, afi
the sun was up and bright, and when I was suf
ciently awake to have a sense of pleasure in th
prospect, I still occasionally caught myself lookin
about for wooden arms to point the right track t
the mountain, and wondering there was no sno
yet. It is a curiosity of broken sleep that I mad
immense quantities of verses on that pedestrian o
casion (of course I never make any when I am
my right senses), and that I spoke a certain langua
once pretty familiar to me, but which I have near
forgotten from disuse, with fluency. Of both the
phenomena I have such frequent experience in th
state between sleeping and waking, that I som
times argue with myself that I know I cannot
awake, for, if I were, I should not be half so read
The readiness is not imaginary, because I often r
call long strings of the verses, and many turns
the fluent speech, after I am broad awake.

My walking is of two kinds: one, straight
end to a definite goal at a round pace; one, objec
less, loitering, and purely vagabond. In the lat
state, no gipsy on earth is a greater vagabond th
myself; it is so natural to me, and strong with m
that I think I must be the descendant, at no gr
distance, of some irreclaimable tramp.

One of the pleasantest things I have lately m
with, in a vagabond course of shy metropoli
neighbourhoods and small shops, is the fancy o

humble artist, as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Sayers, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Heenan, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly coloured in fighting trim, and fighting attitude. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Heenan is represented on emerald sward, with primroses and other modest flowers springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impelled to the administration of his favourite blow, the Auctioneer, by the silent eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, urge both heroes to go in and win; and the lark and other singing birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically carolling their thanks to Heaven for a fight. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Izaak Walton.

But, it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes we may return to such neighbourhoods when leisure and opportunity serve.

Nothing in shy neighbourhoods perplexes my mind more, than the bad company birds keep. Foreign birds often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in St. Giles's; and I always find them in poor and immoral neighbourhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and even the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is this? Also, they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they can-

not be persuaded by the respectable orders of so
ety to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfiel
once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own wat
and drawing as much of it as if he were in a co
suming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-sho
and offered, in writing, to barter himself against
clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen stuff. Sure
a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch!
bought that goldfinch for money. He was se
home, and hung upon a nail over against my tab
He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, su
posed (as I argued) to be a dyer's; otherwise
would have been impossible to account for his per
sticking out of the garret window. From the tim
of his appearance in my room, either he left
being thirsty—which was not in the bond—or
could not make up his mind to hear his little buck
drop back into his well when he let it go: a sho
which in the best of times had made him trembl
He drew no water but by stealth and under th
cloak of night. After an interval of futile and
length hopeless expectation, the merchant who h
educated him was appealed to. The merchant w
a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushion
nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a
cap, and shorts, and was of the velveteen rac
velveteeny. He sent word that he would "lo
round." He looked round, appeared in the doo
way of the room, and slightly cocked up his e
eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst be
that bird; when it was appeased, he still drew se
eral unnecessary buckets of water; and finall
leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill, as
he had been to the nearest wine vaults and
drunk.

Donkeys again. I know shy neighbourhoo

the Donkey goes in at the street door, and
to live up-stairs, for I have examined the
rd from over the palings, and have been un-
make him out. Gentility, nobility, Royalty,
appeal to that donkey in vain to do what he
or a costermonger. Feed him with oats at
ghest price, put an infant prince and princess
ir of panniers on his back, adjust his delicate
gs to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes
ndsor, and try what pace you can get out of
Then, starve him, harness him anyhow to a
with a flat tray on it, and see him bowl from
chapel to Bayswater. There appears to be
ticular private understanding between birds
nkeys, in a state of nature; but in the shy
ourhood state, you shall see them always in
me hands and always developing their very
nergies for the very worst company. I have
a donkey—by sight; we were not on speak-
ms—who lived over on the Surrey side of
n-bridge, among the fastnesses of Jacob's
and Dockhead. It was the habit of that
, when his services were not in immediate
tion, to go out alone, idling. I have met
mile from his place of residence, loitering
he streets; and the expression of his counte-
at such times was most degraded. He was
d to the establishment of an elderly lady
ld periwinkles, and he used to stand on Sat-
ights with a cartful of those delicacies outside
hop, pricking up his ears when a customer
o the cart, and too evidently deriving satis-
from the knowledge that they got bad meas-
His mistress was sometimes overtaken by in-
. The last time I ever saw him (about five
go) he was in circumstances of difficulty,

caused by this failing. Having been left alon
the cart of periwinkles, and forgotten, he we
idling. He prowled among his usual low
for some time, gratifying his depraved tastes,
not taking the cart into his calculations, he e
oured to turn up a narrow alley, and became
involved. He was taken into custody by t
lice, and, the Green Yard of the district bein
at hand, was backed into that place of du
At that crisis, I encountered him; the stu
sense he evinced of being—not to compromi
expression—a blackguard, I never saw excee
the human subject. A flaring candle in a
shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showe
with his ragged harness broken and his ca
tensively shattered, twitching his mouth and s
his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and
racy. I have seen boys being taken to s
houses, who were as like him as his own bro

The dogs of shy neighbourhoods, I obse
avoid play, and to be conscious of poverty.
avoid work, too, if they can, of course; tha
the nature of all animals. I have the plea
know a dog in a back street in the neighbo
of Walworth, who has greatly distinguished h
in the minor drama, and who takes his portra
him when he makes an engagement, for the i
tion of the play-bill. His portrait (which is
all like him) represents him in the act of d
to the earth a recreant Indian, who is supp
have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk,
ish officer. The design is pure poetry, for t
no such Indian in the piece, and no such in
He is a dog of the Newfoundland breed, for
honesty I would be bail to any amount; but
intellectual qualities in association with drama

don, I cannot rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. Being at a town in Yorkshire last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. His first scene was eminently successful; but, as it occupied a second in its representation (and five lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cool and deliberate judgment of his powers. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window, after a comic fugitive. The next scene of importance to the fable was a little marred in its interest by his over-anxiety; forasmuch as while his master (a belated soldier in a den of robbers on a tempestuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and laying great stress on the fact that he was thirty leagues away, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar. But it was in his greatest scene of all, that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest, on the trail of the murderer, and there to fly at the murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. It was a hot night, and he came into the forest from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate trot, not in the least excited; trotted to the foot-lights with his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amiably surveying the audience, with his tail beating on the boards, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was audibly calling to him "Co-o-ome here!" while the victim, struggling with his bonds, assailed him with the most injurious expressions. It happened through these means, that when he was in course of time persuaded to trot

up and rend the murderer limb from limb, i
it (for dramatic purposes) a little too obvi
he worked out that awful retribution by
butter off his blood-stained hands.

In a shy street, behind Long-acre, two
dogs live, who perform in Punch's shows.
venture to say that I am on terms of intima
both, and that I never saw either guilty
falsehood of failing to look down at the ma
the show, during the whole performance
difficulty other dogs have in satisfying thei
about these dogs, appears to be never overc
time. The same dogs must encounter th
and over again, as they trudge along in t
minutes behind the legs of the show and be
drum; but all dogs seem to suspect their f
jackets, and to sniff at them as if they
those articles of personal adornment, an eru
a something in the nature of mange,
From this Covent-garden window of mine I
a country dog, only the other day, who h
up to Covent-garden Market under a cart,
broken his cord, an end of which he sti
along with him. He loitered about the co
the four streets commanded by my windo
bad London dogs came up, and told him
he didn't believe; and worse London do
up, and made proposals to him to go and
the market, which his principles rejected;
ways of the town confused him, and he cr
and lay down in a doorway. He had scar
a wink of sleep, when up comes Punch wit
He was darting to Toby for consolation and
when he saw the frill, and stopped, in the
of the street, appalled. The show was
Toby retired behind the drapery, the

formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drama by appearing on his ledge, and to him entered Punch, who put a tobacco-pipe into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle, the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fled due west.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I know a bull-dog in a shy corner of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to public-houses and lay wagers on him, and obliges him to lean against posts and look at him, and forces him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid coercion. I once knew a fancy terrier who kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his glorification, and the gentleman never talked about anything but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighbourhood, and is a digression consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighbourhoods, who keep boys. I have my eye on a mongrel in Somerstown who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows, and unearrow rats (he can do neither), and he takes the boys out on sporting pretences into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses some mysterious knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead ponds, with a pickle-jar and a wide-mouthed bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who

sees a blind man. He may be seen, in Oxford-street, taking the blind man expeditions wholly uncontemplated by, [illegible] to, the man: wholly of the do[illegible] [illegible] and execution. Contrariwise, wi[illegible] his protests, the dog will sit down in thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him [illegible] the money-tray like an easy [illegible] [illegible] it to the public, taking the [illegible] will, on the invitation of a disrep[illegible] apparently to take a dog at Harrow—in[illegible] [illegible] in that direction. The north wall [illegible] House Gardens, between the [illegible] Library, offers a shy spot for appointm[illegible] blind men at about two or three o'c[illegible] afternoon. They sit very uncomfort[illegible] [illegible] stone there, and compare [illegible] dogs may always be observed at the [illegible] discussing the men they keep, [illegible]

[illegible]

butcher's he left them, and in a burst of grave satisfaction has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep, when the drover came out besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all;" and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighbourhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something, to pick up a living—so the cats of shy neighbourhoods exhibit a strong tendency to relapse into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishly ferocious by ruminating on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cat's meat; not only is there a moral and politico-economical haggardness in them, traceable to these reflections; but they evince a physical deterioration. Their linen is not clean, and is wretchedly got up; their black furs rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur; and take to the shabbiest cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about

the Obelisk in Saint George's Fields, and also i
the vicinity of Clerkenwell-green, and also in th
back settlements of Drury-lane. In appearance
they are very like the women among whom the
live. They seem to turn out of their unwhole
some beds into the street, without any preparation
They leave their young families to stagger about th
gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel an
swear and scratch and spit, at street corners. I
particular, I remark that when they are about to in
crease their families (an event of frequent recur
rence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in
certain dusty dowdiness, down-at-heel self-neglect
and general giving up of things. I cannot honestl
report that I have ever seen a feline matron of thi
class washing her face when in an interesting con
dition.

Not to prolong these notes of uncommercia
travel among the lower animals of shy neighbour
hoods, by dwelling at length upon the exasperate
moodiness of the tom-cats, and their resemblanc
in many respects to a man and a brother, I wi
come to a close with a word on the fowls of th
same localities.

That anything born of an egg and invested wit
wings, should have got to the pass that it hops con
tentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* g
ing home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leav
one nothing more in this connexion to wonder a
Otherwise I might wonder at the completene
with which these fowls have become separated fro
all the birds of the air—have taken to grovelli
in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten a
about live trees, and make roosting-places of sho
boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and doo
scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning ther

and take them as they are. I accept as products of Nature and things of course, a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney-road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I cannot say that they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of, they derive from crowding together in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here, they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were newly come down in the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in at the door of the Jug Department of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, manœuvres them among the company's legs, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life: seldom, in the season, going to bed before two in the morning. Over Waterloo-bridge, there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-bedstead, washing-stand, and towel-horsemaking trade), who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion reminding one of Mrs. Southcott, has an idea of entrusting an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the building and is consequently frantic to enter it, I cannot determine; but she is constantly endeavouring to undermine the principal door: while her partner, who is infirm upon his legs, walks up and down, encouraging her and defying the Universe. But, the family I have been best acquainted with, since the removal from this trying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal-green. Their abstraction from the objects among which they live,

or rather their conviction that those objects have all come into existence in express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me, that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours. After careful observation of the two lords and the ten ladies of whom this family consists, I have come to the conclusion that their opinions are represented by the leading lord and leading lady: the latter, as I judge, an aged personage, afflicted with a paucity of feather and visibility of quill, that gives her the appearance of a bundle of office pens. When a railway goods van that would crush an elephant comes round the corner, tearing over these fowls, they emerge unharmed from under the horses, perfectly satisfied that the whole rush was a passing property in the air, which may have left something to eat behind it. They look upon old shoes, wrecks of kettles and saucepans, and fragments of bonnets, as a kind of meteoric discharge, for fowls to peck at. Peg-tops and hoops they account, I think, as a sort of hail; shuttlecocks, as rain, or dew. Gaslight comes quite as natural to them as any other light; and I have more than a suspicion that, in the minds of the two lords, the early public-house at the corner has superseded the sun. I have established it as a certain fact, that they always begin to crow when the public-house shutters begin to be taken down, and that they salute the potboy, the instant he appears to perform that duty, as if he were Phœbus in person.

Chapter XI

TRAMPS

THE chance use of the word "Tramp" in my last paper, brought that numerous fraternity vividly before my mind's eye, that I had no sooner laid down my pen than a compulsion was upon me to take it up again, and make notes of the tramps whom I perceived on all the summer roads in all directions.

Whenever a tramp sits down to rest by the wayside, he sits with his legs in a dry ditch; and whenever he goes to sleep (which is very often indeed), he goes to sleep on his back. Yonder, by the high road, glaring white in the bright sunshine, lies, on the dusty bit of turf under the bramble-bush that fences the coppice from the highway, the tramp of the order savage, fast asleep. He lies on the broad of his back, with his face turned up to the sky, and one of his ragged arms loosely thrown across his face. His bundle (what can be the contents of that mysterious bundle, to make it worth his while to carry it about?) is thrown down beside him, and the waking woman with him sits with her legs in the ditch, and her back to the road. She wears her bonnet rakishly perched on the front of her head, to shade her face from the sun in walking, and she ties her skirts round her in conventionally tight tramp-fashion with a sort of apron. You can seldom catch sight of her, resting thus, without seeing her in a despondently defiant manner doing something to her hair or her bonnet, and glancing at you between her fingers. She does not often go to sleep herself in the daytime, but will sit for any length of time beside the man. And his slumberous

propensities would not seem to be referable to t
fatigue of carrying the bundle, for she carries
much oftener and further than he. When they
afoot, you will mostly find him slouching on ahe
in a gruff temper, while she lags heavily behi
with the burden. He is given to personally c
recting her, too—which phase of his character
velops itself oftenest, on benches outside alehou
doors—and she appears to become strongly attach
to him for these reasons; it may usually be notic
that when the poor creature has a bruised face,
is the most affectionate. He has no occupati
whatever, this order of tramp, and has no obj
whatever in going anywhere. He will sometim
call himself a brickmaker, or a sawyer, but o
when he takes an imaginative flight. He genera
represents himself, in a vague way, as looking
for a job of work; but he never did work, he ne
does, and he never will. It is a favourite fict
with him, however (as if he were the most
dustrious character on earth), that *you* never wo
and as he goes past your garden and sees you lo
ing at your flowers, you will overhear him gr
with a strong sense of contrast, "*You* are a luc
hidle devil, *you* are!"

The slinking tramp is of the same hopeless ord
and has the same injured conviction on him t
you were born to whatever you possess, and ne
did anything to get it: but he is of a less audaci
disposition. He will stop before your gate,
say to his female companion with an air of c
stitutional humility and propitiation—to edify
one who may be within hearing behind a blind o
bush—"This is a sweet spot, ain't it? A love
spot! And I wonder if they'd give two poor fo
sore travellers like me and you, a drop of fr

water out of such a pretty gen-teel crib? We'd take it wery koind on 'em, wouldn't us? Wery koind, upon my word, us would?" He has a quick sense of a dog in the vicinity, and will extend his modestly-injured propitiation to the dog chained up in your yard; remarking, as he slinks at the yard gate, "Ah! You are a foine breed o' dog, too, and *you* ain't kep for nothink! I'd take it wery koind o' your master if he'd elp a traveller and his woife as envies no gentlefolk their good fortun, wi' a bit o' your broken wittles. He'd never know the want of it, nor more would you. Don't bark like that, at poor persons as never done you no arm; the poor is down-trodden and broke enough without that; O DON'T!" He generally heaves a prodigious sigh in moving away, and always looks up the lane and down the lane, and up the road and down the road, before going on.

Both of these orders of tramp are of a very robust habit; let the hard-working labourer at whose cottage-door they prowl and beg, have the ague never so badly, these tramps are sure to be in good health.

There is another kind of tramp, whom you encounter this bright summer day—say, on a road with the sea-breeze making its dust lively, and sails of ships in the blue distance beyond the slope of Down. As you walk enjoyingly on, you descry in the perspective at the bottom of a steep hill up which your way lies, a figure that appears to be sitting airily on a gate, whistling in a cheerful and disengaged manner. As you approach nearer to it, you observe the figure to slide down from the gate, desist from whistling, to uncock its hat, to become tender of foot, to depress its head and elevate its shoulders, and to present all the characteristics

of profound despondency. Arriving at
of the hill and coming close to the figu
serve it to be the figure of a shabby
He is moving painfully forward, in the
which you are going, and his mind is
pied with his misfortunes that he is nc
your approach until you are close upon
hill-foot. When he is aware of you, y
him to be a remarkably well-behaved
and a remarkably well-spoken young
know him to be well-behaved, by hi
manner of touching his hat: you know
well-spoken, by his smooth manner of
himself. He says in a flowing confide
and without punctuation, "I ask your
but if you would excuse the liberty of b
dressed upon the public Iway by one wh
reduced to rags though it as not always b
by no fault of his own but through ill
family and many unmerited sufferings i
a great obligation sir to know the tir
give the well-spoken young man the t
well-spoken young man, keeping well up
resumes: "I am aware sir that it is a lil
trude a further question on a gentlem
for his entertainment but might I make
ask the favour of the way to Dover sir an
distance?" You inform the well-spo
man that the way to Dover is straight
distance some eighteen miles. The
young man becomes greatly agitated.
condition to which I am reduced," sa
could not ope to reach Dover before d
my shoes were in a state to take me t
feet were in a state to old out over the
and were not on the bare ground of

gentleman has the means to satisfy himself by looking Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you?" As the well-spoken young man keeps so well up with you that you can't prevent his taking the liberty of speaking to you, he goes on, with fluency: "Sir it is not begging that is my intention for I was brought up by the best of mothers and begging is not my trade I should not know sir how to follow it as a trade if such were my shameful wishes for the best of mothers long taught otherwise and in the best of omes though now reduced to take the present liberty on the Iway Sir my business was the law-stationering and I was favourably known to the Solicitor-General the Attorney-General the majority of the Judges and the ole of the legal profession but through ill elth in my family and the treachery of a friend for whom I became security and he no other than my own wife's brother the brother of my own wife I was cast forth with my tender partner and three young children not to beg for I will sooner die of deprivation but to make my way to the seaport town of Dover where I have a relative is in respect not only that will assist me but that would trust me with untold gold Sir in appier times and hare this calamity fell upon me I made for my amusement when I little thought that I should ever need it excepting for my air this"—here the well-spoken young man put his hand into his breast—"this comb! Sir I implore you in the name of charity to purchase a tortoiseshell comb which is a genuine article at any price that your humanity may put upon it and may the blessings of a ouseless family awaiting with beating arts the return of a husband and a father from Dover upon the cold stone seats of Londonbridge ever attend you Sir may I take the liberty of

speaking to you I implore you to buy this comb!' By this time, being a reasonably good walker, yo will have been too much for the well-spoken youn man, who will stop short and express his disgu and his want of breath, in a long expectoration, s you leave him behind.

Towards the end of the same walk, on the sam bright summer day, at the corner of the next litt town or village, you may find another kind o tramp, embodied in the persons of a most exem plary couple whose only improvidence appears t have been, that they spent the last of their little A on soap. They are a man and woman, spotless t behold—John Anderson, with the frost on his shor smock-frock instead of his "pow," attended b Mrs. Anderson. John is over-ostentatious of th frost upon his raiment, and wears a curious and you would say, an almost unnecessary demonstra tion of girdle of white linen wound about his wais —a girdle, snowy as Mrs. Anderson's apron. Thi cleanliness was the expiring effort of the respectabl couple, and nothing then remained to Mr. Ander son but to get chalked upon his spade in snow white copy-book characters, HUNGRY! and to s down here. Yes; one thing more remained t Mr. Anderson—his character; Monarchs coul not deprive him of his hard-earned character. Ac cordingly, as you come up with this spectacle o virtue in distress, Mrs. Anderson rises, and with decent curtsey presents for your consideration certificate from a Doctor of Divinity, the reveren the Vicar of Upper Dodgington, who informs hi Christian friends and all whom it may concern tha the bearers, John Anderson and lawful wife, ar persons to whom you cannot be too liberal. Thi benevolent pastor omitted no work of his hands t

fit the good couple out, for with half an eye you can recognise his autograph on the spade.

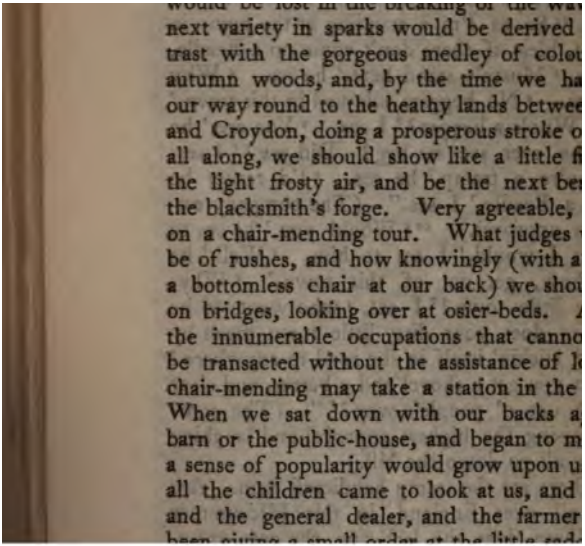
Another class of tramp is a man, the most valuable part of whose stock-in-trade is a highly perplexed demeanour. He is got up like a countryman, and you will often come upon the poor fellow, while he is endeavouring to decipher the inscription on a milestone—quite a fruitless endeavour, for he cannot read. He asks your pardon, he truly does (he is very slow of speech, this tramp, and he looks in a bewildered way all round the prospect while he talks to you), but all of us shold do as we wold be done by, and he'll take it kind, if you'll put a power man in the right road fur to jine his eldest son as has broke his leg bad in the masoning, and is in this heere Orspit'l as is wrote down by Squire Pouncerby's own hand as wold not tell a lie fur no man. He then produces from under his dark frock (being always very slow and perplexed) a neat but worn old leathern purse, from which he takes a scrap of paper. On this scrap of paper is written, by Squire Pouncerby, of The Grove, "Please to direct the Bearer, a poor but very worthy man, to the Sussex County Hospital, near Brighton"—a matter of some difficulty at the moment, seeing that the request comes suddenly upon you in the depths of Hertfordshire. The more you endeavour to indicate where Brighton is—when you have with the greatest difficulty remembered—the less the devoted father can be made to comprehend, and the more obtusely he stares at the prospect; whereby, being reduced to extremity, you recommend the faithful parent to begin by going to St. Albans, and present him with half-a-crown. It does him good, no doubt, but scarcely helps him forward, since you find him lying drunk that same evening in the

plexion; "educated at Trin. Coll. Cam.—
in the lap of affluence—once in my small
pattron of the Muses," &c. &c. &c.—
sympathetic mind will not withhold a trifle,
him on to the market-town where he thinks
ing a Lecture to the *fruges consumere nati*, o
in general? This shameful creature lollin
hedge tap-rooms in his ragged clothes, no
from being black that they look as if the
can have been black, is more selfish and
than even the savage tramp. He would sp
the poorest boy for a farthing, and spurn hi
he had got it; he would interpose (if he c
anything by it) between the baby and the n
breast. So much lower than the comp
keeps, for his maudlin assumption of being
this pitiless rascal blights the summer roa
maunders on between the luxuriant hedges
(to my thinking) even the wild convolvu
rose and sweetbriar, are the worse for hi
by, and need time to recover from the tain
in the air.

The young fellows who trudge along b
five or six together, their boots slung ov
shoulders, their shabby bundles under thei
their sticks newly cut from some roadside
are not eminently prepossessing, but are m
objectionable. There is a tramp-fellowship
them. They pick one another up at rest

ons, and go on in companies. They always go a fast swing—though they generally limp too—nd there is invariably one of the company who as much ado to keep up with the rest. They enerally talk about horses, and any other means f locomotion than walking: or, one of the com-pany relates some recent experiences of the road—which are always disputes and difficulties. As for xample. "So as I'm a standing at the pump in he market, blest if there don't come up a Beadle, nd he ses, 'Mustn't stand here,' he ses. 'Why ot?' I ses. 'No beggars allowed in this town,' e ses. 'Who's a beggar?' I ses. 'You are,' he es. 'Who ever see *me* beg? Did *you?*' I ses. 'Then you're a tramp,' he ses. 'I'd rather be hat than a Beadle,' I ses." (The company ex-ress great approval.) "'Would you,' he ses to e. 'Yes I would,' I ses to him. 'Well,' he es, 'anyhow, get out of this town.' 'Why, low your little town!' I ses, 'who wants to be n it? Wot does your dirty little town mean by omin' and stickin' itself in the road to anywhere? Why don't you get a shovel and a barrer, and clear our town out o' people's way?'" (The com-ny expressing the highest approval and laughing loud, they all go down the hill.)

Then, there are the tramp handicraft men. Are hey not all over England, in this Midsummer ime? Where does the lark sing, the corn grow, he mill turn, the river run, and they are not mong the lights and shadows, tinkering, chair-ending, umbrella-mending, clock-mending, knife-inding? Surely, a pleasant thing, if we were in at condition of life, to grind our way through ent, Sussex, and Surrey. For the worst six eeks or so, we should see the sparks we ground


would be lost in the breaking of the wa
next variety in sparks would be derived
trast with the gorgeous medley of colo
autumn woods, and, by the time we ha
our way round to the heathy lands betwe
and Croydon, doing a prosperous stroke o
all along, we should show like a little f
the light frosty air, and be the next be
the blacksmith's forge. Very agreeable,
on a chair-mending tour. What judges
be of rushes, and how knowingly (with a
a bottomless chair at our back) we sho
on bridges, looking over at osier-beds.
the innumerable occupations that canno
be transacted without the assistance of l
chair-mending may take a station in the
When we sat down with our backs a
barn or the public-house, and began to m
a sense of popularity would grow upon u
all the children came to look at us, and
and the general dealer, and the farmer
been giving a small order at the little sad

ve these words. Clock-mending again. for the slight inconvenience of carrying a der our arm, and the monotony of making go, whenever we came to a human habita- at a pleasant privilege to give a voice to b cottage-clock, and set it talking to the family again. Likewise we foresee great s going round by the park plantations, un- overhanging boughs (hares, rabbits, par- and pheasants, scudding like mad across ss the chequered ground before us), and so park ladder, and through the wood, until to the Keeper's lodge. Then, would the be discoverable at his door, in a deep nest , smoking his pipe. Then, on our accost- in the way of our trade, would he call to eeper, respecting "t'ould clock" in the Then, would Mrs. Keeper ask us into e, and on due examination we should offer a good job of it for eighteenpence; which ing accepted, would set us tinkling and among the chubby awe-struck little Keep- an hour and more. So completely to the satisfaction would we achieve our work, Keeper would mention how that there was g wrong with the bell of the turret stable- at the Hall, and that if we thought good up to the housekeeper on the chance of too, why he would take us. Then, should among the branching oaks and the deep silent ways of mystery known to the seeing the herd glancing here and there as along, until we came to the old Hall, and grand. Under the Terrace Flower and round by the stables, would the ake us in, and as we passed we should ob-

serve how spacious and stately the stables, and how fine the painting of the horses' names over their stalls, and how solitary all: the family being in London. Then, should we find ourselves presented to the housekeeper, sitting, in hushed state, at needlework, in a bay-window looking out upon a mighty grim red-brick quadrangle, guarded by stone lions disrespectfully throwing somersaults over the escutcheons of the noble family. Then, our services accepted and we insinuated with a candle into the stable-turret, we should find it to be a mere question of pendulum, but one that would hold us until dark. Then, should we fall to work, with a general impression of Ghosts being about, and of pictures indoors that of a certainty came out of their frames and "walked," if the family would only own it. Then, should we work and work, until the day gradually turned to dusk, and even until the dusk gradually turned to dark. Our task at length accomplished, we should be taken into an enormous servants' hall, and there regaled with beef and bread, and powerful ale. Then, paid freely, we should be at liberty to go, and should be told by a pointing helper to keep round over yinder by the blasted ash, and so straight through the woods, till we should see the town-lights right afore us. Then, feeling lonesome, should we desire upon the whole, that the ash had not been blasted, or that the helper had had the manners not to mention it. However, we should keep on, all right, till suddenly the stable bell would strike ten in the dolefullest way, quite chilling our blood, though we had so lately taught him how to acquit himself. Then, as we went on, should we recall old stories, and dimly consider what it would be most advisable to do, in the event of a tall figure,

white, with saucer eyes, coming up and
g, "I want you to come to a churchyard and
a church clock. Follow me!" Then,
d we make a burst to get clear of the trees,
hould soon find ourselves in the open, with the
lights bright ahead of us. So should we lie
ight at the ancient sign of the Crispin and
anus, and rise early next morning to be be-
on tramp again.

cklayers often tramp, in twos and threes, ly-
night at their "lodges," which are scattered
er the country. Bricklaying is another of the
ations that can by no means be transacted in
parts, without the assistance of spectators—of
ny as can be convened. In thinly-peopled
I have known bricklayers on tramp, coming
th bricklayers at work, to be so sensible of
dispensability of lookers-on, that they them-
have sat up in that capacity, and have been
to subside into the acceptance of a proffered
in the job, for two or three days together.
imes, the "navvy," on tramp, with an extra
f half-boots over his shoulder, a bag, a bottle,
can, will take a similar part in a job of exca-
, and will look at it without engaging in it,
ll his money is gone. The current of my
mercial pursuits caused me only last summer
nt a little body of workmen for a certain spell
rk in a pleasant part of the country; and I
t one time honoured with the attendance of
ny as seven-and-twenty, who were looking

o can be familiar with any rustic highway in
er-time, without storing up knowledge of the
tramps who go from one oasis of town or
to another, to sell a stock in trade, appar-

ently not worth a shilling when sold?
are a favourite commodity for this kind
tion, and so are cakes of a soft and sp
acter, coupled with Spanish nuts and br
The stock is carried on the head in a b
between the head and the basket, are
on which the stock is displayed at tra
Fleet of foot, but a careworn class of
mostly; with a certain stiffness of neck,
by much anxious balancing of baskets
with a long Chinese sort of eye, whic
weighted forehead would seem to have
into that form.

On the hot dusty roads near seaport
great rivers, behold the tramping Soldier
you should happen never to have aske
whether his uniform is suited to his wo
the poor fellow's appearance as he com
fully towards you, with his absurdly t
unbuttoned, his neck-gear in his hand, a
well chafed by his trousers of baize, m
the personal inquiry, how you think *you*
it. Much better the tramping Sailor, a
cloth is somewhat too thick for land serv
why the tramping merchant-mate shoul
black velvet waistcoat, for a chalky cou
dog-days, is one of the great secrets of
will never be discovered.

I have my eye upon a piece of Ke
bordered on either side by a wood, and
one hand, between the road-dust and
skirting patch of grass. Wild flower
abundance on this spot, and it lies hig
with a distant river stealing steadily a
ocean, like a man's life. To gain the
here, which the moss, primroses, violets,

wild roses, would soon render illegible but for ring travellers pushing them aside with their ks, you must come up a steep hill, come which you may. So, all the tramps with carts or vans—the Gipsy-tramp, the Show-tramp, the ap Jack—find it impossible to resist the tempta- s of the place, and all turn the horse loose n they come to it, and boil the pot. Bless the e, I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that e scorched its grass! What tramp children do e here, attired in a handful of rags, making a nnasium of the shafts of the cart, making a ther-bed of the flints and brambles, making a of the hobbled old horse who is not much more a horse than any cheap toy would be! Here, I encounter the cart of mats and brooms and kets—with all thoughts of business given to the ning wind—with the stew made and being ved out—with Cheap Jack and Dear Jill striking music out of the plates that are rattled like like cymbals when put up for auction at fairs markets—their minds so influenced (no doubt) the melody of the nightingales as they begin to g in the woods behind them, that if I were to pose to deal, they would sell me anything at t price. On this hallowed ground has it been happy privilege (let me whisper it), to behold White-haired Lady with the pink eyes, eating at-pie with the Giant: while, by the hedge-side, the box of blankets which I knew contained the kes, were set forth the cups and saucers and the pot. It was on an evening in August, that I nced upon this ravishing spectacle, and I no- d that, whereas the Giant reclined half con- led beneath the overhanging boughs and seemed fferent to Nature, the white hair of the gracious

Lady streamed free in the breath of eve
her pink eyes found pleasure in the land
heard only a single sentence of her utter
bespoke a talent for modest repartee.
mannered Giant—accursed be his evil r
interrupted the Lady in some remark,
passed that enchanted corner of the v
gently reproved him, with the words,
Cobby ; "—Cobby ! so short a name !—
fool enough to talk at a time ? "

Within appropriate distance of th
ground, though not so near it as that
trolled from tap or bench at door, can
woodland silence, is a little hostelry whi
possessed of a penny was ever known
warm weather. Before its entrance, a
pleasant trimmed limes ; likewise, a cool
so musical a bucket-handle that its fall
bucket rim will make a horse prick up hi
neigh, upon the droughty road half a
This is a house of great resort for
tramps and harvest tramps, insomuch th
within, drinking their mugs of beer, t
quished scythes and reaping-hooks glare
open windows, as if the whole establish
a family war-coach of Ancient Britons.
the season, the whole country-side, for
miles, will swarm with hopping tramp
come in families, men, women, and child

id on all the scraps of common-land, and live nong and upon the hops until they are all picked id the hop-gardens, so beautiful through the sum-er, look as if they had been laid waste by an in-ding army. Then, there is a vast exodus of amps out of the county; and if you ride or drive und any turn of any road, at more than a foot ce, you will be bewildered to find that you have arged into the bosom of fifty families, and that ere are splashing up all around you, in the ut-ost prodigality of confusion, bundles of bedding, bles, iron pots, and a good-humoured multitude both sexes and all ages, equally divided between rspiration and intoxication.

Chapter XII

DULLBOROUGH TOWN

T lately happened that I found myself rambling about the scenes among which my earliest days ere passed; scenes from which I departed when was a child, and which I did not revisit until I as a man. This is no uncommon chance, but e that befalls some of us any day; perhaps it ay not be quite uninteresting to compare notes ith the reader respecting an experience so familiar d a journey so uncommercial.

I call my boyhood's home (and I feel like a enor in an English Opera when I mention it) ullborough. Most of us come from Dullborough o come from a country town.

As I left Dullborough in the days when there ere no railroads in the land, I left it in a stage-ach. Through all the years that have since

passed, have I ever lost the smell of the
in which I was packed—like game—and
carriage paid, to the Cross Keys, W
Cheapside, London? There was no o
passenger, and I consumed my sandwic
tude and dreariness, and it rained hard a
and I thought life sloppier than I had e
find it.

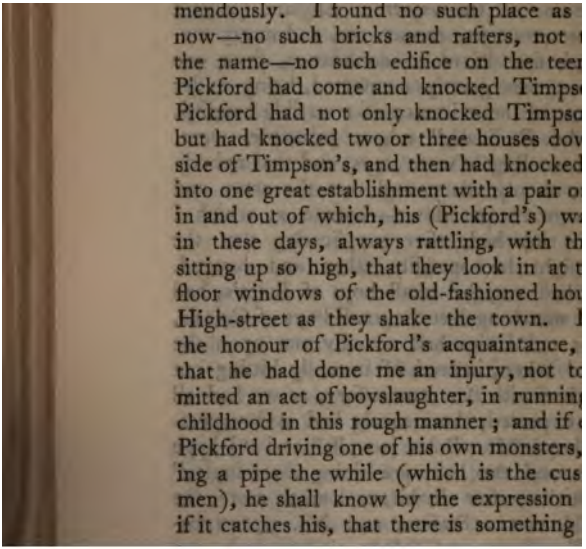
With this tender remembrance upon
cavalierly shunted back into Dullboroug
day, by train. My ticket had been pre
lected, like my taxes, and my shining
manteau had had a great plaster stuck u
I had been defied by Act of Parliament
objection to anything that was done to
under a penalty of not less than forty
more than five pounds, compoundable fo
imprisonment. When I had sent my
property on to the hotel, I began to look
and the first discovery I made, was, that
had swallowed up the playing-field.

It was gone. The two beautiful
trees, the hedge, the turf, and all those
and daisies, had given place to the stoni
ing roads: while, beyond the Station, a
monster of a tunnel kept its jaws open,
swallowed them and were ravenous for
struction. The coach that had carried
was melodiously called Timpson's Blue-E
and belonged to Timpson, at the coach
street; the locomotive engine that had b
back, was called severely No. 97, and b
S.E.R., and was spitting ashes and hot-
the blighted ground.

When I had been let out at the plat
like a prisoner whom his turnkey gruc

sed, I looked in again over the low wall, at the ne of departed glories. Here, in the haymaking e, had I been delivered from the dungeons of ingapatam, an immense pile (of haycock), by countrymen, the victorious British (boy next or and his two cousins), and had been recognised th ecstasy by my affianced one (Miss Green), o had come all the way from England (second use in the terrace) to ransom me, and marry me. ere, had I first heard in confidence, from one hose father was greatly connected, being under overnment, of the existence of a terrible banditti, lled "The Radicals," whose principles were, at the Prince Regent wore stays, and that nobody d a right to any salary, and that the army and vy ought to be put down—horrors at which I mbled in my bed, after supplicating that the dicals might be speedily taken and hanged. ere, too, had we, the small boys of Boles's, had t cricket match against the small boys of Coles's, hen Boles and Coles had actually met upon the ound, and when, instead of instantly hitting out one another with the utmost fury, as we had all ped and expected, those sneaks had said respect-ly, "I hope Mrs. Boles is well," and "I hope rs. Coles and the baby are doing charmingly." ould it be that, after all this, and much more, the aying-field was a Station, and No. 97 expec-rated boiling-water and redhot cinders on it, and e whole belonged by Act of Parliament to E.R.?

As it could be, and was, I left the place with a avy heart for a walk all over the town. And st of Timpson's up-street. When I departed m Dullborough in the strawy arms of Timpson's ue-Eyed Maid, Timpson's was a moderate-sized



mendously. I found no such place as
now—no such bricks and rafters, not
the name—no such edifice on the tee
Pickford had come and knocked Timps
Pickford had not only knocked Timpso
but had knocked two or three houses do
side of Timpson's, and then had knocked
into one great establishment with a pair o
in and out of which, his (Pickford's) w
in these days, always rattling, with th
sitting up so high, that they look in at t
floor windows of the old-fashioned ho
High-street as they shake the town.
the honour of Pickford's acquaintance,
that he had done me an injury, not t
mitted an act of boyslaughter, in runnin
childhood in this rough manner; and if
Pickford driving one of his own monsters,
ing a pipe the while (which is the cus
men), he shall know by the expression
if it catches his, that there is something

It is a mercy I have not a red and green lamp and a night-bell at my door, for in my very young days I was taken to so many lyings-in that I wonder I escaped becoming a professional martyr to them in after-life. I suppose I had a very sympathetic nurse, with a large circle of married acquaintance. However that was, as I continued my walk through Bullborough, I found many houses to be solely associated in my mind with this particular interest. At one little greengrocer's shop, down certain steps from the street, I remember to have waited on a lady who had had four children (I am afraid to write five, though I fully believe it was five) at a birth. This meritorious woman held quite a reception in her room on the morning when I was introduced there, and the sight of the house brought vividly to my mind how the four (five) deceased young people lay, side by side, on a clean cloth on a chest of drawers; reminding me by a homely association, which I suspect their complexion to have assisted, of pigs' feet as they are usually displayed at a neat tripe-shop. Hot caudle was handed round on the occasion, and I further remembered as I stood contemplating the greengrocer's, that a subscription was entered into among the company, which became extremely alarming to my consciousness of having pocket-money on my person. This fact being known to my conductress, whoever she was, I was earnestly exhorted to contribute, but resolutely declined: therein disgusting the company, who gave me to understand that I must dismiss all expectations of going to Heaven.

How does it happen that when all else is change wherever one goes, there yet seem, in every place, to be some few people who never alter? As the sight of the greengrocer's house recalled these trivial

incidents of long ago, the identical greengrocer appeared on the steps, with his hands in his pockets, and leaning his shoulder against the door-post, as my childish eyes had seen him many a time; indeed, there was his old mark on the door-post yet, as if his shadow had become a fixture there. It was he himself; he might formerly have been an old-looking young man, or he might now be a young-looking old man, but there he was. In walking along the street, I had as yet looked in vain for a familiar face, or even a transmitted face; here was the very greengrocer who had been weighing and handling baskets on the morning of the reception. As he brought with him a dawning remembrance that he had had no proprietary interest in those babies, I crossed the road, and accosted him on the subject. He was not in the least excited or gratified, or in any way roused, by the accuracy of my recollection, but said, Yes, summut out of the common—he didn't remember how many it was (as if half-a-dozen babies either way made no difference)—had happened to a Mrs. What's-her-name, as once lodged there—but he didn't call it to mind, particular. Nettled by this phlegmatic conduct, I informed him that I had left the town when I was a child. He slowly returned, quite unsoftened, and not without a sarcastic kind of complacency, *Had* I? Ah! And did I find it had got on tolerably well without me? Such is the difference (I thought, when I had left him a few hundred yards behind, and was by so much in a better temper) between going away from a place and remaining in it. I had no right, I reflected, to be angry with the greengrocer for his want of interest, I was nothing to him: whereas he was the town, the cathedral, the bridge, the river,

childhood, and a large slice of my life, to

Of course the town had shrunk fearfully, since I a child there. I had entertained the impres- n that the High-street was at least as wide as gent-street, London, or the Italian Boulevard at ris. I found it little better than a lane. There s a public clock in it, which I had supposed to the finest clock in the world: whereas it now ned out to be as inexpressive, moon-faced, and ak a clock as ever I saw. It belonged to a wn Hall, where I had seen an Indian (who I w suppose wasn't an Indian) swallow a sword hich I now suppose he didn't). The edifice d appeared to me in those days so glorious a ucture, that I had set it up in my mind as the odel on which the Genie of the Lamp built the lace for Aladdin. A mean little brick heap, like demented chapel, with a few yawning persons in ather gaiters, and in the last extremity for some- ing to do, lounging at the door with their hands their pockets, and calling themselves a Corn xchange!

The Theatre was in existence, I found, on ask- g the fishmonger, who had a compact show of ock in his window, consisting of a sole and a uart of shrimps—and I resolved to comfort my ind by going to look at it. Richard the Third, a very uncomfortable cloak, had first appeared to e there, and had made my heart leap with terror backing up against the stage-box in which I was oured, while struggling for life against the virtuous ichmond. It was within those walls that I had arnt as from a page of English history, how that icked King slept in war-time on a sofa much too ort for him, and how fearfully his conscience

troubled his boots. There, too, had I first seen t
funny countryman, but countryman of noble pri
ciples, in a flowered waistcoat, crunch up his lit
hat and throw it on the ground, and pull off
coat, saying, "Dom thee, squire, coom on wi
thy fistes then!" At which the lovely you
woman who kept company with him (and wi
went out gleaning, in a narrow white muslin apr
with five beautiful bars of five different colour
ribbons across it) was so frightened for his sak
that she fainted away. Many wondrous secrets
Nature had I come to the knowledge of in th
sanctuary: of which not the least terrific were, th
the witches in Macbeth bore an awful resemblan
to the Thanes and other proper inhabitants of Sco
land; and that the good King Duncan couldn't re
in his grave, but was constantly coming out of
and calling himself somebody else. To the Th
atre, therefore, I repaired for consolation. But
found very little, for it was in a bad and declini
way. A dealer in wine and bottled beer had
ready squeezed his trade into the box-office, a
the theatrical money was taken—when it came—
a kind of meat-safe in the passage. The dealer
wine and bottled beer must have insinuated himse
under the stage too; for he announced that he h
various descriptions of alcoholic drinks "in t
wood," and there was no possible stowage for t
wood anywhere else. Evidently, he was by d
grees eating the establishment away to the core, a
would soon have sole possession of it. It was
Let, and hopelessly so, for its old purposes; a
there had been no entertainment within its walls
a long time except a Panorama; and even that h
been announced as "pleasingly instructive," and
know too well the fatal meaning and the leaden i

port of those terrible expressions. No, there was no comfort in the Theatre. It was mysteriously gone, like my own youth. Unlike my own youth, it might be coming back some day; but there was little promise of it.

As the town was placarded with references to the Dullborough Mechanics' Institution, I thought I would go and look at that establishment next. There had been no such thing in the town, in my young day, and it occurred to me that its extreme prosperity might have brought adversity upon the Drama. I found the Institution with some difficulty, and should scarcely have known that I had found it if I had judged from its external appearance only; but this was attributable to its never having been finished, and having no front: consequently, it led a modest and retired existence up a stable-yard. It was (as I learnt, on inquiry) a most flourishing Institution, and of the highest benefit to the town: two triumphs which I was glad to understand were not at all impaired by the seeming drawbacks that no mechanics belonged to it, and that it was steeped in debt to the chimney-pots. It had a large room, which was approached by an infirm step-ladder: the builder having declined to construct the intended staircase, without a present payment in cash, which Dullborough (though profoundly appreciative of the Institution) seemed unaccountably bashful about subscribing. The large room had cost—or would, when paid for—five hundred pounds; and it had more mortar in it and more echoes, than one might have expected to get for the money. It was fitted up with a platform, and the usual lecturing tools, including a large black board of a menacing appearance. On referring to lists of the courses of lectures that had been given

in this thriving Hall, I fancied I detected a shyness in admitting that human nature when at leisure has any desire whatever to be relieved and diverted; and a furtive sliding in of any poor make-weight piece of amusement, shamefacedly and edgewise. Thus, I observed that it was necessary for the members to be knocked on the head with Gas, Air, Water, Food, the Solar System, the Geological periods, Criticism on Milton, the Steam-engine, John Bunyan, and Arrow-Headed Inscriptions, before they might be tickled by those unaccountable choristers, the negro singers in the court costume of the reign of George the Second. Likewise, that they must be stunned by a weighty inquiry whether there was internal evidence in Shakespeare's works, to prove that his uncle by the mother's side lived for some years at Stoke Newington, before they were brought-to by a Miscellaneous Concert. But, indeed the masking of entertainment, and pretending it was something else—as people mask bedsteads when they are obliged to have them in sitting-rooms, and make believe that they are bookcases, sofas, chests of drawers, anything rather than bedsteads—was manifest even in the pretence of dreariness that the unfortunate entertainers themselves felt obliged in decency to put forth when they came here. One very agreeable professional singer who travelled with two professional ladies, knew better than to introduce either of those ladies to sing the ballad "Comin' through the Rye" without prefacing it himself, with some general remarks on wheat and clover; and even then, he dared not for his life call the song, a song, but disguised it in the bill as an "Illustration." In the library, also—fitted with shelves for three thousand books, and containing upwards of one hundred and

(presented copies mostly), seething their
n damp plaster—there was such a painfully
tic return of 62 offenders who had read
, Popular Biography, and mere Fiction de-
e of the aspirations of the hearts and souls
human creatures like themselves; and such
orate parade of 2 bright examples who had
wn Euclid after the day's occupation and
ment; and 3 who had had down Meta-
after ditto; and 1 who had had down
gy after ditto; and 4 who had worried
ar, Political Economy, Botany, and Loga-
all at once after ditto; that I suspected the
class to be one man, who had been hired

rging from the Mechanics' Institution and
ing my walk about the town, I still noticed
here the prevalence, to an extraordinary de-
f this custom of putting the natural demand
usement out of sight, as some untidy house-
put dust, and pretending that it was swept
And yet it was ministered to, in a dull and
manner, by all who made this feint. Look-
at what is called in Dullborough "the seri-
okseller's," where, in my childhood, I had
the faces of numbers of gentlemen depicted
rums with a gaslight on each side of them,
ting my eyes over the open pages of certain
discourses there, I found a vast deal of aim-
jocosity and dramatic effect, even in them—
rily, even on the part of one very wrathful
der who bitterly anathematised a poor little
Similarly, in the reading provided for the
people enrolled in the Lasso of Love, and
xcellent unions, I found the writers gener-
der a distressing sense that they must start

(at all events) like story-tellers, and delude the young persons into the belief that they were going to be interesting. As I looked in at this window for twenty minutes by the clock, I am in a position to offer a friendly remonstrance—not bearing on this particular point—to the designers and engravers of the pictures in those publications. Have they considered the awful consequences likely to flow from their representations of Virtue? Have they asked themselves the question, whether the terrific prospect of acquiring that fearful chubbiness of head, unwieldiness of arm, feeble dislocation of leg, crispiness of hair, and enormity of shirt-collar, which they represent as inseparable from Goodness, may not tend to confirm sensitive waverers, in Evil? A most impressive example (if I had believed it) of what a Dustman and a Sailor may come to, when they mend their ways, was presented to me in this same shop-window. When they were leaning (they were intimate friends) against a post, drunk and reckless, with surpassingly bad hats on, and their hair over their foreheads, they were rather picturesque, and looked as if they might be agreeable men, if they would not be beasts. But, when they had got over their bad propensities, and when, as a consequence, their heads had swelled alarmingly, their hair had got so curly that it lifted their blown-out cheeks up, their coat-cuffs were so long that they never could do any work, and their eyes were so wide open that they never could do any sleep, they presented a spectacle calculated to plunge a timid nature into the depths of Infamy.

But, the clock that had so degenerated since I saw it last, admonished me that I had stayed here long enough; and I resumed my walk.

I had not gone fifty paces along the street when I was suddenly brought up by the sight of a man who got out of a little phaeton at the doctor's door, and went into the doctor's house. Immediately, the air was filled with the scent of trodden grass, and the perspective of years opened, and at the end of it was a little likeness of this man keeping a wicket, and I said, "God bless my soul! Joe Specks!"

Through many changes and much work, I had preserved a tenderness for the memory of Joe, forasmuch as we had made the acquaintance of Roderick Random together, and had believed him to be no ruffian, but an ingenuous and engaging hero. Scorning to ask the boy left in the phaeton whether it was really Joe, and scorning even to read the brass plate on the door—so sure was I—I rang the bell and informed the servant maid that a stranger sought audience of Mr. Specks. Into a room, half surgery, half study, I was shown to await his coming, and I found it, by a series of elaborate accidents, bestrewn with testimonies to Joe. Portrait of Mr. Specks, bust of Mr. Specks, silver cup from grateful patient to Mr. Specks, presentation sermon from local clergyman, dedication poem from local poet, dinner-card from local nobleman, tract on balance of power from local refugee, inscribed *Hommage de l'auteur à Specks.*

When my old schoolfellow came in, and I informed him with a smile that I was not a patient, he seemed rather at a loss to perceive any reason for smiling in connexion with that fact, and inquired to what was he to attribute the honour? I asked him, with another smile, could he remember me at all? He had not (he said) that pleasure. I was beginning to have but a poor opinion of Mr.

by my name, shook me by the hand, an
into a roar of laughter. "Why, of cour
remember Lucy Green," he said, after
talked a little. "Of course," said I.
do you think she married?" said he. "
hazarded. "Me," said Specks, "and
see her." So I saw her, and she was f
all the hay in the world had been heaped
it could scarcely have altered her face n
Time had altered it from my remembra
face that had once looked down upon m
fragrant dungeons of Seringapatam. But
youngest child came in after dinner (fo
with them, and we had no other comp
Specks, Junior, Barrister-at-law, who w
as soon as the cloth was removed, to look
young lady to whom he was going to b
next week), I saw again, in that little dau
little face of the hayfield, unchanged, an
touched my foolish heart. We talked in
Specks and Mrs. Specks, and I, and we

st, with a highly agreeable chain. And in ecks's society I had new occasion to observe at I had before noticed in similar communica- ns among other men. All the schoolfellows and ers of old, whom I inquired about, had either ne superlatively well or superlatively ill—had her become uncertificated bankrupts, or been onious and got themselves transported; or had de great hits in life, and done wonders. And s is so commonly the case, that I never can agine what becomes of all the mediocre people of ople's youth—especially considering that we find lack of the species in our maturity. But, I did t propound this difficulty to Specks, for no pause the conversation gave me an occasion. Nor, uld I discover one single flaw in the good doctor when he reads this, he will receive in a friendly rit the pleasantly meant record—except that he d forgotten his Roderick Random, and that he nfounded Strap with Lieutenant Hatchway; o never knew Random, howsoever intimate th Pickle.

When I went alone to the Railway to catch my in at night (Specks had meant to go with me, t was inopportunely called out), I was in a more aritable mood with Dullborough than I had been day; and yet in my heart I had loved it all day . Ah! who was I that I should quarrel with town for being changed to me, when I myself d come back, so changed, to it! All my early dings and early imaginations dated from this ce, and I took them away so full of innocent struction and guileless belief, and I brought them k so worn and torn, so much the wiser and so ch the worse!

Chapter XIII

NIGHT WALKS

SOME years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but, it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the

ymarket, which is the worst kept part of Lon-
, and about Kent-street in the Borough, and
g a portion of the line of the Old Kent-road,
peace was seldom violently broken. But, it
always the case that London, as if in imitation
ndividual citizens belonging to it, had expiring
and starts of restlessness. After all seemed
, if one cab rattled by, half-a-dozen would
y follow; and Houselessness even observed
intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically
cted towards each other; so that we knew
we saw one drunken object staggering against
hutters of a shop, that another drunken object
d stagger up before five minutes were out, to
rnise or fight with it. When we made a di-
ence from the regular species of drunkard, the
armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker,
encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent
arance, fifty to one but that specimen was
ed in soiled mourning. As the street ex-
nce in the night, so the street experience in the
the common folk who come unexpectedly
a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal
quor.

t length these flickering sparks would die away,
out—the last veritable sparks of waking life
d from some late pieman or hot-potato man—
London would sink to rest. And then the
ning of the houseless mind would be for any
of company, any lighted place, any movement,
hing suggestive of any one being up—nay, even
uch as awake, for the houseless eye looked out
ights in windows.

alking the streets under the pattering rain,
selessness would walk and walk and walk, see-
nothing but the interminable tangle of streets,

save at a corner, here and there, two poli
conversation, or the sergeant or inspecto
after his men. Now and then in the ni
rarely—Houselessness would become aw
furtive head peering out of a doorway a f
before him, and, coming up with the hea
find a man standing bolt upright to keep w
doorway's shadow, and evidently intent
particular service to society. Under a kin
cination, and in a ghostly silence suitabl
time, Houselessness and this gentleman w
one another from head to foot, and so,
exchange of speech, part, mutually s
Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and copin
from pipes and water-spouts, and by-an
houseless shadow would fall upon the st
pave the way to Waterloo-bridge; it bein
houseless mind to have a halfpenny worth
for saying "Good-night" to the toll-ke
catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fi
good great-coat and a good woollen ne
were comfortable things to see in conjunc
the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness
cellent company when he rattled the c
halfpence down upon that metal table of h
man who defied the night, with all its
thoughts, and didn't care for the coming
There was need of encouragement on the
of the bridge, for the bridge was drea
chopped-up murdered man, had not been
with a rope over the parapet when tho
were; he was alive, and slept then quietl
most likely, and undisturbed by any d
where he was to come. But the river
awful look, the buildings on the banks wer
in black shrouds, and the reflected lights s

e deep in the water, as if the spectres of
were holding them to show where they
own. The wild moon and clouds were as
as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and
ry shadow of the immensity of London
to lie oppressively upon the river.
veen the bridge and the two great theatres,
vas but the distance of a few hundred paces,
theatres came next. Grim and black within,
it, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to
e, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights
ished, and the seats all empty. One would
hat nothing in them knew itself at such a
it Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks,
church steeples were shaking the March
and rain with the strokes of Four, I passed
er boundary of one of these great deserts,
tered it. With a dim lantern in my hand, I
my well-known way to the stage and looked
e orchestra—which was like a great grave
r a time of pestilence—into the void beyond.
al cavern of an immense aspect, with the
lier gone dead like everything else, and noth-
ible through mist and fog and space, but tiers
ding-sheets. The ground at my feet where,
last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples
g among the vines, reckless of the burning
ain which threatened to overwhelm them,
w in possession of a strong serpent of engine-
watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire,
eady to fly at it if it showed its forked
. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint
candle, haunted the distant upper gallery and
away. Retiring within the proscenium, and
g my light above my head towards the
up curtain—green no more, but black as

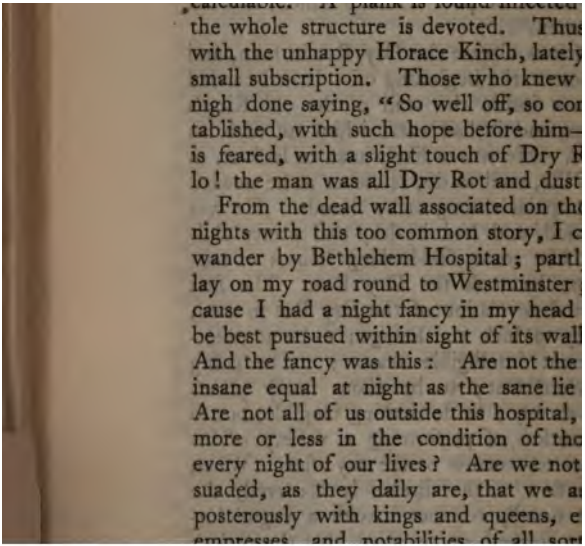
ebony—my sight lost itself in a gloom showing faint indications in it of a shipv canvas and cordage. Methought I felt m diver might, at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was r ment in the streets, it afforded matter for to take Newgate in the way, and, tou rough stone, to think of the prisoners in th and then to glance in at the lodge over t wicket, and see the fire and light of the turnkeys, on the white wall. Not an inap time either, to linger by that wicked little Door—shutting tighter than any other ever saw—which has been Death's Do many. In the days of the uttering of for pound notes by people tempted up from t try, how many hundreds of wretched cre both sexes—many quite innocent—swung pitiless and inconsistent world, with the yonder Christian church of Saint Sepulc strously before their eyes! Is there any of the Bank Parlour, by the remorseful sou directors, in the nights of these later days der, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Ace an Old Bailey?

To walk onto the Bank, lamenting the times and bemoaning the present evil perio be an easy next step, so I would take it, a make my houseless circuit of the Bank, a thought to the treasure within; likewis guard of soldiers passing the night there, ding over the fire. Next, I went to Bill in some hope of market-people, but it p yet too early, crossed London-bridge and by the water-side on the Surrey shore an buildings of the great brewery. There w

ng on at the brewery; and the reek, and the ll of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray es at their mangers, were capital company. ite refreshed by having mingled with this good iety, I made a new start with a new heart, set- the old King's Bench prison before me for my t object, and resolving, when I should come to wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Rot in men.

A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and icult to detect the beginning of. It had carried race Kinch inside the wall of the old King's ch prison, and it had carried him out with his foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed be, and popular among many friends. He was ably married, and had healthy and pretty chil- n. But, like some fair-looking houses or fair- king ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first ng external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street- ners without intelligible reason; to be going where when met; to be about many places er than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to e an intention of performing a variety of in- gible duties to-morrow or the day after. When manifestation of the disease is observed, the erver will usually connect it with a vague im- sion once formed or received, that the patient living a little too hard. He will scarcely have leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the ible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice ange for the worse in the patient's appearance: ertain slovenliness and deterioration, which is poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill- th, but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a



the whole structure is devoted. Thus
with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately
small subscription. Those who knew
nigh done saying, "So well off, so cor
tablished, with such hope before him—
is feared, with a slight touch of Dry R
lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust
From the dead wall associated on th
nights with this too common story, I c
wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partl
lay on my road round to Westminster
cause I had a night fancy in my head
be best pursued within sight of its wall
And the fancy was this: Are not the
insane equal at night as the sane lie
Are not all of us outside this hospital,
more or less in the condition of the
every night of our lives? Are we not
suaded, as they daily are, that we a
posterously with kings and queens, e
empresses, and notabilities of all sor

I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and her Majesty and I dine off peaches and macaroni in our night-gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honour to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew everything, when he called Sleep the death of each day's life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.

By this time I had left the Hospital behind me, and was again setting towards the river; and in a short breathing space I was on Westminster-bridge, regaling my houseless eyes with the external walls of the British Parliament—the perfection of a stupendous institution, I know, and the admiration of all surrounding nations and succeeding ages, I do not doubt, but perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work. Turning off into Old Palace-yard the Courts of Law kept me company for a quarter of an hour; hinting in low whispers what numbers of people they were keeping awake, and how intensely wretched and horrible they were rendering the small hours to unfortunate suitors. Westminster Abbey was fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour; suggesting a wonderful procession of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more amazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going before. And indeed in those

of a pin's point in all the streets and w
living to come out into. Not only th
vast armies of dead would overflow th
valleys beyond the city, and would stret
round it, God knows how far.

When a church clock strikes, on ho
in the dead of the night, it may be at fir
for company and hailed as such. B
spreading circles of vibration, which yo
ceive at such a time with great clearnes
ing out, for ever and ever afterward
perhaps (as the philosopher has suggeste
nal space, the mistake is rectified and th
loneliness is profounder. Once—it was
ing the Abbey and turning my face nort
to the great steps of St. Martin's chu
clock was striking Three. Suddenly, a
in a moment more I should have tro
without seeing, rose up at my feet wi
loneliness and houselessness, struck out c
bell, the like of which I never heard.

made with its whining mouth as if it were pping at me, like a worried dog. Intending to this ugly object, money, I put out my hand to it—for it recoiled as it whined and snapped— laid my hand upon its shoulder. Instantly, it ted out of its garment, like the young man in New Testament, and left me standing alone h its rags in my hand.

Covent-garden Market, when it was market rning, was wonderful company. The great gons of cabbages, with growers' men and boys g asleep under them, and with sharp dogs from ket-garden neighbourhoods looking after the ple, were as good as a party. But one of the st night sights I know in London, is to be nd in the children who prowl about this place; o sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at object they think they can lay their thieving ds on, dive under the carts and barrows, dodge constables, and are perpetually making a blunt ering on the pavement of the Piazza with the of their naked feet. A painful and unnatural lt comes of the comparison one is forced to in- te between the growth of corruption as dis- ed in the so much improved and cared for s of the earth, and the growth of corruption as layed in these all uncared for (except inasmuch ver-hunted) savages.

There was early coffee to be got about Covent- len Market, and that was more company— n company, too, which was better. Toast of ry substantial quality, was likewise procurable: gh the towzled-headed man who made it, in nner chamber within the coffee-room, hadn't his coat on yet, and was so heavy with sleep in every interval of toast and coffee he went

off anew behind the partition into complicate cross-roads of choke and snore, and lost his wa directly. Into one of these establishments (amon the earliest) near Bow-street, there came one morn ing as I sat over my houseless cup, ponderin where to go next, a man in a high and long snuf coloured coat, and shoes, and, to the best of m belief, nothing else but a hat, who took out of hi hat a large cold meat pudding; a meat pudding large that it was a very tight fit, and brought th lining of the hat out with it. This mysterious ma was known by his pudding, for on his entering, th man of sleep brought him a pint of hot tea, a sma loaf, and a large knife and fork and plate. Left himself in his box, he stood the pudding on th bare table, and, instead of cutting it, stabbed i over-hand, with the knife, like a mortal enemy; the took the knife out, wiped it on his sleeve, tore th pudding asunder with his fingers, and ate it all u The remembrance of this man with the puddin remains with me as the remembrance of the mo spectral person my houselessness encountere Twice only was I in that establishment, and twic I saw him stalk in (as I should say, just out of be and presently going back to bed), take out his pu ding, stab his pudding, wipe the dagger, and eat h pudding all up. He was a man whose figu promised cadaverousness, but who had an exces ively red face, though shaped like a horse's. O the second occasion of my seeing him, he sai huskily to the man of sleep, "Am I red to-night? "You are," he uncompromisingly answered. "M mother," said the spectre, "was a red-faced wom that liked drink, and I looked at her hard when s laid in her coffin, and I took the complexion Somehow, the pudding seemed an unwholeso

dding after that, and I put myself in its way no ore.

When there was no market, or when I wanted riety, a railway terminus with the morning mails ming in, was remunerative company. But like ost of the company to be had in this world, it ted only a very short time. The station lamps ould burst out ablaze, the porters would emerge om places of concealment, the cabs and trucks ould rattle to their places (the post-office carts ere already in theirs), and, finally, the bell would ike up, and the train would come banging in. ut there were few passengers and little luggage, d everything scuttled away with the greatest exedition. The locomotive post-offices, with their eat nets—as if they had been dragging the county for bodies—would fly open as to their doors, d would disgorge a smell of lamp, an exhausted erk, a guard in a red coat, and their bags of letrs; the engine would blow and heave and perire, like an engine wiping its forehead and saying hat a run it had had; and within ten minutes the mps were out, and I was houseless and alone gain.

But now, there were driven cattle on the high ad near, wanting (as cattle always do) to turn to the midst of stone walls, and squeeze themlves through six inches' width of iron railing, and tting their heads down (also as cattle always do) r tossing-purchase at quite imaginary dogs, and ving themselves and every devoted creature assoated with them a most extraordinary amount of nnecessary trouble. Now, too, the conscious gas gan to grow pale with the knowledge that daylight was coming, and straggling workpeople were eady in the streets, and, as waking life had be-

come extinguished with the last pieman's sparks, a it began to be rekindled with the fires of the firs street corner breakfast-sellers. And so by faste and faster degrees, until the last degrees were ver fast, the day came, and I was tired and could sleep And it is not, as I used to think, going home a such times, the least wonderful thing in London that in the real desert region of the night, th houseless wanderer is alone there. I knew wel enough where to find Vice and Misfortune of a kinds, if I had chosen; but they were put out o sight, and my houselessness had many miles upo miles of streets in which it could, and did, have it own solitary way.

Chapter XIV

CHAMBERS

HAVING occasion to transact some busine with a solicitor who occupies a highly su cidal set of chambers in Gray's Inn, I afterward took a turn in the large square of that stronghol of Melancholy, reviewing, with congenial su roundings, my experiences of Chambers.

I began, as was natural, with the Chambers had just left. They were an upper set on a rotte staircase, with a mysterious bunk or bulkhead o the landing outside them, of a rather nautical an Screw Collier-like appearance than otherwise, an painted an intense black. Many dusty years ha passed since the appropriation of this Davy Jones locker to any purpose, and during the whole perio within the memory of living man, it has be hasped and padlocked. I cannot quite satisfy m mind whether it was originally meant for the r

of coals, or bodies, or as a place of tem-
ecurity for the plunder "looted" by laun-
but I incline to the last opinion. It is
reast high, and usually serves as a bulk for
nts in reduced circumstances to lean against
nder at, when they come on the hopeful er-
trying to make an arrangement without
—under which auspicious circumstances it
happens that the legal gentleman they want
is much engaged, and they pervade the
for a considerable period. Against this
g bulk, in the absurdest manner, the tomb-
er door of the solicitor's chambers (which
of an intense black) stands in dark ambush,
en, and half shut, all day. The solicitor's
nts are three in number; consisting of a
cell, and a wedge. The slice is assigned
two clerks, the cell is occupied by the prin-
nd the wedge is devoted to stray papers, old
askets from the country, a washing-stand,
odel of a patent Ship's Caboose which was
d in Chancery at the commencement of the
century on an application for an injunction
ain infringement. At about half-past nine
y week-day morning, the younger of the
rks (who, I have reason to believe, leads
nion at Pentonville in the articles of pipes
rts) may be found knocking the dust out of
ial door-key on the bunk or locker before
ed; and so exceedingly subject to dust is
, and so very retentive of that superfluity,
exceptional summer weather when a ray of
has fallen on the locker in my presence, I
oticed its inexpressive countenance to be
narked by a kind of Bramah erysipelas or
x.

This set of chambers (as I have gradually discovered, when I have had restless occasion to make inquiries or leave messages, after office hours) is under the charge of a lady named Sweeney, in figure extremely like an old family-umbrella; whose dwelling confronts a dead wall in a court off Gray's Inn-lane, and who is usually fetched into the passage of that bower, when wanted, from some neighbouring home of industry, which has the curious property of imparting an inflammatory appearance to her visage. Mrs. Sweeney is one of the race of professed laundresses, and is the compiler of a remarkable manuscript volume entitled "Mrs. Sweeney's Book," from which much curious statistical information may be gathered respecting the high prices and small uses of soda, soap, sand, firewood, and other such articles. I have created a legend in my mind—and consequently I believe it with the utmost pertinacity—that the late Mr. Sweeney was a ticket-porter under the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and that, in consideration of his long and valuable services, Mrs. Sweeney was appointed to her present post. For, though devoid of personal charms, I have observed this lady to exercise a fascination over the elderly ticket-porter mind (particularly under the gateway and in corners and entries), which I can only refer to her being one of the fraternity, yet not competing with it. All that need be said concerning this set of chambers, is said, when I have added that it is in a large double house in Gray's Inn-square very much out of repair, and that the outer porch is ornamented in a hideous manner with certain stone remains, which have the appearance of the dismembered bust, torso, and limbs of a petrified bencher.

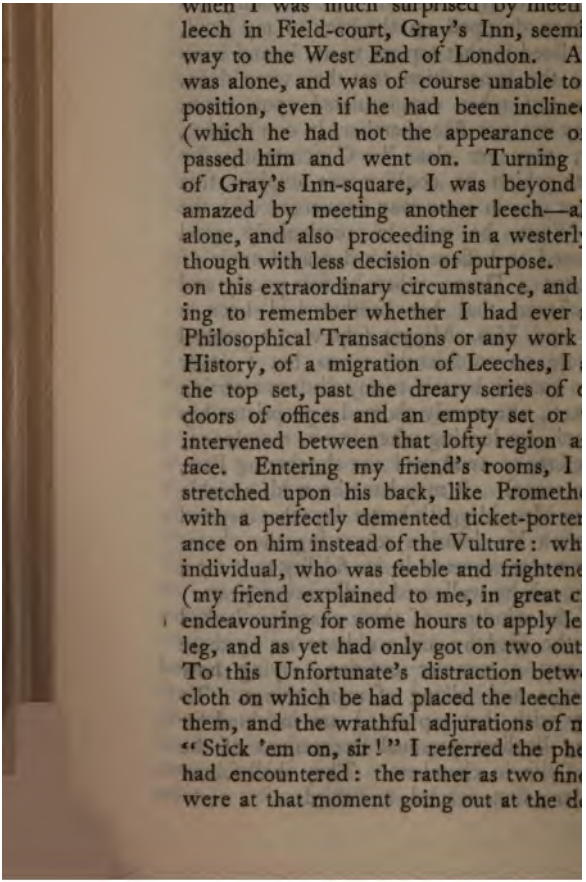
Indeed, I look upon Gray's Inn generally as one of the most depressing institutions in brick and mortar, known to the children of men. Can anything be more dreary than its arid Square, Saharah Desert of the law, with the ugly old tiled-topped tenements, the dirty windows, the bills To Let To Let, the door-posts inscribed like gravestones, the crazy gateway giving upon the filthy Lane, the scowling iron-barred prison-like passage into Verulam-buildings, the mouldy red-nosed ticket-porters with little coffin plates and why with aprons, the dry hard atomy-like appearance of the whole dust-heap? When my uncommercial travels tend to this dismal spot, my comfort is its rickety state. Imagination gloats over the fulness of time when the staircases shall have quite tumbled down—they are daily wearing into an ill-savoured powder, but have not quite tumbled down yet—when the last old prolix bencher all of the olden time, shall have been got out of an upper window by means of a Fire Ladder, and carried off to the Holborn Union; when the last clerk shall have engrossed the last parchment behind the last splash on the last of the mud-stained windows, which, all through the miry year, are pilloried out of recognition in Gray's Inn-lane. Then, shall a squalid little trench, with rank grass and a pump in it, lying between the coffee-house and South-square, be wholly given up to cats and rats, and not, as now, have its empire divided between those animals and a few briefless bipeds—surely called to the Bar by voices of deceiving spirits, seeing that they are wanted there by no mortal—who glance down, with eyes better glazed than their casements, from their dreary and lack-lustre rooms. Then shall the way Nor' Westward, now lying under a short

grim colonnade where in summer time pounce flies from law stationering windows into the eyes of laymen, be choked with rubbish and happily become impassable. Then shall the gardens where turf, trees, and gravel wear a legal livery of black, run rank, and pilgrims go to Gorhambury to see Bacon's effigy as he sat, and not come here (which in truth they seldom do) to see where he walked. Then, in a word, shall the old-established vendor of periodicals sit alone in his little crib of a shop behind the Holborn Gate, like that lumbering Marius among the ruins of Carthage, who has sat heavy on a thousand million of similes.

At one period of my uncommercial career I much frequented another set of chambers in Gray's Inn-square. They were what is familiarly called "a top set," and all the eatables and drinkables introduced into them acquired a flavour of Cockloft. I have known an unopened Strasbourg pâté fresh from Fortnum and Mason's, to draw in this cockloft tone through its crockery dish, and become penetrated with cockloft to the core of its inmost truffle in three-quarters of an hour. This, however, was not the most curious feature of those chambers; that, consisted in the profound conviction entertained by my esteemed friend Parkle (their tenant) that they were clean. Whether it was an inborn hallucination, or whether it was imparted to him by Mrs. Miggot the laundress, I never could ascertain. But, I believe he would have gone to the stake upon the question. Now, they were so dirty that I could take off the distinctest impression of my figure on any article of furniture by merely lounging upon it for a few moments; and it used to be a private amusement of mine to print myself off—if I may use the expres-

sion—all over the rooms. It was the first large circulation I had. At other times I have accidentally shaken a window curtain while in animated conversation with Parkle, and struggling insects which were certainly red, and were certainly not ladybirds, have dropped on the back of my hand. Yet Parkle lived in that top set years, bound body and soul to the superstition that they were clean. He used to say, when congratulated upon them, "Well, they are not like chambers in one respect, you know; they are clean." Concurrently, he had an idea which he could never explain, that Mrs. Miggot was in some way connected with the Church. When he was in particularly good spirits, he used to believe that a deceased uncle of hers had been a Dean; when he was poorly and low, he believed that her brother had been a Curate. I and Mrs. Miggot (she was a genteel woman) were on confidential terms, but I never knew her to commit herself to any distinct assertion on the subject; she merely claimed a proprietorship in the Church, by looking when it was mentioned, as if the reference awakened the slumbering Past, and were personal. It may have been his amiable confidence in Mrs. Miggot's better days that inspired my friend with his delusion respecting the chambers, but he never wavered in his fidelity to it for a moment, though he wallowed in dirt seven years.

Two of the windows of these chambers looked down into the garden; and we have sat up there together many a summer evening, saying how pleasant it was, and talking of many things. To my intimacy with that top set, I am indebted for three of my liveliest personal impressions of the loneliness of life in chambers. They shall follow here, in order; first, second, and third.


when I was much surprised by meeti
leech in Field-court, Gray's Inn, seemi
way to the West End of London. A
was alone, and was of course unable to
position, even if he had been incline
(which he had not the appearance o
passed him and went on. Turning
of Gray's Inn-square, I was beyond
amazed by meeting another leech—a
alone, and also proceeding in a westerl
though with less decision of purpose.
on this extraordinary circumstance, and
ing to remember whether I had ever
Philosophical Transactions or any work
History, of a migration of Leeches, I
the top set, past the dreary series of
doors of offices and an empty set or
intervened between that lofty region a
face. Entering my friend's rooms, I
stretched upon his back, like Prometh
with a perfectly demented ticket-porte
ance on him instead of the Vulture: wh
individual, who was feeble and frighten
(my friend explained to me, in great c
endeavouring for some hours to apply le
leg, and as yet had only got on two out
To this Unfortunate's distraction betw
cloth on which be had placed the leeche
them, and the wrathful adjurations of n
"Stick 'em on, sir!" I referred the ph
had encountered: the rather as two fin
were at that moment going out at the d

general insurrection of the rest was in progress on the table. After a while our united efforts prevailed, and, when the leeches came off and had recovered their spirits, we carefully tied them up in a decanter. But I never heard more of them than that they were all gone next morning, and that the Out-of-door young man of Bickle Bush and Bodger, on the ground floor, had been bitten and blooded by some creature not identified. They never "took" on Mrs. Miggot, the laundress; but, I have always preserved fresh, the belief that she unconsciously carried several about her, until they gradually found openings in life.

Second. On the same staircase with my friend Parkle, and on the same floor, there lived a man of law who pursued his business elsewhere, and used those chambers as his place of residence. For three or four years, Parkle rather knew of him than knew him, but after that—for Englishmen—short pause of consideration, they began to speak. Parkle exchanged words with him in his private character only, and knew nothing of his business ways, or means. He was a man a good deal about town, but always alone. We used to remark to one another, that although we often encountered him in theatres, concert-rooms, and similar public places, he was always alone. Yet he was not a gloomy man, and was of a decidedly conversational turn; insomuch that he would sometimes of an evening lounge with a cigar in his mouth, half in and half out of Parkle's rooms, and discuss the topics of the day by the hour. He used to hint on these occasions that he had four faults to find with life; firstly, that it obliged a man to be always winding up his watch; secondly, that London was too small; thirdly, that *it therefore* wanted variety; fourthly,

that there was too much dust in it. There was
much dust in his own faded chambers, certainly
that they reminded me of a sepulchre, furnished
prophetic anticipation of the present time, whic
had newly been brought to light, after having r
mained buried a few thousand years. One d
hot autumn evening at twilight, this man, bein
then five years turned of fifty, looked in upo
Parkle in his usual lounging way, with his cigar
his mouth as usual, and said, "I am going out
town." As he never went out of town, Park
said, "Oh indeed! At last?" "Yes," says h
"at last. For what is a man to do? London
so small! If you go West, you come to Houn
low. If you go East, you come to Bow. If y
go South, there's Brixton or Norwood. If you
North, you can't get rid of Barnet. Then, t
monotony of all the streets, streets, streets—and
all the roads, roads, roads—and the dust, du
dust!" When he had said this, he wished Park
a good evening, but came back again and said, wi
his watch in his hand, "Oh, I really cannot go
winding up this watch over and over again; I wi
you would take care of it." So, Parkle laugh
and consented, and the man went out of tow
The man remained out of town so long, that
letter-box became choked, and no more lett
could be got into it, and they began to be left
the lodge and to accumulate there. At last
head-porter decided, on conference with
steward, to use his master-key and look into
chambers, and give them the benefit of a whiff
air. Then, it was found that he had hanged hi
self to his bedstead, and had left this written me
orandum: "I should prefer to be cut down by
neighbour and friend (if he will allow me to

m so), H. Parkle, Esq." This was an end of arkle's occupancy of chambers. He went into dgings immediately.

Third. While Parkle lived in Gray's Inn, and myself was uncommercially preparing for the Bar —which is done, as everybody knows, by having a ayed old gown put on in a pantry by an old woman a chronic state of Saint Anthony's fire and dropsy, nd, so decorated, bolting a bad dinner in a party f four, whereof each individual mistrusts the other hree—I say, while these things were, there was a ertain elderly gentleman who lived in a court of he Temple, and was a great judge and lover of ort wine. Every day he dined at his club and rank his bottle or two of port wine, and every ight came home to the Temple and went to bed n his lonely chambers. This had gone on many ears without variation, when one night he had a t on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, ut partly recovered and groped about in the dark o find the door. When he was afterwards dis-overed, dead, it was clearly established by the narks of his hands about the room that he must ave done so. Now, this chanced on the night of Christmas Eve, and over him lived a young fellow who had sisters and young country-friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the ourse of which they played at Blindman's Buff. They played that game, for their greater sport, by he light of the fire only; and once, when they were all quietly rustling and stealing about, and the Blindman was trying to pick out the prettiest sister for which I am far from blaming him), somebody ried, Hark! The man below must be playing Blindman's Buff by himself to-night! They lis-ened, and they heard sounds of some one falling

about and stumbling against furniture, and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play, more lighthearted and merry than ever. Thus, those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfolded, in the two sets of chambers.

Such are the occurrences, which, coming to my knowledge, imbued me long ago with a strong sense of the loneliness of chambers. There was a fantastic illustration to much the same purpose implicitly believed by a strange sort of man now dead, whom I knew when I had not quite arrived at legal years of discretion, though I was already in the uncommercial line.

This was a man who, though not more than thirty, had seen the world in divers irreconcilable capacities—had been an officer in a South American regiment among other odd things—but had not achieved much in any way of life, and was in debt, and in hiding. He occupied chambers of the dreariest nature in Lyons Inn; his name, however, was not up on the door, or door-post, but in lieu of it stood the name of a friend who had died in the chambers, and had given him the furniture. The story arose out of the furniture, and was to this effect:—Let the former holder of the chambers whose name was still upon the door and door-post be Mr. Testator.

Mr. Testator took a set of chambers in Lyons Inn when he had but very scanty furniture for his bedroom, and none for his sitting-room. He had lived some wintry months in this condition, and had found it very bare and cold. One night, past midnight, when he sat writing and still had writing to do that must be done before he went to bed, he found himself out of coals. He had coals down

rs, but had never been to his cellar; however cellar-key was on his mantelshelf, and if he it down and opened the cellar it fitted, he might y assume the coals in that cellar to be his. As is laundress, she lived among the coal-waggons Thames watermen—for there were Thames ermen at that time—in some unknown rat-hole the river, down lanes and alleys on the other of the Strand. As to any other person to t him or obstruct him, Lyons Inn was dream- drunk, maudlin, moody, betting, brooding over -discounting or renewing—asleep or awake, ding its own affairs. Mr. Testator took his l-scuttle in one hand, his candle and key in the er, and descended to the dismallest underground s of Lyons Inn, where the late vehicles in the ets became thunderous, and all the water-pipes the neighbourhood seemed to have Macbeth's en sticking in their throats, and to be trying to it out. After groping here and there among doors to no purpose, Mr. Testator at length e to a door with a rusty padlock which his key d. Getting the door open with much trouble, looking in, he found, no coals, but a confused of furniture. Alarmed by this intrusion on ther man's property, he locked the door again, d his own cellar, filled his scuttle, and returned stairs.

But the furniture he had seen, ran on castors ss and across Mr. Testator's mind incessantly, n, in the chill hour of five in the morning he to bed. He particularly wanted a table to e at, and a table expressly made to be written ad been the piece of furniture in the foreground he heap. When his laundress emerged from burrow in the morning to make his kettle boil,

he artfully led up to the subject of cellars
niture; but the two ideas had evidently
nexion in her mind. When she left him,
sat at his breakfast, thinking about the furn
recalled the rusty state of the padlock, and
that the furniture must have been stored in
lars for a long time—was perhaps forgotten-
dead, perhaps? After thinking it over,
days, in the course of which he could pur
ing out of Lyons Inn about the furniture
came desperate, and resolved to borrow th
He did so, that night. He had not had t
long, when he determined to borrow an eas
he had not had that long, when he mad
mind to borrow a bookcase; then, a couch
a carpet and rug. By that time, he felt
"in furniture stepped in so far," so that it
no worse to borrow it all. Consequently,
rowed it all, and locked up the cellar fo
He had always locked it, after every vi
had carried up every separate article in the
the night, and, at the best, had felt as wick
Resurrection Man. Every article was b
furry when brought into his rooms, and
had, in a murderous and guilty sort of
polish it up while London slept.

Mr. Testator lived in his furnished c
two or three years, or more, and gradual
himself into the opinion that the furniture
own. This was his convenient state of min
late one night, a step came up the stair
hand passed over his door feeling for his
and then one deep and solemn rap was rap
might have been a spring in Mr. Testator
chair to shoot him out of it; so promptly w
tended with that effect.

With a candle in his hand, Mr. Testator went to the door, and found there, a very pale and very tall man; a man who stooped; a man with very high shoulders, a very narrow chest, and a very red nose; a shabby-genteel man. He was wrapped in a long threadbare black coat, fastened up the front with more pins than buttons, and under his arm he squeezed an umbrella without a handle, as if he were playing bagpipes. He said, "I ask your pardon, but can you tell me—" and stopped; his eyes resting on some object within the chambers.

"Can I tell you what?" asked Mr. Testator, noting his stoppage with quick alarm.

"I ask your pardon," said the stranger, "but—this is not the inquiry I was going to make—*do* I see in there, any small article of property belonging to *me*?"

Mr. Testator was beginning to stammer that he was not aware—when the visitor slipped past him, into the chambers. There, in a goblin way which froze Mr. Testator to the marrow, he examined, first, the writing-table, and said, "Mine;" then, the easy-chair, and said, "Mine;" then, the book-case, and said, "Mine;" then, turned up a corner of the carpet, and said, "Mine!" in a word, inspected every item of furniture from the cellar, in succession, and said, "Mine!" Towards the end of this investigation, Mr. Testator perceived that he was sodden with liquor, and that the liquor was gin. He was not unsteady with gin, either in his speech or carriage; but he was stiff with gin in both particulars.

Mr. Testator was in a dreadful state, for (according to his making out of the story) the possible consequences of what he had done in recklessness

and hardihood, flashed upon him in their fulness f
the first time. When they had stood gazing at o
another for a little while, he tremulously began:

"Sir, I am conscious that the fullest explanatio
compensation, and restitution, are your due. Th
shall be yours. Allow me to entreat that, witho
temper, without even natural irritation on your pa
we may have a little ——"

"Drop of something to drink," interposed t
stranger. "I am agreeable."

Mr. Testator had intended to say, "a little qu
conversation," but with great relief of mind adopt
the amendment. He produced a decanter of g
and was bustling about for hot water and sug
when he found that his visitor had already dru
half of the decanter's contents. With hot wa
and sugar the visitor drank the remainder before
had been an hour in the chambers by the chimes
the church of St. Mary in the Strand; and duri
the process he frequently whispered to himse
"Mine!"

The gin gone, and Mr. Testator wonderi
what was to follow it, the visitor rose and sa
with increased stiffness, "At what hour of t
morning, sir, will it be convenient?" Mr. T
tator hazarded, "At ten?" "Sir," said t
visitor, "at ten, to the moment, I shall be here
He then contemplated Mr. Testator somewhat
leisure, and said, "God bless you! How is y
wife?" Mr. Testator (who never had a wife)
plied with much feeling, "Deeply anxious, p
soul, but otherwise well." The visitor thereup
turned and went away, and fell twice in go
down-stairs. From that hour he was never he
of. Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illus
of conscience, or a drunken man who had no bu

there, or the drunken rightful owner of the iture, with a transitory gleam of memory; ther he got safe home, or had no home to get whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived quor ever afterwards; he never was heard of e. This was the story, received with the fur- re and held to be as substantial, by its second essor in an upper set of chambers in grim Lyons

t is to be remarked of chambers in general, that must have been built for chambers, to have the t kind of loneliness. You may make a great illing-house very lonely, by isolating suites of ms and calling them chambers, but you cannot e the true kind of loneliness. In dwelling- es, there have been family festivals; children e grown in them, girls have bloomed into women hem, courtships and marriages have taken place hem. True chambers never were young, child- maidenly; never had dolls in them, or rocking- es, or christenings, or betrothals, or little coffins. Gray's Inn identify the child who first touched ds and hearts with Robinson Crusoe, in any one ts many "sets," and that child's little statue, in te marble with a golden inscription, shall be at service, at my cost and charge, as a drinking tain for the spirit, to freshen its thirsty square. Lincoln's produce from all its houses, a twenti- of the procession derivable from any dwelling- se one-twentieth of its age, of fair young brides married for love and hope, not settlements, and the Vice-Chancellors shall thenceforward be in nosegays for nothing, on application to the er hereof. It is not denied that on the terrace he Adelphi, or in any of the streets of that sub- nean-stable-haunted spot, or about Bedford-row,

or James-street of that ilk (a grewsome
anywhere among the neighbourhoods that
flowering and have run to seed, you
Chambers replete with the accommod
Solitude, Closeness, and Darkness, where
be as low-spirited as in the genuine ar
might be as easily murdered, with the pl
tation of having merely gone down to the
But, the many waters of life did run n
those dry channels once;—among the In
The only popular legend known in relati
one of the dull family of Inns, is a dark C
whisper concerning Clement's, and impo
the black creature who holds the sun-dial
a negro who slew his master and built t
pile out of the contents of his strong
which architectural offence alone he ough
been condemned to live in it. But, what
would waste fancy upon such a place, or
Inn, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, or an
shabby crew?

The genuine laundress, too, is an instit
to be had in its entirety out of and away
genuine Chambers. Again, it is not de
you may be robbed elsewhere. Elsew
may have—for money—dishonesty, dru
dirt, laziness, and profound incapacity.
veritable shining-red-faced shameless laund
true Mrs. Sweeney—in figure, colour, tex
smell, like the old damp family umbrella
top complicated abomination of stocking
bonnet, limpness, looseness, and larceny
to be drawn at the fountain-head. Mrs.
is beyond the reach of individual art. I
the united efforts of several men to en
great result, and it is only developed in

r an Honourable Society and in an Inn of
rt.

Chapter XV

NURSE'S STORIES

HERE are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit when I am in an idle d, than some places to which I have never . For, my acquaintance with those spots is of long standing, and has ripened into an inti- y of so affectionate a nature, that I take a par- ar interest in assuring myself that they are un- ged.

never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I iently return there. The colony he established soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any endants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has sed into its original condition. Not a twig of icker houses remains, its goats have long run again, its screaming parrots would darken the with a cloud of many flaming colours if a gun fired there, no face is ever reflected in the rs of the little creek which Friday swam across n pursued by his two brother cannibals with pened stomachs. After comparing notes with r travellers who have similarly revisited the id and conscientiously inspected it, I have fied myself that it contains no vestige of Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his on the memorable evening of his landing to is captain ashore, when he was decoyed about round about until it was dark, and his boat was , and his strength and spirits failed him, is yet

plainly to be traced. So is the hill-top on wh
Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the re
stated captain pointed to the ship, riding wit
half a mile of the shore, that was to bear h
away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his sec
sion in that lonely place. So is the sandy bea
on which the memorable footstep was impresse
and where the savages hauled up their canoes wh
they came ashore for those dreadful public d
ners, which led to a dancing worse than speec
making. So is the cave where the flaring eyes
the old goat made such a goblin appearance in t
dark. So is the site of the hut where Robins
lived with the dog and the parrot and the cat, a
where he endured those first agonies of solitud
which—strange to say—never involved any ghos
fancies; a circumstance so very remarkable, th
perhaps he left out something in writing his recor
Round hundreds of such objects, hidden in the dee
tropical foliage, the tropical sea breaks evermor
and over them the tropical sky, saving in the sh
rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

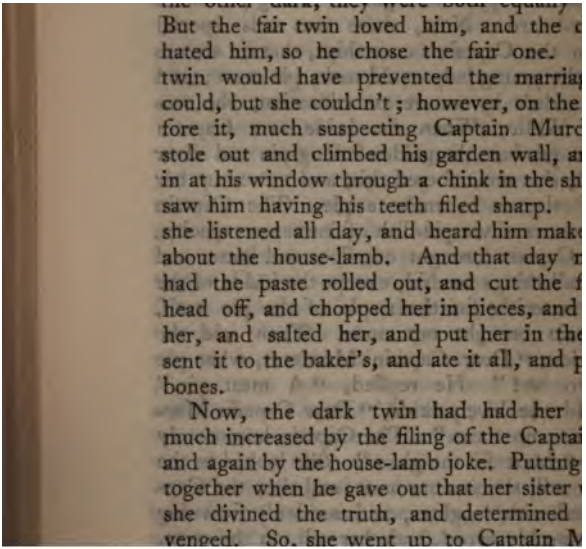
Neither, was I ever belated among wolves,
the borders of France and Spain; nor, did I ev
when night was closing in and the ground was co
ered with snow, draw up my little company amo
some felled trees which served as a breastwork, a
there fire a train of gunpowder so dexterously t
suddenly we had three or four score blazi
wolves illuminating the darkness around us. N
ertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal
gion and perform the feat again; when indeed
smell the singeing and the frying of the wol
afire, and to see them setting one another alight
they rush and tumble, and to behold them roll
in the snow vainly attempting to put themselves o

ıear their howlings taken up by all the
well as by all the unseen wolves within
s, makes me tremble.
never in the robbers' cave, where Gil Blas
I often go back there and find the trap-
as heavy to raise as it used to be, while
ted old disabled Black lies everlastingly
n bed. I was never in Don Quixote's
ıere he read his books of chivalry until he
hacked at imaginary giants, and then re-
imself with great draughts of water, yet
ln't move a book in it without my knowl-
with my consent. I was never (thank
in company with the little old woman
ıled out of the chest and told the merchant
to go in search of the Talisman of Oro-
et I make it my business to know that she
eserved and as intolerable as ever. I was
the school where the boy Horatio Nelson
of bed to steal the pears: not because he
ny, but because every other boy was afraid:
e several times been back to this Academy,
m let down out of window with a sheet.
Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobingnag
ıas the curious fate of being usually mis-
n written), and Lilliput, and Laputa, and
and Abyssinia, and the Ganges, and the
ole, and many hundreds of places—I was
hem, yet it is an affair of my life to keep
ct, and I am always going back to them.
hen I was in Dullborough one day, revis-
associations of my childhood as recorded
us pages of these notes, my experience in
was made quite inconsiderable and of no
by the quantity of places and people—
ıpossible places and people, but none the

less alarmingly real—that I found I had been introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and used to be forced to go back to at night without at all wanting to go. If we all knew our own minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptation of that phrase), I suspect we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to, against our wills.

The first diabolical character who intruded himself on my peaceful youth (as I called to mind that day at Dullborough), was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an offshoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning, he always caused both sides of the way to church to be planted with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before: what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company, with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a coach and twelve, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For, the spot *would* come there, though every horse was milk-white when Captain Murderer bought him. And

the spot was young bride's blood. (To this terrific point I am indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead.) When Captain Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pie-board. Now, there was this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust; and if she couldn't by nature or education, she was taught. Well. When the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board, she remembered this, and turned up her laced-silk sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie; of materials for the staple of the pie itself, the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this to be?" He replied, "A meat pie." Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain humorously retorted, "Look in the glass." She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, bade her roll out the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time because he was so cross, and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "*I* see the meat in the glass!" And the bride looked up at the glass, just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her



But the fair twin loved him, and the
hated him, so he chose the fair one.
twin would have prevented the marria
could, but she couldn't; however, on the
fore it, much suspecting Captain Murc
stole out and climbed his garden wall, a
in at his window through a chink in the sh
saw him having his teeth filed sharp.
she listened all day, and heard him mak
about the house-lamb. And that day
had the paste rolled out, and cut the
head off, and chopped her in pieces, and
her, and salted her, and put her in th
sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and
bones.

Now, the dark twin had had her
much increased by the filing of the Capta
and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting
together when he gave out that her sister
she divined the truth, and determined
venged. So, she went up to Captain M

to his window, and again saw him having
ı filed sharp. At this sight she laughed
terrible laugh at the chink in the shutter,
Captain's blood curdled, and he said: "I
ıthing has disagreed with me!" At that,
ghed again, a still more terrible laugh, and
tter was opened and search made, but she
ıbly gone, and there was no one. Next
y went to church in a coach and twelve,
re married. And that day month, she
he pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut
d off, and chopped her in pieces, and pep-
er, and salted her, and put her in the pie,
t it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked
es.

before she began to roll out the paste she
en a deadly poison of a most awful char-
istilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees;
ptain Murderer had hardly picked her last
hen he began to swell, and to turn blue,
be all over spots, and to scream. And he
n swelling and turning bluer, and being
over spots and screaming, until he reached
oor to ceiling and from wall to wall; and
one o'clock in the morning, he blew up
oud explosion. At the sound of it, all the
ite horses in the stables broke their halters
nt mad, and then they galloped over every-
Captain Murderer's house (beginning with
ily blacksmith who had filed his teeth) until
ole were dead, and then they galloped

ireds of times did I hear this legend of
Murderer, in my early youth, and added
s of times was there a mental compulsion
e in bed, to peep in at his window as the

dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, as he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long low hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this ceremony in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But, she never spared me one word of it, and indeed commended the awful chalice to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Black Cat"—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Tom, who was reputed to prowl about the world by night, sucking the breath of infancy, and who was endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for mine.

This female bard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmares and perspirations!—reappears in my memory as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something of a shipbuilding flavour in the following story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with calomel pills, I believe it to have been reserved for dull nights when I was low with medicine.

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and *his* father's name before *him* was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sold

nself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a that could speak; and Chips the grandfather sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a hel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-ndfather had disposed of himself in the same ction on the same terms; and the bargain had in the family for a long long time. So, one , when young Chips was at work in the Dock all alone, down in the dark hold of an old enty-four that was haled up for repairs, the il presented himself, and remarked:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's ex-ming himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to .) Chips looked up when he heard the words, there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that inted on a terrible great scale, and that struck sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever winked his eyes, showers of blue sparks came , and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints steels striking lights. And hanging over one his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and der that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and der his other arm was half a ton of copper, and ing on one of his shoulders was a rat that could ak. So, the Devil said again:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

he invariable effect of this alarming tautology on part of the Evil Spirit was to deprive me of

my senses for some moments.) So, Chips
swered never a word, but went on with his wo
"What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat t
could speak. "I am putting in new planks wh
you and your gang have eaten old away," s
Chips. "But we'll eat them too," said the
that could speak; "and we'll let in the water
drown the crew, and we'll eat them too." Chi
being only a shipwright, and not a Man-of-wa
man, said, "You are welcome to it." But
couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of cop
or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and c
per are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrig
will run away with them whenever they can.
the Devil said, "I see what you are looking
Chips. You had better strike the bargain.
know the terms. Your father before you was w
acquainted with them, and so were your gra
father and great-grandfather before him." S
Chips, "I like the copper, and I like the na
and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the ra
Says the Devil, fiercely, "You can't have the m
without him—and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going
Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of cop
and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us hold
So, he got the copper and the nails and the p
and the rat that could speak, and the Devil v
ished. Chips sold the copper, and he sold
nails, and he would have sold the pot; but wh
ever he offered it for sale, the rat was in it, and
dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to
to the bargain. So, Chips resolved to kill the r
and, being at work in the Yard one day with
great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him
the iron pot with the rat in it on the other,
turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled

hen, he kept his eye upon it till it cooled
ened, and then he let it stand for twenty
d then he heated the pitch again and turned
into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in
r twenty days more, and then he got the
to put it in the furnace for twenty days
d then they gave it him out, red hot, and
ike red-hot glass instead of iron—yet there
rat in it, just the same as ever! And the
it caught his eye, it said with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

is Refrain I had waited since its last ap-
, with inexpressible horror, which now
ted.) Chips now felt certain in his own
at the rat would stick to him; the rat, an-
his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"
, as the rat leaped out of the pot when
spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope
wouldn't keep its word. But, a terrible
appened next day. For, when dinner-time
nd the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he
rule into the long pocket at the side of his
, and there he found a rat—not that rat,
ther rat. And in his hat, he found an-
and in his pocket-handkerchief, another;
he sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on
to dinner, two more. And from that time
d himself so frightfully intimate with all the
the Yard, that they climbed up his legs
e was at work, and sat on his tools while
them. And they could all speak to one
, and he understood what they said. And
into his lodging, and into his bed, and into

his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boo
And he was going to be married to a corn-chr
dler's daughter; and when he gave her a workb
he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out
it; and when he put his arm round her waist
rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken
though the banns were already twice put up
which the parish clerk well remembers, for, as
handed the book to the clergyman for the seco
time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the le
(By this time a special cascade of rats was roll
down my back, and the whole of my small list
ing person was overrun with them. At interv
ever since, I have been morbidly afraid of my o
pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a spe
men of two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible
Chips; but even all this was not the worst.
knew besides, what the rats were doing, where
they were. So, sometimes he would cry alo
when he was at his club at night, "Oh! Keep
rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Do
let them do that!" Or, "There's one of th
at the cheese down-stairs!" Or, "There's t
of them smelling at the baby in the garret!"
other things of that sort. At last, he was vo
mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could
no other work. But, King George wanted m
so before very long he got pressed for a sail
And so he was taken off in a boat one evening
his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And
the first thing he made out in her as he got n
her, was the figure-head of the old Seventy-fo
where he had seen the Devil. She was called
Argonaut, and they rowed right under the bows
where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with

sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and we'll drown the crew, and will eat them too!" (Here I always became exceedingly faint, and would have asked for water, but that I was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to, and angels will never love you. (Here I felt myself an outcast from a future state.) The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equalled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honour, unless your Honour, without a moment's loss of time makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the Coffin!" "Young man, your words are a madman's words." "Your Honour no; they are nibbling us away." "They?" "Your Honour, them dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honour love your Lady and your pretty children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at this present moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight towards you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never, see your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So, he was bled and he was blistered, and was this and that, for six whole days and nigh So, then he again asked leave to speak to the A miral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went dow on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "No Admiral, you must die! You took no warnin you must die! The rats are never wrong in th calculations, and they make out that they'll through, at twelve to-night. So, you must die! With me and all the rest!" And so at twel o'clock there was a great leak reported in the shi and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing co stop it, and they all went down, every living so And what the rats—being water-rats—left Chips, at last floated to shore, and sitting on h was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, th dived when the corpse touched the beach and ne came up. And there was a deal of seaweed on t remains. And if you get thirteen bits of seawe and dry them and burn them in the fire, they w go off like in these thirteen words as plain as pl can be:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I've got Chips!"

The same female bard—descended, possib from those terrible old Scalds who seem to have e isted for the express purpose of addling the bra of mankind when they begin to investigate langua —made a standing pretence which greatly assist in forcing me back to a number for hideous pla that I would by all means have avoided. T pretence was, that all her ghost stories had occur to her own relations. Politeness towards a me torious family, therefore forbade my doubting the and they acquired an air of authentication that i

paired my digestive powers of life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foreboding death, which appeared in the open street to a parlour-maid who "went to fetch the beer" for supper: first (as I now recall it) assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the semblance of some quadruped greatly surpassing a hippopotamus: which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavoured to explain away. But, on Mercy's retorting with wounded dignity that the parlour-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to this zoological phenomenon as one of my many pursuers. There was another narrative describing the apparition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had a personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring *me* to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only twopence a week? But my remorseless nurse cut the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn't say "I don't believe you;" it was not possible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I

was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter part of them, it is not so very long ago —now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

Chapter XVI

ARCADIAN LONDON

BEING in a humour for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself, is Bond-street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first solemn feeling of isolation overcome, the first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy that sense of freedom, and feel reviving within me that latent wildness of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole somewhat frequently) noticed by Travellers.

My lodgings are at a hatter's—my own hatter's. After exhibiting no articles in his window for some weeks, but sea-side wide-awakes, shooting-caps, and a choice of rough waterproof head-gear for the moors and mountains, he has put upon the head of his family as much of this stock as they could carry, and has taken them off to the Isle of Thanet. His young man alone remains—and remains alone —in the shop. The young man has let out the fire at which the irons are heated, and, saving his strong sense of duty, I see no reason why he should take the shutters down.

Happily for himself and for his country, the young man is a Volunteer; most happily for himself, or I think he would become the prey of a settled melancholy. For, to live surrounded by human hats, and alienated from human heads to fit them on, is surely a great endurance. But, the young man, sustained by practising his exercise, and by constantly furbishing up his regulation plume (it is unnecessary to observe that, as a hatter, he is in a cock's-feather corps), is resigned, and uncomplaining. On a Saturday, when he closes early and gets his Knickerbockers on, he is even cheerful. I am gratefully particular in this reference to him, because he is my companion through many peaceful hours. My hatter has a desk up certain steps behind his counter, enclosed like the clerk's desk at Church. I shut myself into this place of seclusion, after breakfast, and meditate. At such times, I observe the young man loading an imaginary rifle with the greatest precision, and maintaining a most galling and destructive fire upon the national enemy. I thank him publicly for his companionship and his patriotism.

The simple character of my life, and the calm nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers, and promenade the pavement. It is pastoral to feel the freshness of the air in the uninhabited town, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the few milkwomen who purvey so little milk that it would be worth nobody's while to adulterate it, if anybody were left to undertake the task. On the crowded sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would betray itself in the lowered quality of the article. In Arcadian London I derive it from the cow.

The Arcadian simplicity of the Metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. Within a few hundred yards of my retreat, is the house of a friend who maintains a most sumptuous butler. I never, until yesterday, saw that butler out of superfine black broadcloth. Until yesterday, I never saw him off duty, never saw him (he is the best of butlers) with the appearance of having any mind for anything but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, walking in my slippers near the house of which he is the prop and ornament—a house now a waste of shutters—I encountered that butler, also in his slippers, and in a shooting suit of one colour, and in a low-crowned straw-hat, smoking an early cigar. He felt that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wisely and well, he passed me without recognition. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterwards I saw him sitting on a rail in the pleasant open landscape of Regent-street, perusing it at his ease under the ripening sun.

My landlord having taken his whole establishment to be salted down, I am waited on by an elderly woman labouring under a chronic sniff, who, at the shadowy hour of half-past nine o'clock of every evening, gives admittance at the street door to a meagre and mouldy old man whom I have never yet seen detached from a flat pint of beer in a pewter pot. The meagre and mouldy old man is her husband, and the pair have a dejected consciousness that they are not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. They come out of some hole when London empties itself, and

go in again when it fills. I saw them arrive on the evening when I myself took possession, and they arrived with the flat pint of beer, and their bed in a bundle. The old man is a weak old man, and appeared to me to get the bed down the kitchen stairs by tumbling down with and upon it. They make their bed in the lowest and remotest corner of the basement, and they smell of bed, and have no possession but bed: unless it be (which I rather infer from an under-current of flavour in them) cheese. I know their name, through the chance of having called the wife's attention, at half-past nine on the second evening of our acquaintance, to the circumstance of there being some one at the house koor; when she apologetically explained, "It's only Mr. Klem." What becomes of Mr. Klem all day, or when he goes out, or why, is a mystery I cannot penetrate; but at half-past nine he never fails to turn up on the door-step with the flat pint of beer. And the pint of beer, flat as it is, is so much more important than himself, that it always seems to my fancy as if it had found him drivelling in the street and had humanely brought him home. In making his way below, Mr. Klem never goes down the middle of the passage, like another Christian, but shuffles against the wall as if entreating me to take notice that he is occupying as little space as possible in the house; and whenever I come upon him face to face, he backs from me in fascinated confusion. The most extraordinary circumstance I have traced in connexion with this aged couple, is, that there is a Miss Klem, their daughter, apparently ten years older than either of them, who has also a bed and smells of it, and carries it about the earth at dusk and hides it in deserted houses. I came into this piece

of knowledge through Mrs. Klem's beseeching me to sanction the sheltering of Miss Klem under that roof for a single night, "between her takin' care of the upper part in Pall Mall which the family of his back, and a 'ouse in Serjameses-street, which the family of leaves towng ter-morrer." I gave my gracious consent (having nothing that I know of to do with it), and in the shadowy hours Miss Klem became perceptible on the door-step, wrestling with a bed in a bundle. Where she made it up for the night I cannot positively state, but, I think, in a sink. I know that with the instinct of a reptile or an insect, she stowed it and herself away in deep obscurity. In the Klem family, I have noticed another remarkable gift of nature, and that is a power they possess of converting everything into flue. Such broken victuals as they take by stealth, appear (whatever the nature of the viands) invariably to generate flue; and even the nightly pint of beer, instead of assimilating naturally, strikes me as breaking out in that form, equally on the shabby gown of Mrs. Klem, and the threadbare coat of her husband.

Mrs. Klem has no idea of my name—as to Mr. Klem he has no idea of anything—and only knows me as her good gentleman. Thus, if doubtful whether I am in my room or no, Mrs. Klem taps at the door and says, "Is my good gentleman here?" Or, if a messenger desiring to see me were consistent with my solitude, she would show him in with "Here is my good gentleman." I find this to be a generic custom. For, I meant to have observed before now, that in its Arcadian time all my part of London is indistinctly pervaded by the Klem species. They creep about with beds, and go to bed in miles of deserted houses. They

hold no companionship except that sometimes, after dark, two of them will emerge from opposite houses, and meet in the middle of the road as on neutral ground, or will peep from adjoining houses over an interposing barrier of area railings, and compare a few reserved mistrustful notes respecting their good ladies or good gentlemen. This I have discovered in the course of various solitary rambles I have taken Northward from my retirement, along the awful perspectives of Wimpole-street, Harley-street, and similar frowning regions. Their effect would be scarcely distinguishable from that of the primeval forests, but for the Klem stragglers; these may be dimly observed, when the heavy shadows fall, flitting to and fro, putting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at the dark parlour windows, or secretly consorting underground with the dust-bin and the water-cistern.

In the Burlington Arcade, I observe, with peculiar pleasure, a primitive state of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilisation. Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' shoe-shops, the artificial-flower repositories, and the head-dress depôts. They are in strange hands at this time of year—hands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unsophisticated delight and wonder. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, and temper the asperity of the two tall beadles. Their youthful prattle blends in an unwonted manner with the harmonious shade of the scene, and the general effect is, as of the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time, it has been my privilege even to see

the bigger beadle's wife. She brought him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his arm-chair, and afterwards fell asleep like a satiated child. At Mr. Truefitt's, the excellent hairdresser's, they are learning French to beguile the time; and even the few solitaries left on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumer's round the corner (generally the most inexorable gentleman in London, and the most scornful of three-and-sixpence), condescend a little, as they drowsily bide or recall their turn for chasing the ebbing Neptune on the ribbed sea-sand. From Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, the jewellers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the gold and silver, and the soldierly pensioner at the door with his decorated breast. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Saville-row, with my tongue out, yet not find a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments are rusting in their drawers, and their horrible cool parlours, where people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. The light-weight of shrewd appearance, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a sharp gooseberry in all seasons, who usually stands at the gateway of the livery-stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Doncaster. Of such undesigning aspect is his guileless yard now, with its gravel and scarlet beans, and the yellow Break housed under a glass roof in a corner, that I almost believe I could not be taken in there, if I tried. In the places of business of the great tailors, the cheval-glasses are dim and dusty for lack of being looked into. Ranges of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look as funereal as if they were the hatchments of the customers with whose names they

ped; the measuring tapes hang idle on the
order-taker, left on the hopeless chance
ne looking in, yawns in the last extremity
book of patterns, as if he were trying to
entertaining library. The hotels in Brook-
/e no one in them, and the staffs of serv-
disconsolately for next season out of all
ows. The very man who goes about like
Turtle, between two boards recommenda-
ne Sixteen Shilling Trousers, is aware of
a hollow mockery, and eats filberts while
his hinder shell against a wall.

these tranquillising objects, it is my de-
valk and meditate. Soothed by the repose
e, I wander insensibly to considerable dis-
id guide myself back by the stars. Thus,
he contrast of a few still partially inhabited
spots where all the lights are not fled,
the garlands are not dead, whence all but
ot departed. Then, does it appear to me
his age three things are clamorously re-
f Man in the miscellaneous thoroughfares
etropolis. Firstly, that he have his boots
Secondly, that he eat a penny ice.
that he get himself photographed. Then
culate, What have those seam-worn artists
o stand at the photograph doors in Greek
ple in hand, and mysteriously salute the
he female public with a pressing tenderness
e in and be "took"? What did they do
ir greasy blandishments, before the era of
otography? Of what class were their
victims, and how victimised? And how
get, and how did they pay for, that large
of likenesses, all purporting to have been
de, with the taking of none of which had

that establishment any more to do than with th taking of Delhi?

But, these are small oases, and I am soon bac again in metropolitan Arcadia. It is my impressio that much of its serene and peaceful character is attributable to the absence of customary Talk. How do I know but there may be subtle influences in Talk, to vex the souls of men who don't hear it? How do I know but that Talk, five, ten, twenty miles off, may get into the air and disagree with me? If I rise from my bed, vaguely troubled and wearied and sick of my life, in the session of Parliament, who shall say that my noble friend, my right reverend friend, my right honourable friend, my honourable friend, my honourable and learned friend, or my honourable and gallant friend, may not be responsible for that effect upon my nervous system. Too much Ozone in the air, I am informed and fully believe (though I have no idea what it is), would affect me in a marvellously disagreeable way; why may not too much Talk? I don't see or hear the Ozone; I don't see or hear the Talk. And there is so much Talk; so much too much; such loud cry, and such scant supply of wool; such a deal of fleecing, and so little fleece! Hence, in the Arcadian season, I find it a delicious triumph to walk down to deserted Westminster, and see the Courts shut up; to walk a little further and see the Two Houses shut up; to stand in the Abbey Yard, like the New Zealander of the grand English History (concerning which unfortunate man, a whole rookery of mares' nests is generally being discovered), and gloat upon the ruins of Talk. Returning to my primitive solitude and lying down to sleep, my grateful heart expands with the consciousness that there is no adjourned Debate, n

inisterial explanation, nobody to give notice of tention to ask the noble Lord at the head of her lajesty's Government five-and-twenty bootless estions in one, no term time with legal argument, Nisi Prius with eloquent appeal to British Jury; at the air will to-morrow, and to-morrow, and -morrow, remain untroubled by this superabundant nerating of Talk. In a minor degree it is a de- ious triumph to me to go into the club, and see e carpets up, and the Bores and the other dust spersed to the four winds. Again New Zealander- e, I stand on the cold hearth, and say in the litude, "Here I watched Bore A 1, with voice ways mysteriously low and head always mysteri- sly drooped, whispering political secrets into the rs of Adam's confiding children. Accursed be s memory for ever and a day!"

But, I have all this time been coming to the oint, that the happy nature of my retirement is ost sweetly expressed in its being the abode of ove. It is, as it were, an inexpensive Agapem- ne: nobody's speculation: everybody's profit. he one great result of the resumption of primitive abits, and (convertible terms) the not having much do, is, the abounding of Love.

The Klem species are incapable of the softer notions; probably, in that low nomadic race, the fter emotions have all degenerated into flue. ut, with this exception, all the sharers of my re- eat make love.

I have mentioned Saville-row. We all know e Doctor's servant. We all know what a re- ectable man he is, what a hard dry man, what a m man, what a confidential man: how he lets us to the waiting-room, like a man who knows inutely what is the matter with us, but from whom

the rack should not wring the secret. In the pro saic "season," he has distinctly the appearance o a man conscious of money in the savings bank, an taking his stand on his respectability with both feet At that time it is as impossible to associate hin with relaxation, or any human weakness, as it is t meet his eye without feeling guilty of indisposition. In the blest Arcadian time, how changed! I have seen him, in a pepper-and-salt jacket—jacket—and drab trousers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's housemaid, smiling in open day. I have seen him at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures as they bent over their cans, were—if I may be allowed an original expression—a model for the sculptor. I have seen him trying the piano in the Doctor's drawing-room with his forefinger, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely woman. I have seen him seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-steps of his own residence, across Saville-row, round by Clifford-street and Old Burlington-street, back to Burlington-gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived, or Iron London?

The Dentist's servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The tremendous individual knows (who else does?) what is done with the extracted teeth; he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being washed or filed; he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which we rinse our wounded mouth, with a gap in

it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleared away for a dance; he sees the horrible parlour when there are no patients in it, and he could reveal, if he would, what becomes of the Every-Day Book then. The conviction of my coward conscience when I see that man in a professional light, is, that he knows all the statistics of my teeth and gums, my double teeth, my single teeth, my stopped teeth, and my sound. In this Arcadian rest, I am fearless of him as of a harmless, powerless creature in a Scotch cap, who adores a young lady in a voluminous crinoline, at a neighbouring billiard-room, and whose passion would be uninfluenced if every one of her teeth were false. They may be. He takes them all on trust.

In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion, there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are bought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient marts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in sterner times loving correspondence, otherwise interdicted, may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments. In the Arcadian autumn, no such device is necessary. Everybody loves, and openly and blamelessly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of Old Bond-street, and is beloved several doors up New Bond-street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and ex-

change tender sentiments; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house doors, or roam, linked in that flowery manner, through the unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but love; and what there is to do, is done.

In unison with this pursuit, a chaste simplicity obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. Its few scattered people dine early, live moderately, sup socially, and sleep soundly. It is rumoured that the Beadles of the Arcade, from being the mortal enemies of boys, have signed with tears an address to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school. No wonder! For, they might turn their heavy maces into crooks and tend sheep in the Arcade, to the purling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming picture, but it will fade. The iron age will return, London will come back to town, if I show my tongue then in Saville-row for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctor's man and the Dentist's man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. Where Mr. and Mrs. Klem and their bed will be at that time, passes human knowledge; but my hatter hermitage will then know them no more, nor will it then know me. The desk at which I have written these meditations will retributively assist at the making out of my account, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond-street—will grind Arcadia away, and give it to the elements in granite powder.

Chapter XVII

THE CALAIS NIGHT-MAIL

unsettled question with me whether I ave Calais something handsome in my ether I shall leave it my malediction. I much, and yet I am always so very glad at I am in a state of constant indecision ject.

first made acquaintance with Calais, it maundering young wretch in a clammy and dripping saline particles, who was of no extremities but the one great ex-ea-sickness—who was a mere bilious a mislaid headache somewhere in its who had been put into a horrible swing Harbour, and had tumbled giddily out of French coast, or the Isle Man, or any-Times have changed, and now I enter reliant and rational. I know where it is d, I keep a look out for it, I recognise its when I see any of them, I am ac-ith its ways, and I know—and I can vorst behaviour.

nt Calais! Low-lying alligator, evading t and discouraging hope! Dodging flat w on this bow, now on that, now any-v everywhere, now nowhere! In vain ez, coming frankly forth into the sea, e failing to be stout of heart and stom-ing Calais, prone behind its bar, invites to despair. Even when it can no longer eal itself in its muddy dock, it has an f falling off, has Calais, which is more han its invisibility. The pier is all but

on the bowsprit, and you think you are there—roll, roar, wash!—Calais has retired miles inland, and Dover has burst out to look for it. It has a last dip and slide in its character, has Calais, to be especially commended to the infernal gods. Thrice accursed be that garrison-town, when it dives under the boat's keel, and comes up a league or two to the right, with the packet shivering and spluttering and staring about for it!

Not but what I have my animosities towards Dover. I particularly detest Dover for the self-complacency with which it goes to bed. It always goes to bed (when I am going to Calais) with a more brilliant display of lamp and candle than any other town. Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, host and hostess of the Lord Warden Hotel, are my much esteemed friends, but they are too conceited about the comforts of that establishment when the Night Mail is starting. I know it is a good house to stay at, and I don't want the fact insisted upon in all its warm bright windows at such an hour. I know the Warden is a stationary edifice that never rolls or pitches, and I object to its big outline seeming to insist upon that circumstance, and, as it were, to come over me with it, when I am reeling on the deck of the boat. Beshrew the Warden likewise, for obstructing that corner, and making the wind so angry as it rushes round. Shall I not know that it blows quite soon enough, without the officious Warden's interference?

As I wait here on board the night packet, for the South Eastern Train to come down with the Mail, Dover appears to me to be illuminated for some intensely aggravating festivity in my personal dishonour. All its noises smack of taunting praises of the land, and dispraises of the gloomy sea, and

of me for going on it. The drums upon the heights have gone to bed, or I know they would rattle taunts against me for having my unsteady footing on this slippery deck. The many gas eyes of the Marine Parade twinkle in an offensive manner, as if with derision. The distant dogs of Dover bark at me in my mis-shapen wrappers, as if I were Richard the Third.

A screech, a bell, and two red eyes come gliding down the Admiralty Pier with a smoothness of motion rendered more smooth by the heaving of the boat. The sea makes noises against the pier, as if several hippopotami were lapping at it, and were prevented by circumstances over which they had no control from drinking peaceably. We, the boat, become violently agitated—rumble, hum, scream, roar, and establish an immense family washing-day at each paddle-box. Bright patches break out in the train as the doors of the post-office vans are opened, and instantly stooping figures with sacks upon their backs begin to be beheld among the piles, descending as it would seem in ghostly procession to Davy Jones's Locker. The passengers come on board; a few shadowy Frenchmen, with hatboxes shaped like the stoppers of gigantic case-bottles; a few shadowy Germans in immense fur coats and boots; a few shadowy Englishmen prepared for the worst and pretending not to expect it. I cannot disguise from my uncommercial mind the miserable fact that we are a body of outcasts; that the attendants on us are as scant in number as may serve to get rid of us with the least possible delay; that there are no night-loungers interested in us; that the unwilling lamps shiver and shudder at us; that the sole object is to commit us to the deep and abandon us. Lo, the two red eyes glar-

ing in increasing distance, and then the very train itself has gone to bed before we are off!

What is the moral support derived by some sea-going amateurs from an umbrella? Why do certain voyagers across the Channel always put up that article, and hold it up with a grim and fierce tenacity? A fellow-creature near me—whom I only know to *be* a fellow-creature, because of his umbrella: without which he might be a dark bit of cliff, pier, or bulkhead—clutches that instrument with a desperate grasp, that will not relax until he lands at Calais. Is there any analogy, in certain constitutions, between keeping an umbrella up, and keeping the spirits up? A hawser thrown on board with a flop replies "Stand by!" "Stand by, below." "Half a turn a head!" "Half a turn a head!" "Half speed!" "Half speed!" "Port!" "Port!" "Steady!" "Steady!" "Go on!" "Go on!"

A stout wooden wedge driven in at my right temple and out at my left, a floating deposit of lukewarm oil in my throat, and a compression of the bridge of my nose in a blunt pair of pincers,—these are the personal sensations by which I know we are off, and by which I shall continue to know it until I am on the soil of France. My symptoms have scarcely established themselves comfortably, when two or three skating shadows that have been trying to walk or stand, get flung together, and other two or three shadows in tarpauling slide with them into corners and cover them up. Then the South Foreland lights begin to hiccup at us in a way that bodes no good.

It is at about this period that my detestation of Calais knows no bounds. Inwardly I resolve afresh that I never will forgive that hated town. I have

so before, many times, but that is past. Let
egister a vow. Implacable animosity to Calais
n——that was an awkward sea, and the fun-
ems of my opinion, for it gives a complaining

ie wind blows stiffly from the Nor'-East, the
ns high, we ship a deal of water, the night is
and cold, and the shapeless passengers lie
in melancholy bundles, as if they were sorted
or the laundress; but for my own uncommer-
art I cannot pretend that I am much incon-
nced by any of these things. A general howl-
histling flopping gurgling and scooping, I am
of, and a general knocking about of Nature;
ie impressions I receive are very vague. In a
faint temper, something like the smell of
ged oranges, I think I should feel languidly
olent if I had time. I have not time, be-
I am under a curious compulsion to occupy
f with the Irish melodies. "Rich and rare
the gems she wore," is the particular melody
ich I find myself devoted. I sing it to my-
n the most charming manner and with the
st expression. Now and then, I raise my
(I am sitting on the hardest of wet seats, in
most uncomfortable of wet attitudes, but I
mind it,) and notice that I am a whirling
ecock between a fiery battledore of a light-
on the French coast and a fiery battledore
lighthouse on the English coast; but I don't
it particularly, except to feel envenomed in
atred of Calais. Then I go on again, "Rich
rare were the ge-ems she-e-e-e wore, And a
t gold ring on her wa-and she bo-ore, But
r beauty was fa-a-a-a-r beyond"—I am par-
rly proud of my execution here, when I be-

come aware of another awkward shock from the sea, and another protest from the funnel, and a fellow-creature at the paddle-box more audibly indisposed than I think he need be—"Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand, But O her beauty was fa-a-a-a-a-r beyond"—another awkward one here and the fellow-creature with the umbrella down and picked up, "Her spa-a-rkling ge-ems, or her Port! port! steady! steady! snow-white fellow creature at the paddle-box very selfishly audible bump roar wash white wand."

As my execution of the Irish melodies partake of my imperfect perceptions of what is going on around me, so what is going on around me becomes something else than what it is. The stokers open the furnace doors below, to feed the fires, and I am again on the box of the old Exeter Telegraph fast coach, and that is the light of the for ever extinguished coach-lamps, and the gleam on the hatches and paddle-boxes is *their* gleam on cottages and haystacks, and the monotonous noise of the engines is the steady jingle of the splendid team. Anon, the intermittent funnel roar of protest at every violent roll, becomes the regular blast of a high pressure engine, and I recognise the exceedingly explosive steamer in which I ascended the Mississippi when the American civil war was not and when only its causes were. A fragment of mast on which the light of a lantern falls, an end of rope, and a jerking block or so, become suggestive of Franconi's Circus at Paris where I shall be this very night mayhap (for it must be morning now), and they dance to the self-same time and tune as the trained steed, Black Raven. What may be the speciality of these waves as they come rushing on, I cannot desert the pressing demand

n me by the gems she wore, to inquire,
re charged with something about Robin-
e, and I think it was in Yarmouth Roads
t went a seafaring and was near founder-
a terrific sound that word had for me
vas a boy!) in his first gale of wind.
igh all this, I must ask her (who *was* she
) for the fiftieth time, and without ever
Does she not fear to stray, So lone and
ugh this bleak way, And are Erin's sons so
cold, As not to be tempted by more fellow-
at the paddle-box or gold? Sir Knight I
he least alarm, No son of Erin will offer
For though they love fellow-creature with
down again and golden store, Sir Knight
a tremendous one love honour and virtue
r though they love Stewards with a bull's
, they'll trouble you for your ticket, sir—
age to-night!

admit it to be a miserable piece of hu-
ness and inconsistency, but I no sooner
onscious of those last words from the
han I begin to soften towards Calais.
I have been vindictively wishing that
is burghers who came out of their town
cut into the History of England, with
ropes round their necks by which they
been towed into so many cartoons, had
anged on the spot, I now begin to regard
ighly respectable and virtuous tradesmen.
bout me, I see the light of Cape Grinez
of the boat on the davits to leeward, and
Calais harbour undeniably at its old tricks,
ead and shining. Sentiments of forgive-
alais, not to say of attachment to Calais,
xpand my bosom. I have weak notions

that I will stay there a day or two on my wa
back. A faded and recumbent stranger pausing
a profound reverie over the rim of a basin, asks
what kind of place Calais is? I tell him (Heave
forgive me!) a very agreeable place indeed—rathe
hilly than otherwise.

So strangely goes the time, and on the whole
quickly—though still I seem to have been on boar
a week—that I am bumped rolled gurgled washe
and pitched into Calais Harbour before her maide
smile has finally lighted her through the Green Is
When blest for ever is she who relied, On entering
Calais at the top of the tide. For we have not
land to-night down among those slimy timbers—
covered with green hair as if it were the mermaid
favourite combing-place—where one crawls to
surface of the jetty, like a stranded shrimp, but w
go steaming up the harbour to the Railway Statio
Quay. And as we go, the sea washes in and ou
among piles and planks, with dead heavy beats an
in quite a furious manner (whereof we are proud)
and the lamps shake in the wind, and the bells o
Calais striking One seem to send their vibration
struggling against troubled air, as we have com
struggling against troubled water. And now,
the sudden relief and wiping of faces, everybod
on board seems to have had a prodigious double
tooth out, and to be this very instant free of th
Dentist's hands. And now we all know for th
first time how wet and cold we are, and how sa
we are; and now I love Calais with my heart
hearts!

"Hôtel Dessin!" (but in this one case it is n
a vocal cry; it is but a bright lustre in the eyes
the cheery representative of that best of inn
"Hôtel Meurice!" "Hôtel de France!" "Hô

de Calais!" "The Royal Hôtel, Sir, Angaishe ouse!" "You going to Parry, Sir?" "Your baggage, registair froo, Sir?" Bless ye, my Touters, bless ye, my commissionaires, bless ye, my hungry-eyed mysteries in caps of a military form, who are always here, day or night, fair weather or foul, seeking inscrutable jobs which I never see you get! Bless ye, my Custom House officers in green and grey; permit me to grasp the welcome hands that descend into my travelling-bag, one on each side, and meet at the bottom to give my change of linen a peculiar shake up, as if it were a measure of chaff or grain! I have nothing to declare, Monsieur le Douanier, except that when I cease to breathe, Calais will be found written on my heart. No article liable to local duty have I with me, Monsieur l'Officier de l'Octroi, unless the overflowing of a breast devoted to your charming town should be in that wise chargeable. Ah! see at the gangway by the twinkling lantern, my dearest brother and friend, he once of the Passport Office, he who collects the names! May he be for ever changeless in his buttoned black surtout, with his note-book in his hand, and his tall black hat, surmounting his round smiling patient face! Let us embrace, my dearest brother. I am yours à tout jamais—for the whole of ever.

Calais up and doing at the railway station, and Calais down and dreaming in its bed; Calais with something of "an ancient and fish-like smell" about it, and Calais blown and sea-washed pure; Calais represented at the Buffet by savoury roast fowls, hot coffee, cognac, and Bordeaux; and Calais represented everywhere by flitting persons with a monomania for changing money—though I never shall be able to understand in my present

Amiens, and Paris! I, humble rep
the uncommercial interest, ascend w
The train is light to-night, and I s
partment with but two fellow-trave
compatriot in an obsolete cravat, w
quite unaccountable thing that the
"London time" on a French railway
made angry by my modestly sugges
bility of Paris time being more in t
other, a young priest, with a very
very small cage, who feeds the smal
quill, and then puts him up in the
his head, where he advances twitterin
wires, and seems to address me in an
manner. The compatriot (who c
boat, and whom I judge to be some
tinction, as he was shut up, like a sta
rabbit, in a private hutch on deck)
priest (who joined us at Calais) ar
and then the bird and I have it all to

A stormy night still; a night th

deliberate manner), he stands in such a whirlwind that I grip him fast by the collar, and feel it next to manslaughter to let him go. Still, when he is gone, the small small bird remains at his front wires feebly twittering to me—twittering and twittering, until, leaning back in my place and looking at him in drowsy fascination, I find that he seems to jog my memory as we rush along.

Uncommercial travels (thus the small small bird) have lain in their idle thriftless way through all this range of swamp and dyke, as through many other odd places; and about here, as you very well know, are the queer old stone farm-houses, approached by drawbridges, and the windmills that you get at by boats. Here, are the lands where the women hoe and dig, paddling canoe-wise from field to field, and here are the cabarets and other peasant-houses where the stone dove-cotes in the littered yards are as strong as warders' towers in old castles. Here, are the long monotonous miles of canal, with the great Dutch-built barges garishly painted, and the towing girls, sometimes harnessed by the forehead, sometimes by the girdle and the shoulders, not a pleasant sight to see. Scattered through this country are mighty works of VAUBAN, whom you know about, and regiments of such corporals as you heard of once upon a time, and many a blue-eyed Bebelle. Through these flat districts, in the shining summer days, walk those long grotesque files of young novices in enormous shovel hats, whom you remember blackening the ground checkered by the avenues of leafy trees. And now that Hazebroucke slumbers certain kilometres ahead, recall the summer evening when your dusty feet strolling up from the station tended hap-hazard to a Fair there, where *the oldest* inhabitants were circling

round and round a barrel-organ on hob with the greatest gravity, and where th show in the Fair was a Religious Rich literally, on its own announcement in gr THEATRE RELIGIEUX. In which improvin the dramatic representation was of "al esting events in the life of our Lord, Manger to the Tomb;" the principal fe acter, without any reservation or except at the moment of your arrival, engage ming the external Moderators (as it w dusk), while the next principal female took the money, and the Young Saint ported himself upside down on the platfi

Looking up at this point to confirm small bird in every particular he has mentic he has ceased to twitter, and has put his his wing. Therefore, in my different low the good example.

Chapter XVIII

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MORTAL

I HAD parted from the small bird at about four o'clock in the morning had got out at Arras, and had been r

most uncommercials. I had left him at the termi-nus (through his conviction, against all explanation and remonstrance, that his baggage-ticket was his passenger-ticket), insisting in a very high temper to the functionary on duty, that in his own personal identity he was four packages weighing so many kilogrammes—as if he had been Cassim Baba! I had bathed and breakfasted, and was strolling on the bright quays. The subject of my meditations was the question whether it is positively in the es-sence and nature of things, as a certain school of Britons would seem to think it, that a Capital must be ensnared and enslaved before it can be made beautiful: when I lifted up my eyes and found that my feet, straying like my mind, had brought me to Notre-Dame.

That is to say, Notre-Dame was before me, but there was a large open space between us. A very little while gone, I had left that space covered with buildings densely crowded; and now it was cleared for some new wonder in the way of public Street, Place, Garden, Fountain, or all four. Only the obscene little Morgue, slinking on the brink of the river and soon to come down, was left there, look-ing mortally ashamed of itself, and supremely wicked. I had but glanced at this old acquaint-ance, when I beheld an airy procession coming round in front of Notre-Dame, past the great hos-pital. It had something of a Masaniello look, with fluttering striped curtains in the midst of it, and it came dancing round the cathedral in the liveliest manner.

I was speculating on a marriage in Blouse-life, or a Christening, or some other domestic festivity which I would see out, when I found, from the talk of a quick rush of Blouses past me, that it was

and consisted of idlers who had come wi
tained litter from its starting-place, and o
inforcements it had picked up by the w
the litter down in the midst of the M
then two Custodians proclaimed alou
were all "invited" to go out. This
was rendered the more pressing, if no
flattering, by our being shoved out, and t
gates being barred upon us.

Those who have never seen the Mo
see it perfectly, by presenting to themse
differently paved coach-house accessible
street by a pair of folding-gates; on the
coach-house, occupying its width, any
don tailor's or linendraper's plate-glas
reaching to the ground; within the w
two rows of inclined planes, what the c
has to show; hanging above, like irreg
tites from the roof of a cave, a quantity
—the clothes of the dead and buried sh
coach-house.

murder? All wedged together, and all staring at one another with our heads thrust forward, we propounded these inquiries and a hundred more such. Imperceptibly, it came to be known that Monsieur the tall and sallow mason yonder, was acquainted with the facts. Would Monsieur the tall and sallow mason, surged at by a new wave of us, have the goodness to impart? It was but a poor old man, passing along the street under one of the new buildings, on whom a stone had fallen, and who had tumbled dead. His age? Another wave surged up against the tall and sallow mason, and our wave swept on and broke, and he was any age from sixty-five to ninety.

An old man was not much: moreover, we could have wished he had been killed by human agency —his own, or somebody else's: the latter, preferable —but our comfort was, that he had nothing about him to lead to his identification, and that his people must seek him here. Perhaps they were waiting dinner for him even now? We liked that. Such of us as had pocket-handkerchiefs took a slow intense protracted wipe at our noses, and then crammed our handkerchiefs into the breast of our blouses. Others of us who had no handkerchiefs administered a similar relief to our overwrought minds, by means of prolonged smears or wipes of our mouths on our sleeves. One man with a gloomy malformation of brow—a homicidal worker in white-lead, to judge from his blue tone of colour, and a certain flavour of paralysis pervading him—got his coat-collar between his teeth, and bit at it with an appetite. Several decent women arrived upon the outskirts of the crowd, and prepared to launch themselves into the dismal coach-house when opportunity should come; among them, a pretty young mother,

pretending to bite the forefinger of her bal
kept it between her rosy lips that it might be
for guiding to point at the show. Meant
faces were turned towards the building,
men waited with a fixed and stern resolutio
the most part with folded arms. Surely, it
only public French sight these uncommerc
had seen, at which the expectant people did
en queue. But there was no such order of
ment here; nothing but a general determin
make a rush for it, and a disposition to o
some boys who had mounted on the tw
posts by the hinges of the gates, with the de
swooping in when the hinges should turn.

Now, they turned, and we rushed! Gre
sure, and a scream or two from the front.
laugh or two, some expressions of disappoi
and a slackening of the pressure and subsid
the struggle.—Old man not there.

"But what would you have?" the C
reasonably argues, as he looks out at his litt
"Patience, patience! We make his toilet
tlemen. He will be exposed presently.
necessary to proceed according to rule. His
is not made all at a blow. He will be exp
good time, gentlemen, in good time." An
tires, smoking, with a wave of his sleeveless
wards the window, importing, "Entertai
selves in the meanwhile with the other cu
Fortunately the Museum is not empty to-da

Who would have thought of public ficklen
at the Morgue? But there it was, on th
sion. Three lately popular articles that h
attracting greatly when the litter was first
coming dancing round the corner by th
cathedral, were so completely deposed no

nobody save two little girls (one showing them to a doll) would look at them. Yet the chief of the three, the article in the front row, had received ragged injury of the left temple; and the other two in the back row, the drowned two lying side by side with their heads very slightly turned towards each other, seemed to be comparing notes about it. Indeed, those two of the back row were so furtive of appearance, and so (in their puffed way) assassinatingly knowing as to the one of the front, that it was hard to think the three had never come together in their lives, and were only chance companions after death. Whether or no this was the general, as it was the uncommercial, fancy, it is not to be disputed that the group had drawn exceedingly within ten minutes. Yet now, the inconstant public turned its back upon them, and even leaned its elbows carelessly against the bar outside the window and shook off the mud from its shoes, and also went and borrowed fire for pipes.

Custodian re-enters from his door, "Again once, gentlemen, you are invited ——" No further invitation necessary. Ready dash into the street. Toilette finished. Old man coming out.

This time, the interest was grown too hot to admit of toleration of the boys on the stone posts. The homicidal white-lead worker made a pounce upon one boy who was hoisting himself up, and brought him to earth amidst general commendation. Closely stowed as we were, we yet formed into groups—groups of conversation, without separation from the mass—to discuss the old man. Rivals of the tall and sallow mason sprang into being, and here again was popular inconstancy. These rivals attracted audiences, and were greedily listened to; and whereas they had derived their information

solely from the tall and sallow one, officious members of the crowd now sought to enlighten *him* on their authority. Changed by this social experience into an iron-visaged and inveterate misanthrope, the mason glared at mankind, and evidently cherished in his breast the wish that the whole of the present company could change places with the deceased old man. And now listeners became inattentive, and people made a start forward at a slight sound, and an unholy fire kindled in the public eye, and those next the gates beat at them impatiently, as if they were of the cannibal species and hungry.

Again the hinges creaked, and we rushed. Disorderly pressure for some time ensued before the uncommercial unit got figured into the front row of the sum. It was strange to see so much heat and uproar seething about one poor spare white-haired old man, quiet for evermore. He was calm of features and undisfigured, as he lay on his back—having been struck upon the hinder part of the head, and thrown forward—and something like a tear or two had started from the closed eyes, and lay wet upon the face. The uncommercial interest, sated at a glance, directed itself upon the striving crowd on either side and behind: wondering whether one might have guessed, from the expression of those faces merely, what kind of sight they were looking at. The differences of expression were not many. There was a little pity, but not much, and that mostly with a selfish touch in it—as who would say, "Shall I, poor I, look like that, when the time comes!" There was more of a secretly brooding contemplation and curiosity, as "That man I don't like, and have the grudge against; would such be his appearance, if some one—not to mention names—by any chance gave him

ugly knock?" There was a wolfish stare at the ject, in which the homicidal white-lead worker one conspicuous. And there was a much more neral, purposeless, vacant staring at it—like look- at waxwork, without a catalogue, and not owing what to make of it. But all these expres- ns concurred in possessing the one underlying pression of *looking at something that could not re- a look*. The uncommercial notice had estab- ed this as very remarkable, when a new pres- all at once coming up from the street pinioned ignominiously, and hurried him into the arms w sleeved again) of the Custodian smoking at door, and answering questions, between-puffs, a certain placid meritorious air of not being id, though high in office. And mentioning e, it may be observed, by the way, that one d not well help investing the original sole occu- t of the front row with an air depreciatory of legitimate attraction of the poor old man: le the two in the second row seemed to exult at superseded popularity.

'acing presently round the garden of the Tower t. Jacques de la Boucherie, and presently again ront of the Hôtel de Ville, I called to mind a ain desolate open-air Morgue that I happened to t upon in London, one day in the hard winter 861, and which seemed as strange to me, at the e of seeing it, as if I had found it in China. vards that hour of a winter's afternoon when lamplighters are beginning to light the lamps in streets a little before they are wanted, because darkness thickens fast and soon, I was walking rom the country on the northern side of the ent's Park—hard frozen and deserted—when I an empty Hansom cab drive up to the lodge at

Gloucester-gate, and the driver with great agitation call to the man there: who quickly reached a long pole from a tree, and, deftly collared by the driver, jumped to the step of his little seat, and so the Hansom rattled out at the gate, galloping over the iron-bound road. I followed running, though not so fast but that when I came to the right-hand Canal Bridge, near the cross-path to Chalk Farm, the Hansom was stationary, the horse was smoking hot, the long pole was idle on the ground, and the driver and the park-keeper were looking over the bridge parapet. Looking over too, I saw, lying on the towing-path with her face turned up towards us, a woman, dead a day or two, and under thirty, as I guessed, poorly dressed in black. The feet were lightly crossed at the ankles, and the dark hair, all pushed back from the face, as though that had been the last action of her desperate hands, streamed over the ground. Dabbled all about her, was the water and the broken ice that had dropped from her dress, and had splashed as she was got out. The policeman who had just got her out, and the passing costermonger who had helped him, were standing near the body; the latter with that stare at it which I have likened to being at a wax-work exhibition without a catalogue; the former, looking over his stock, with professional stiffness and coolness, in the direction in which the bearers he had sent for were expected. So dreadfully forlorn, so dreadfully sad, so dreadfully mysterious, this spectacle of our dear sister here departed! A barge came up, breaking the floating ice and the silence, and a woman steered it. The man with the horse that towed it, cared so little for the body, that the stumbling hoofs had been among the hair, and the tow-rope had caught and turned the head,

before our cry of horror took him to the bridle. At which sound the steering woman looked up at us on the bridge, with contempt unutterable, and then looking down at the body with a similar expression —as if it were made in another likeness from herself, had been informed with other passions, had been lost by other chances, had had another nature dragged down to perdition—steered a spurning streak of mud at it, and passed on.

A better experience, but also of the Morgue kind, in which chance happily made me useful in a slight degree, arose to my remembrance as I took my way by the Boulevard de Sébastopol to the brighter scenes of Paris.

The thing happened, say five-and-twenty years ago. I was a modest young uncommercial then, and timid and inexperienced. Many suns and winds have browned me in the line, but those were my pale days. Having newly taken the lease of a house in a certain distinguished metropolitan parish —a house which then appeared to me to be a frightfully first-class Family Mansion, involving awful responsibilities—I became the prey of a Beadle. I think the Beadle must have seen me going in or coming out, and must have observed that I tottered under the weight of my grandeur. Or he may have been in hiding under straw when I bought my first horse (in the desirable stable-yard attached to the first-class Family Mansion), and when the vendor remarked to me, in an original manner, on bringing him for approval, taking his cloth off and smacking him, "There Sir! *There's* a Orse!" And when I said gallantly, "How much do you want for him?" and when the vendor said, "No more than sixty guineas, from you," and when *I said smartly*, "Why not more than

sixty from *me?*" And when he said crushingly, "Because upon my soul and body he'd be considered cheap at seventy, by one who understood the subject—but you don't."—I say, the Beadle may have been in hiding under straw, when this disgrace befell me, or he may have noted that I was too raw and young an Atlas to carry the first-class Family Mansion in a knowing manner. Be this as it may, the Beadle did what Melancholy did to the youth in Gray's Elegy—he marked me for his own. And the way in which the Beadle did it, was this: he summoned me as a Juryman on his Coroner's Inquests.

In my first feverish alarm I repaired "for safety and for succour"—like those sagacious Northern shepherds who, having had no previous reason whatever to believe in young Norval, very prudently did not originate the hazardous idea of believing in him—to a deep householder. This profound man informed me that the Beadle counted on my buying him off; on my bribing him not to summon me; and that if I would attend an Inquest with a cheerful countenance, and profess alacrity in that branch of my country's service, the Beadle would be disheartened, and would give up the game.

I roused my energies, and the next time the wily Beadle summoned me, I went. The Beadle was the blankest Beadle I have ever looked on when I answered to my name; and his discomfiture gave me courage to go through with it.

We were impannelled to inquire concerning the death of a very little mite of a child. It was the old miserable story. Whether the mother had committed the minor offence of concealing the birth, or whether she had committed the major of

ence of killing the child, was the question on which we were wanted. We must commit her on one of the two issues.

The Inquest came off in the parish workhouse, and I have yet a lively impression that I was unanimously received by my brother Jurymen as a brother of the utmost conceivable insignificance. Also, that before we began, a broker who had lately cheated me fearfully in the matter of a pair of card-tables, was for the utmost rigour of the law. I remember that we sat in a sort of board-room, on such very large square horse-hair chairs that I wondered what race of Patagonians they were made for; and further, that an undertaker gave me his card when we were in the full moral freshness of having just been sworn, as "an inhabitant that was newly come into the parish, and was likely to have a young family." The case was then stated to us by the Coroner, and then we went down-stairs—led by the plotting Beadle—to view the body. From that day to this, the poor little figure, on which that sounding legal appellation was bestowed, has lain in the same place and with the same surroundings, to my thinking. In a kind of crypt devoted to the warehousing of the parochial coffins, and in the midst of a perfect Panorama of coffins of all sizes, it was stretched on a box; the mother had put it in her box—this box—almost as soon as it was born, and it had been presently found there. It had been opened, and neatly sewn up, and regarded from that point of view, it looked like a stuffed creature. It rested on a clean white cloth, with a surgical instrument or so at hand, and regarded from that point of view, it looked as if the cloth were "laid," and the Giant were coming to dinner. There was nothing repellent about the poor

piece of innocence, and it demanded a mer
of looking at. So, we looked at an old
who was going about among the coffins with
rule, as if he were a case of Self-Measuremen
we looked at one another; and we said th
was well whitewashed anyhow; and then o
versational powers as a British Jury flagged, a
foreman said, "All right, gentlemen? Back
Mr. Beadle!"

The miserable young creature who had
birth to this child within a very few days, an
had cleaned the cold wet door-steps imme
afterwards, was brought before us when
sumed our horse-hair chairs, and was prese
ing the proceedings. She had a horse-hai
herself, being very weak and ill; and I rem
how she turned to the unsympathetic nurse v
tended her, and who might have been the
head of a pauper-ship, and how she hid h
and sobs and tears upon that wooden should
remember, too, how hard her mistress wa
her (she was a servant-of-all-work), and wit
a cruel pertinacity that piece of Virtue sp
thread of evidence double, by intertwisting
the sternest thread of construction. Smitte
by the terrible low wail from the utterly fri
orphan girl, which never ceased during the
inquiry, I took heart to ask this witness a q
or two, which hopefully admitted of an
that might give a favourable turn to the case
made the turn as little favourable as it could
it did some good, and the Coroner, who wa
patient and humane (he was the late Mr. W
cast a look of strong encouragement in my
tion. Then, we had the doctor who ha
the examination, and the usual tests as to w

the child was born alive; but he was a timid muddle-headed doctor, and got confused and contradictory, and wouldn't say this, and couldn't answer for that, and the immaculate broker was too much for him, and our side slid back again. However, I tried again, and the Coroner backed me again, for which I ever afterwards felt grateful to him as I do now to his memory; and we got another favourable turn, out of some other witness, some member of the family with a strong prepossession against the sinner; and I think we had the doctor back again; and I know that the Coroner summed up for our side, and that I and my British brothers turned round to discuss our verdict, and get ourselves into great difficulties with our large chairs and the broker. At that stage of the case I tried hard again, being convinced that I had cause for it; and at last we found for the minor offence of only concealing the birth; and the poor desolate creature, who had been taken out during our deliberation, being brought in again to be told of the verdict, then dropped upon her knees before us, with protestations that we were right—protestations among the most affecting that I have ever heard in my life—and was carried away insensible.

(In private conversation after this was all over, the Coroner showed me his reasons as a trained surgeon, for perceiving it to be impossible that the child could, under the most favourable circumstances, have drawn many breaths, in the very doubtful case of its having ever breathed at all; this, owing to the discovery of some foreign matter in the windpipe, quite irreconcilable with many moments of life.)

When the agonised girl had made those final protestations, I had seen her face, and it was in

unison with her distracted heartbroken voice, and it was very moving. It certainly did not impress me by any beauty that it had, and if I ever see it again in another world I shall only know it by the help of some new sense or intelligence. But it came to me in my sleep that night, and I selfishly dismissed it in the most efficient way I could think of. I caused some extra care to be taken of her in the prison, and counsel to be retained for her defence when she was tried at the Old Bailey; and her sentence was lenient, and her history and conduct proved that it was right. In doing the little I did for her, I remember to have had the kind help of some gentle-hearted functionary to whom I addressed myself—but what functionary I have long forgotten—who I suppose was officially present at the Inquest.

I regard this as a very notable uncommercial experience, because this good came of a Beadle. And to the best of my knowledge, information and belief, it is the only good that ever did come of a Beadle since the first Beadle put on his cocked hat.

Chapter XIX

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

IT came into my mind that I would recall in these notes a few of the many hostelries I have rested at in the course of my journeys; and, indeed, I had taken up my pen for the purpose, when I was baffled by an accidental circumstance. It was the having to leave off, to wish the owner of a certain bright face that looked in at my door, "many happy returns of the day." Thereupon a new thought

came into my mind, driving its predecessor out, and I began to recall—instead of Inns—the birthdays that I have put up at, on my way to this present sheet of paper.

I can very well remember being taken out to visit some peach-faced creature in a blue sash, and shoes to correspond, whose life I supposed to consist entirely of birthdays. Upon seed-cake, sweet wine, and shining presents, that glorified young person seemed to me to be exclusively reared. At so early a stage of my travels did I assist at the anniversary of her nativity (and become enamoured of her), that I had not yet acquired the recondite knowledge that a birthday is the common property of all who are born, but supposed to be a special gift bestowed by the favouring Heavens on that one distinguished infant. There was no other company, and we sat in a shady bower—under a table, as my better (or worse) knowledge leads me to believe—and were regaled with saccharine substances and liquids, until it was time to part. A bitter powder was administered to me next morning, and I was wretched. On the whole, a pretty accurate foreshadowing of my more mature experiences in such wise!

Then came the time when, inseparable from one's own birthday, was a certain sense of merit, a consciousness of well-earned distinction. When I regarded my birthday as a graceful achievement of my own, a monument of my perseverance, independence, and good sense, redounding greatly to my honour. This was at about the period when Olympia Squires became involved in the anniversary. Olympia was most beautiful (of course), and I loved her to that degree, that I used to be obliged to get out of my little bed in the night, expressly

to exclaim to Solitude, "O, Olympia Squires!" Visions of Olympia, clothed entirely in sage-green, from which I infer a defectively educated taste on the part of her respected parents, who were necessarily unacquainted with the South Kensington Museum, still arise before me. Truth is sacred, and the visions are crowned by a shining white beaver bonnet, impossibly suggestive of a little feminine post-boy. My memory presents a birthday when Olympia and I were taken by an unfeeling relative—some cruel uncle, or the like—to a slow torture called an Orrery. The terrible instrument was set up at the local Theatre, and I had expressed a profane wish in the morning that it was a Play: for which a serious aunt had probed my conscience deep, and my pocket deeper, by reclaiming a bestowed half-crown. It was a venerable and a shabby Orrery, at least one thousand stars and twenty-five comets behind the age. Nevertheless, it was awful. When the low-spirited gentleman with a wand said, "Ladies and gentlemen" (meaning particularly Olympia and me), "the lights are about to be put out, but there is not the slightest cause for alarm," it was very alarming. Then the planets and stars began. Sometimes they wouldn't come on, sometimes they wouldn't go off, sometimes they had holes in them, and mostly they didn't seem to be good likenesses. All this time the gentleman with the wand was going on in the dark (tapping away at the heavenly bodies between whiles, like a wearisome woodpecker), about a sphere revolving on its own axis eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand millions of times—or miles—in two hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-four millions of something elses, until I thought if this was

y it were better never to have been born.
also, became much depressed, and we
bered and woke cross, and still the gentle-
going on in the dark—whether up in the
down on the stage, it would have been
nake out, if it had been worth trying—
away about planes of orbits, to such an
extent that Olympia, stung to madness,
icked me. A pretty birthday spectacle,
lights were turned up again, and all the
the town (including the National, who
in for nothing, and serve them right, for
always throwing stones) were discov-
exhausted countenances, screwing their
into their eyes, or clutching their heads
A pretty birthday speech when Dr. Sleek
ity-Free bobbed up his powdered head in
-box, and said that before this assembly
he really must beg to express his entire
of a lecture as improving, as informing, as
anything that could call a blush into the
youth, as any it had ever been his lot to
ered. A pretty birthday altogether, when
y couldn't leave poor Small Olympia
nd me alone, but must put an end to our
or, we never got over it; the threadbare
utwore our mutual tenderness; the man
wand was too much for the boy with the

shall I disconnect the combined smells of
rown paper, and straw, from those other
at school, when the coming hamper casts
v before, and when a week of social har-
all I add of admiring and affectionate
—led up to that Institution? What
timents were expressed to me in the days

I should be much surprised and disa
among the treasures in the coming ha
covered potted game, and guava jell
Western Indies. I had mentioned th
confidence to a few friends, and had
give away, as I now see reason to belie
some covey of partridges potted, and a
dred weight of guava jelly. It was nov
son, Bully no more, sought me out i
ground. He was a big fat boy, with a
and a big fat fist, and at the beginning
had raised such a bump on my forel
couldn't get my hat of state on, to go
He said that after an interval of co
(four months) he now felt this blow to h
error of judgment, and that he wished
for the same. Not only that, but ho
his big head between his two big ha
that I might reach it conveniently, h
me, as an act of justice which would
awakened conscience, to raise a retrib

manufacturing guava jelly; or whether I had
er happened to taste that conserve, which he had
en given to understand was of rare excellence.
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty; and then
th the waning months came an ever augmenting
ise of the dignity of twenty-one. Heaven knows
ad nothing to "come into," save the bare birth-
y, and yet I esteemed it as a great possession. I
w and then paved the way to my state of dig-
y, by beginning a proposition with the casual
rds, "say that a man of twenty-one," or by the
cidental assumption of a fact that could not sanely
disputed, as, "for when a fellow comes to be a
n of twenty-one." I gave a party on the occa-
n. She was there. It is unnecessary to name
r, more particularly; She was older than I, and
d pervaded every chink and crevice of my mind
three or four years. I had held volumes of Im-
inary Conversations with her mother on the sub-
t of our union, and I had written letters more in
mber than Horace Walpole's, to that discreet
man, soliciting her daughter's hand in marriage.
had never had the remotest intention of sending
y of those letters; but to write them, and after a
v days tear them up, had been a sublime occu-
ion. Sometimes, I had begun "Honoured
adam. I think that a lady gifted with those
wers of observation which I know you to pos-
s, and endowed with those womanly sympathies
th the young and ardent which it were more
n heresy to doubt, can scarcely have failed to
cover that I love your adorable daughter, deeply,
votedly." In less buoyant states of mind I had
gun, "Bear with me, Dear Madam, bear with
daring wretch who is about to make a surprising
nfession to you, wholly unanticipated by your-

self, and which he beseeches you to commit to t
flames as soon as you have become aware to wh
a towering height his mad ambition soars."
other times—periods of profound mental depressi
when She had gone out to balls where I was not
the draft took the affecting form of a paper to
left on my table after my departure to the confi
of the globe. As thus: "For Mrs. Onowenev
these lines when the hand that traces them shall
far away. I could not bear the daily torture
hopelessly loving the dear one whom I will
name. Broiling on the coast of Africa, or conge
ing on the shores of Greenland, I am far far bet
there than here." (In this sentiment my coo
judgment perceives that the family of the belo
object would have most completely concurre
"If I ever emerge from obscurity, and my nam
ever heralded by Fame, it will be for her dear sa
If I ever amass Gold, it will be to pour it at
feet. Should I on the other hand become the p
of Ravens——" I doubt if I ever quite made
my mind what was to be done in that affect
case; I tried "then it is better so;" but not fe
ing convinced that it would be better so, I va
lated between leaving all else blank, which lool
expressive and bleak, or winding up with "Fa
well!"

This fictitious correspondence of mine is
blame for the foregoing digression. I was about
pursue the statement that on my twenty-first bi
day I gave a party, and She was there. It wa
beautiful party. There was not a single animate
inanimate object connected with it (except
company and myself) that I had ever seen bef
Everything was hired, and the mercenaries in
tendance were profound strangers to me. Beh

a door, in the crumby part of the night when wine-glasses were to be found in unexpected spots, I spoke to Her—spoke out to Her. What passed, I cannot as a man of honour reveal. She was all angelical gentleness, but a word was mentioned—a short and dreadful word of three letters, beginning with a B—which, as I remarked at the moment, "scorched my brain." She went away soon afterwards, and when the hollow throng (though to be sure it was no fault of theirs) dispersed, I issued forth, with a dissipated scorner, and, as I mentioned expressly to him, "sought oblivion." It was found, with a dreadful headache in it, but it didn't last; for, in the shaming light of next day's noon, I raised my heavy head in bed, looking back to the birthdays behind me, and tracking the circle by which I had got round, after all, to the bitter powder and the wretchedness again.

This reactionary power (taken so largely by the human race that I am inclined to regard it as the Universal Medicine once sought for in Laboratories) is capable of being made up in another form for birthday use. Anybody's long-lost brother will do ill to turn up on a birthday. If I had a long-lost brother I should know beforehand that he would prove a tremendous fraternal failure if he appointed to rush into my arms on my birthday. The first Magic Lantern I ever saw, was secretly and elaborately planned to be the great effect of a very juvenile birthday; but it wouldn't act, and its images were dim. My experience of adult birthday Magic Lanterns may possibly have been unfortunate, but has certainly been similar. I have an illustrative birthday in my eye: a birthday of my friend Flipfield, whose birthdays had long been remarkable as social successes. There had been nothing set on

formal about them; Flipfield having been acc
tomed merely to say, two or three days bef
"Don't forget to come and dine, old boy, acc
ing to custom;"—I don't know what he sai
the ladies he invited, but I may safely assume it
to have been "old girl." Those were deligh
gatherings, and were enjoyed by all participat
In an evil hour, a long-lost brother of Flipfi
came to light in foreign parts. Where he had b
hidden, or what he had been doing, I don't kn
for Flipfield vaguely informed me that he had tu
up "on the banks of the Ganges"—speakin
him as if he had been washed ashore. The L
lost was coming home, and Flipfield made an
fortunate calculation, based on the well-kn
regularity of the P. and O. Steamers, that ma
might be so contrived as that the Long-lost sh
appear in the nick of time on his (Flipfield's) b
day. Delicacy commanded that I should re
the gloomy anticipations with which my soul
came fraught when I heard of this plan.
fatal day arrived, and we assembled in force.
Flipfield senior formed an interesting feature i
group, with a blue-veined miniature of the late
Flipfield round her neck, in an oval, resembli
tart from the pastrycook's: his hair powdered,
the bright buttons on his coat, evidently very
She was accompanied by Miss Flipfield, the e
of her numerous family, who held her po
handkerchief to her bosom in a majestic ma
and spoke to all of us (none of us had ever
her before), in pious and condoning tones,
the quarrels that had taken place in the fa
from her infancy—which must have been a
time ago—down to that hour. The Long-los
not appear. Dinner, half an hour later than t

was announced, and still no Long-lost. We sat down to table. The knife and fork of the Long-lost made a vacuum in Nature, and when the champagne came round for the first time, Flipfield gave him up for the day, and had them removed. It was then that the Long-lost gained the height of his popularity with the company; for my own part, I felt convinced that I loved him dearly. Flipfield's dinners are perfect, and he is the easiest and best of entertainers. Dinner went on brilliantly, and the more the Long-lost didn't come, the more comfortable we grew, and the more highly we thought of him. Flipfield's own man (who has a regard for me) was in the act of struggling with an ignorant stipendiary, to wrest from him the wooden leg of a Guinea-fowl which he was pressing on my acceptance, and to substitute a slice of the breast, when a ringing at the door-bell suspended the strife. I looked round me, and perceived the sudden pallor which I knew my own visage revealed, reflected in the faces of the company. Flipfield hurriedly excused himself, went out, was absent for about a minute or two, and then re-entered with the Long-lost.

I beg to say distinctly that if a stranger had brought Mont Blanc with him, or had come attended by a retinue of eternal snows, he could not have chilled the circle to the marrow in a more efficient manner. Embodied Failure sat enthroned upon the Long-lost's brow, and pervaded him to his Long-lost boots. In vain Mrs. Flipfield senior, opening her arms, exclaimed, "My Tom!" and pressed his nose against the counterfeit presentment of his other parent. In vain Miss Flipfield, in the first transports of this re-union, showed him a dint upon her maidenly cheek, and asked him if he remembered when he did that with the bellows?

We, the bystanders, were overcome, but overcome by the palpable, undisguisable, utter, and total break-down of the Long-lost. Nothing he could have done would have set him right with us but his instant return to the Ganges. In the very same moments it became established that the feeling was reciprocal, and that the Long-lost detested us. When a friend of the family (not myself, upon my honour), wishing to set things going again, asked him, while he partook of soup—asked him with an amiability of intention beyond all praise, but with a weakness of execution open to defeat—what kind of river he considered the Ganges, the Long-lost, scowling at the friend of the family over his spoon, as one of an abhorrent race, replied "Why a river of water, I suppose," and spooned his soup into himself with a malignancy of hand and eye that blighted the amiable questioner. No opinion could be elicited from the Long-lost, in unison with the sentiments of any individual present. He contradicted Flipfield dead, before he had eaten his salmon. He had no idea—or affected to have no idea—that it was his brother's birthday, and on the communication of that interesting fact to him, merely wanted to make him out four years older than he was. He was an antipathetical being, with a peculiar power and gift of treading on everybody's tenderest place. They talk in America of a man's "Platform." I should describe the Platform of the Long-lost as a Platform composed of other people's corns, on which he had stumped his way, with all his might and main, to his present position. It is needless to add that Flipfield's great birthday went by the board, and that he was a wreck when I pretended at parting to wish him many happy returns of it.

There is another class of birthdays at which I ave so frequently assisted, that I may assume such irthdays to be pretty well known to the human ace. My friend Mayday's birthday is an example. The guests have no knowledge of one another except on that one day in the year, and are nnually terrified for a week by the prospect of eeting one another again. There is a fiction among s that we have uncommon reasons for being particularly lively and spirited on the occasion, whereas deep espondency is no phrase for the expression of our eelings. But the wonderful feature of the case is, hat we are in tacit accordance to avoid the subject—o keep it as far off as possible, as long as possible —and to talk about anything else, rather than the yful event. I may even go so far as to assert hat there is a dumb compact among us that we ill pretend that it is NOT Mayday's birthday. A ysterious and gloomy Being, who is said to have one to school with Mayday, and who is so lank and an that he seriously impugns the Dietary of the tablishment at which they were jointly educated, ways leads us, as I may say, to the block, by lay- his grisly hand on a decanter and begging us to our glasses. The devices and pretences that I ve seen put in practice to defer the fatal moment, d to interpose between this man and his purse, are innumerable. I have known desperate ents, when they saw the grisly hand approaching decanter, wildly to begin, without any antedent whatsoever, "That reminds me—" and plunge into long stories. When at last the hand d the decanter come together, a shudder, a palble perceptible shudder, goes round the table. e receive the reminder that it is Mayday's birthr, as if it were the anniversary of some profound

disgrace he had undergone, and we sought to comfort him. And when we have drunk Mayday's health, and wished him many happy returns, we are seized for some moments with a ghastly blitheness, an unnatural levity, as if we were in the first flushed reaction of having undergone a surgical operation.

Birthdays of this species have a public as well as a private phase. My "boyhood's home," Dullborough, presents a case in point. An Immortal Somebody was wanted in Dullborough to dimple for a day the stagnant face of the waters; he was rather wanted by Dullborough generally, and much wanted by the principal hotel-keeper. The Count's history was looked up for a locally Immortal Somebody, but the registered Dullborough worthies were all Nobodies. In this state of things, it is hardly necessary to record that Dullborough did what every man does when he wants to write a book or deliver a lecture, and is provided with all the materials except a subject. It fell back upon Shakespeare.

No sooner was it resolved to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday in Dullborough, than the popularity of the immortal bard became surprising. You might have supposed the first edition of his works to have been published last week, and enthusiastic Dullborough to have got half through them. (I doubt, by the way, whether it had even done half that, but this is a private opinion.) A young gentleman with a sonnet, the retention of which for two years had enfeebled his mind and undermined his knees, got the sonnet into the Dullborough Warden, and gained flesh. Portraits of Shakespeare broke out in the bookshop window, and our principal artist painted a large original pa

trait in oils for the decoration of the dining-room. It was not in the least like any of the other portraits, and was exceedingly admired, the head being much swollen. At the Institution, the Debating Society discussed the new question, Was there sufficient ground for supposing that the Immortal Shakespeare ever stole deer? This was indignantly decided by an overwhelming majority in the negative; indeed, there was but one vote on the Poaching side, and that was the vote of the orator who had undertaken to advocate it, and who became quite an obnoxious character—particularly to the Dullborough "roughs," who were about as well informed on the matter as most other people. Distinguished speakers were invited down, and very nearly came (but not quite). Subscriptions were opened, and committees sat, and it would have been far from a popular measure in the height of the excitement, to have told Dullborough that it wasn't Stratford-upon-Avon. Yet, after all these preparations, when the great festivity took place, and the portrait, elevated aloft, surveyed the company as if it were in danger of springing a mine of intellect and blowing itself up, it did undoubtedly happen, according to the inscrutable mysteries of things, that nobody could be induced, not to say to touch upon Shakespeare, but to come within a mile of him, until the crack speaker of Dullborough rose to propose the immortal memory. Which he did with the perplexing and astonishing result that before he had repeated the great name half-a-dozen times, or had been upon his legs as many minutes, he was assailed with a general shout of "Question."

Chapter XX

BOUND FOR THE GREAT SALT LAKE

BEHOLD me on my way to an Emigrant Ship, on a hot morning early in June. My road lies through that part of London generally known to the initiated as "Down by the Docks." Down by the Docks, is home to a good many people—too many, if I may judge from the overflow of local population in the streets—but my nose insinuates that the number to whom it is Sweet Home might be easily counted. Down by the Docks, is a region I would choose as my point of embarkation aboard ship if I were an emigrant. It would present my intention to me in such a sensible light it would show me so many things to be run away from.

Down by the Docks, they eat the largest oysters and scatter the roughest oyster shells, known to the descendants of Saint George and the Dragon. Down by the Docks, they consume the slimiest of shell-fish, which seem to have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships. Down by the Docks the vegetables at greengrocers' doors acquire a saline and a scaly look, as if they had been crossed with fish and seaweed. Down by the Docks, they "board seamen" at the eating-houses, the public houses, the slop-shops, the coffee-shops, the tally shops, all kinds of shops mentionable and unmentionable—board them, as it were, in the piratical sense, making them bleed terribly, and giving no quarter. Down by the Docks, the seamen roar in mid-street and mid-day, their pockets inside-out and their heads no better. Down by the Docks the daughters of wave-ruling Britannia also rove

clad in silken attire, with uncovered tresses streaming in the breeze, bandanna kerchiefs floating from their shoulders, and crinoline not wanting. Down by the Docks, you may hear the Incomparable Joe Jackson sing the Standard of England, with a hornpipe, any night; or any day may see at the waxwork, for a penny and no waiting, him as killed the policeman at Acton and suffered for it. Down by the Docks, you may buy polonies, saveloys, and sausage preparations various, if you are not particular what they are made of besides seasoning. Down by the Docks, the children of Israel creep into any gloomy cribs and entries they can hire, and hang slops there—pewter watches, sou'-wester hats, waterproof overalls—"firtht rate articleth, Thjack." Down by the Docks, such dealers exhibiting on a frame a complete nautical suit without the refinement of a waxen visage in the hat, present the imaginary wearer as drooping at the yard-arm, with his seafaring and earthfaring troubles over. Down by the Docks, the placards in the shops apostrophise the customer, knowing him familiarly beforehand, as, "Look here, Jack!" "Here's your sort, my lad!" "Try our seagoing mixed, at two and nine!" "The right kit for the British tar!" "Ship ahoy!" "Splice the main-brace, brother!" "Come, cheer up, my lads. We've the best liquors here, And you'll find something new In our wonderful Beer!" Down by the Docks, the pawnbroker lends money on Union-Jack pocket-handkerchiefs, on watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, on telescopes, nautical instruments in cases, and such-like. Down by the Docks, the apothecary sets up in business on the wretchedest scale—chiefly on lint and plaster for the strapping of wounds—

and with no bright bottles, and with no little drawers. Down by the Docks, the shabby undertaker's shop will bury you for next to nothing, after the Malay or Chinaman has stabbed you for nothing at all: so you can hardly hope to make a cheaper end. Down by the Docks, anybody drunk will quarrel with anybody drunk or sober, and everybody else will have a hand in it, and on the shortest notice you may revolve in a whirlpool of red shirts, shaggy beards, wild heads of hair, bare tattooed arms, Britannia's daughters, malice, mud, maundering, and madness. Down by the Docks, scraping fiddles go in the public-houses all day long, and, shrill above their din and all the din, rises the screeching of innumerable parrots brought from foreign parts, who appear to be very much astonished by what they find on these native shores of ours. Possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that Down by the Docks is the road to the Pacific Ocean, with its lovely islands, where the savage girls plait flowers, and the savage boys carve cocoanut shells, and the grim blind idols must in their shady groves to exactly the same purpose as the priests and chiefs. And possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that the noble savage is a wearisome impostor wherever he is, and has five hundred thousand volumes of indifferent rhyme, and no reason, to answer for.

Shadwell church! Pleasant whispers of the being a fresher air down the river than Down by the Docks, go pursuing one another, playfully, in and out of the openings in its spire. Gigantic in the basin just beyond the church, looms my Emigrant Ship: her name, the Amazon. Her figure-head is not *dis*figured as those beauteous found of the race of strong-minded women are fabled

been, for the convenience of drawing the bow ;
sympathise with the carver :

lattering carver who made it his care
carve busts as they ought to be—not as they were.

Emigrant Ship lies broadside-on to the wharf.
great gangways made of spars and planks con-
her with the wharf; and up and down these
ways, perpetually crowding to and fro and in
ut, like ants, are the Emigrants who are going
l in my Emigrant Ship. Some with cabbages,
with loaves of bread, some with cheese and
r, some with milk and beer, some with boxes
and bundles, some with babies—nearly all
children—nearly all with bran-new tin cans
heir daily allowance of water, uncomfortably
stive of a tin flavour in the drink. To and
up and down, aboard and ashore, swarming
and there and everywhere, my Emigrants.
still as the Dock-Gate swings upon its hinges,
appear, and carts appear, and vans appear,
ging more of my Emigrants, with more cabbages,
loaves, more cheese and butter, more milk
beer, more boxes beds and bundles, more tin
and on those shipping investments accumu-
compound interest of children.

go aboard my Emigrant Ship. I go first to
great cabin, and find it in the usual condition
Cabin at that pass. Perspiring landsmen, with
papers, and with pens and inkstands, pervade
nd the general appearance of things is as if the
Mr. Amazon's funeral had just come home
the cemetery, and the disconsolate Mrs.
zon's trustees found the affairs in great dis-
, and were looking high and low for the will.
out on the poop-deck, for air, and surveying

the emigrants on the deck below (indeed t
crowded all about me, up there too), fin
pens and inkstands in action, and more pap
interminable complication respecting accou
individuals for tin cans and what not. I
body is in an ill-temper, nobody is the w
drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a
word, nobody appears depressed, nobody i
ing, and down upon the deck in every
where it is possible to find a few square
kneel, crouch, or lie in, people, in every un
attitude for writing, are writing letters.

Now, I have seen emigrant ships before
in June. And these people are so strikingl
ent from all other people in like circu
whom I have ever seen, that I wonder
"What *would* a stranger suppose these emi
be!"

The vigilant bright face of the weather-b
captain of the Amazon is at my shoulder,
says, "What, indeed! The most of the
aboard yesterday evening. They came from
parts of England in small parties that ha
seen one another before. Yet they had no
couple of hours on board, when they est
their own police, made their own regulati
set their own watches at all the hatchways.
nine o'clock, the ship was as orderly and as
a man-of-war."

I looked about me again, and saw th
writing going on with the most curious con

everywhere for two hundred other strangers, were asking questions about them of two hundred more; while the children played up and n all the steps, and in and out among all the ple's legs, and were beheld, to the general dis-, toppling over all the dangerous places; the r-writers wrote on calmly. On the starboard of the ship, a grizzled man dictated a long r to another grizzled man in an immense fur which letter was of so profound a quality, that ecame necessary for the amanuensis at intervals take off his fur cap in both his hands, for the itilation of his brain, and stare at him who tated, as a man of many mysteries who was orth looking at. On the larboard side, a woman ad covered a belaying-pin with a white cloth to make a neat desk of it, and was sitting on a little box, writing with the deliberation of a bookkeeper. Down upon her breast on the planks of the deck at this woman's feet, with her head diving in under a beam of the bulwarks on that side, as an eligible place of refuge for her sheet of paper, a neat and pretty girl wrote for a good hour (she fainted at last), only rising to the surface occasionally for a dip of ink. Alongside the boat, close to me on the poop-deck, another girl, a fresh well-grown country girl, was writing another letter on the bare deck. Later in the day, when this self-same boat was filled with a choir who sang glees and catches for a long time, one of the singers, a girl, sang her part mechanically all the while, and wrote a letter in the bottom of the boat while doing so.

"A stranger would be puzzled to guess the right name for these people, Mr. Uncommercial," says the captain.

"Indeed he *would*."

"If you hadn't known, could you ever hav supposed ——?"

"How could I! I should have said they we in their degree, the pick and flower of England."

"So should I," says the captain.

"How many are they?"

"Eight hundred in round numbers."

I went between-decks, where the families wi children swarmed in the dark, where unavoidab confusion had been caused by the last arrivals, an where the confusion was increased by the litt preparations for dinner that were going on in eac group. A few women here and there, had g lost, and were laughing at it, and asking their wa to their own people, or out on deck again. A fe of the poor children were crying; but otherwise th universal cheerfulness was amazing. "We sha shake down by to-morrow." "We shall come r right in a day or so." "We shall have more lig at sea." Such phrases I heard everywhere, as groped my way among chests and barrels a beams and unstowed cargo and ring-bolts a Emigrants, down to the lower-deck, and then up to the light of day again, and to my form station.

Surely, an extraordinary people in their pow of self-abstraction! All the former letter-writi were still writing calmly, and many more letti writers had broken out in my absence. A b with a bag of books in his hand and a slate und his arm, emerged from below, concentrated hi self in my neighbourhood (espying a conveni skylight for his purpose), and went to work w sum as if he were stone deaf. A father and moth and several young children, on the main d below me, had formed a family circle close to

foot of the crowded restless gangway, where the children made a nest for themselves in a coil of rope, and the father and mother, she suckling the youngest, discussed family affairs as peaceably as if they were in perfect retirement. I think the most noticeable characteristic in the eight hundred as a mass, was their exemption from hurry.

Eight hundred what? "Geese, villain?" EIGHT HUNDRED MORMONS. I, Uncommercial Traveller for the firm of Human Interest Brothers, had come aboard this Emigrant Ship to see what Eight hundred Latter-Day Saints were like, and I found them (to the rout and overthrow of all my expectations) like what I now describe with scrupulous exactness.

The Mormon Agent who had been active in getting them together, and in making the contract with my friends the owners of the ship to take them as far as New York on their way to the Great Salt Lake, was pointed out to me. A compactly-made handsome man in black, rather short, with rich-brown hair and beard, and clear bright eyes. From his speech, I should set him down as American. Probably, a man who had "knocked about the world" pretty much. A man with a frank open manner, and unshrinking look; withal a man of great quickness. I believe he was wholly ignorant of my Uncommercial individuality, and consequently of my immense Uncommercial importance.

UNCOMMERCIAL. These are a very fine set of people you have brought together here.

MORMON AGENT. Yes, sir, they are a *very* fine set of people.

UNCOMMERCIAL (looking about). Indeed, I think it would be difficult to find Eight hundred people together anywhere else, and find so much beauty

and so much strength and capacity for work amo
them.

MORMON AGENT (not looking about, but look
steadily at Uncommercial). I think so.—We s
out about a thousand more, yes'day, from Liverp

UNCOMMERCIAL. You are not going with th
emigrants?

MORMON AGENT. No, sir. I remain.

UNCOMMERCIAL. But you have been in the M
mon Territory?

MORMON AGENT. Yes; I left Utah about th
years ago.

UNCOMMERCIAL. It is surprising to me that th
people are all so cheery, and make so little of
immense distance before them.

MORMON AGENT. Well, you see; many of
have friends out at Utah, and many of 'em l
forward to meeting friends on the way.

UNCOMMERCIAL. On the way?

MORMON AGENT. This way 'tis. This
lands 'em in New York City. Then they g
by rail right away beyond St. Louis, to that
of the Banks of the Missouri where they strike
Plains. There, waggons from the settlement t
'em to bear 'em company on their journey 'cro
twelve hundred miles about. Industrious pe
who come out to the settlement soon get wag
of their own, and so the friends of some of t
will come down in their own waggons to
'em. They look forward to that, greatly.

UNCOMMERCIAL. On their long journey a
the Desert, do you arm them?

MORMON AGENT. Mostly you would find
have arms of some kind or another already
them. Such as had not arms we should arm a
the Plains, for the general protection and defen

UNCOMMERCIAL. Will these waggons bring down any produce to the Missouri?

MORMON AGENT. Well, since the war broke out, we've taken to growing cotton, and they'll likely bring down cotton to be exchanged for machinery. We want machinery. Also we have taken to growing indigo, which is a fine commodity for profit. It has been found that the climate on the further side of the Great Salt Lake suits well for raising indigo.

UNCOMMERCIAL. I am told that these people now on board are principally from the South of England?

MORMON AGENT. And from Wales. That's true.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Do you get many Scotch?

MORMON AGENT. Not many.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Highlanders, for instance?

MORMON AGENT. No, not Highlanders. They ain't interested enough in universal brotherhood and peace and good will.

UNCOMMERCIAL. The old fighting blood is strong in them?

MORMON AGENT. Well, yes. And besides; they've no faith.

UNCOMMERCIAL (who has been burning to get at the Prophet Joe Smith, and seems to discover an opening). Faith in——!

MORMON AGENT (far too many for Uncommercial). Well.—In anything!

Similarly on this same head, the Uncommercial underwent discomfiture from a Wiltshire labourer: a simple fresh-coloured farm-labourer, of eight-and-thirty, who at one time stood beside him looking on at new arrivals, and with whom he held this dialogue:

UNCOMMERCIAL. Would you mind my asking you what part of the country you come from?

WILTSHIRE. Not a bit. Theer! (exultingly) I've worked all my life o' Salisbury Plain, right under the shadder o' Stonehenge. You mightn't think it, but I have.

UNCOMMERCIAL. And a pleasant country too.

WILTSHIRE. Ah! 'Tis a pleasant country.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Have you any family on board?

WILTSHIRE. Two children, boy and gal. I am a widdherer, *I* am, and I'm going out alonger my boy and gal. That's my gal, and she's a fine gal o' sixteen (pointing out the girl who is writing by the boat). I'll go and fetch my boy. I'd like to show you my boy. (Here Wiltshire disappears, and presently comes back with a big shy boy of twelve, in a superabundance of boots, who is not at all glad to be presented.) He is a fine boy too, and a boy for to work! (Boy having undutifully bolted, Wiltshire drops him.)

UNCOMMERCIAL. It must cost you a great deal of money to go so far, three strong.

WILTSHIRE. A power of money. Theer! Eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, put by out of the week's wages for ever so long.

UNCOMMERCIAL. I wonder how you did it.

WILTSHIRE (recognising in this a kindred spirit). See theer now! *I* wonder how I done it! But what with a bit o' subscription heer, and what with a bit o' help theer, it were done at last, though I don't hardly know how. Then it were unfort'ne for us, you see, as we got kep' in Bristol so long—nigh a fortnight, it were—on accounts of a mistak wi' Brother Halliday. Swaller'd up money, it did, when we might have come straight on.

UNCOMMERCIAL (delicately approaching Jo Smith). You are of the Mormon religion, of course

ILTSHIRE (confidently). O yes, *I*'m a Mor-
(Then reflectively.) I'm a Mormon.
n, looking round the ship, feigns to descry
ticular friend in an empty spot, and evades the
ommercial for evermore.)

ter a noontide pause for dinner, during which
Emigrants were nearly all between-decks, and
Amazon looked deserted, a general muster took
. The muster was for the ceremony of pass-
the Government Inspector and the Doctor.
e authorities held their temporary state amid-
, by a cask or two; and, knowing that the
e Eight hundred emigrants must come face to
with them, I took my station behind the two.
r knew nothing whatever of me, I believe, and
testimony to the unpretending gentleness and
nature with which they discharged their duty,
be of the greater worth. There was not the
est flavour of the Circumlocution Office about
proceedings.

he emigrants were now all on deck. They
densely crowded aft, and swarmed upon the
-deck like bees. Two or three Mormon agents
ready to hand them on to the Inspector, and
nd them forward when they had passed. By
successful means, a special aptitude for or-
ation had been infused into these people, I am,
urse, unable to report. But I know that, even
there was no disorder, hurry, or difficulty.
l being ready, the first group are handed on.
member of the party who is entrusted with
assenger-ticket for the whole, has been warned
ne of the agents to have it ready, and here it
his hand. In every instance through the
e eight hundred, without an exception, this
r is always ready.

INSPECTOR (reading the ticket). Jessie Jobson, Sophronia Jobson, Jessie Jobson again, Matilda Jobson, William Jobson, Jane Jobson, Matilda Jobson again, Brigham Jobson, Leonardo Jobson, and Orson Jobson. Are you all here? (glancing at the party, over his spectacles).

JESSIE JOBSON NUMBER TWO. All here, sir.

This group is composed of an old grandfather and grandmother, their married son and his wife, and *their* family of children. Orson Jobson is a little child asleep in his mother's arms. The Doctor, with a kind word or so, lifts up the corner of the mother's shawl, looks at the child's face, and touches the little clenched hand. If we were all as well as Orson Jobson, doctoring would be a poor profession.

INSPECTOR. Quite right, Jessie Jobson. Take your ticket, Jessie, and pass on.

And away they go. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands them on. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands next party up.

INSPECTOR (reading ticket again). Susannah Cleverly and William Cleverly. Brother and sister, eh?

SISTER (young woman of business, hustling slow brother). Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR. Very good, Susannah Cleverly. Take your ticket, Susannah, and take care of it.

And away they go.

INSPECTOR (taking ticket again). Sampson Dibble and Dorothy Dibble (surveying a very old couple over his spectacles, with some surprise). Your husband quite blind, Mrs. Dibble?

MRS. DIBBLE. Yes, sir, he be stone-blind.

MR. DIBBLE (addressing the mast). Yes, sir, I be stone-blind.

SPECTOR. That's a bad job. Take your t, Mrs. Dibble, and don't lose it, and pass on. octor taps Mr. Dibble on the eyebrow with orefinger, and away they go.

SPECTOR (taking ticket again). Anastatia dle.

NASTATIA (a pretty girl, in a bright Garibaldi, morning elected by universal suffrage the Beauty e ship). That is me, sir.

SPECTOR. Going alone, Anastatia?

NASTATIA (shaking her curls). I am with . Jobson, sir, but I've got separated for the ent.

SPECTOR. Oh! You are with the Jobsons? e right. That'll do, Miss Weedle. Don't your ticket.

way she goes, and joins the Jobsons who are ng for her, and stoops and kisses Brigham Job- —who appears to be considered too young for purpose, by several Mormons rising twenty, are looking on. Before her extensive skirts departed from the casks, a decent widow ls there with four children, and so the roll

he faces of some of the Welsh people, among m there were many old persons, were certainly east intelligent. Some of these emigrants would bungled sorely, but for the directing hand that always ready. The intelligence here was un- tionably of a low order, and the heads were of or type. Generally the case was the reverse. re were many worn faces bearing traces of pa- poverty and hard work, and there was great liness of purpose and much undemonstrative respect among this class. A few young men going singly. Several girls were going, two

or three together. These latter I found it very difficult to refer back, in my mind, to their relinquished homes and pursuits. Perhaps they were more like country milliners, and pupil teachers rather tawdrily dressed, than any other classes of young women. I noticed, among many little ornaments worn, more than one photograph-brooch of the Princess of Wales, and also of the late Prince Consort. Some single women of from thirty to forty, whom one might suppose to be embroiderers or straw-bonnet-makers, were obviously going out in quest of husbands, as finer ladies go to India. That they had any distinct notions of a plurality of husbands or wives, I do not believe. To suppose the family groups of whom the majority of emigrants were composed, polygamically possessed would be to suppose an absurdity, manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers.

I should say (I had no means of ascertaining the fact) that most familiar kinds of handicraft trade were represented here. Farm-labourers, shepherds and the like, had their full share of representation but I doubt if they preponderated. It was interesting to see how the leading spirit in the family circle never failed to show itself, even in the simple process of answering to the names as they were called, and checking off the owners of the names. Sometimes it was the father, much oftener the mother, sometimes a quick little girl second or third in order of seniority. It seemed to occur for the first time to some heavy fathers, what large families they had; and their eyes rolled about, during the calling of the list, as if they half-misdoubted some other family to have been smuggled into their own. Among all the fine handsome children, I observed but two with marks upon their necks that were

bably scrofulous. Out of the whole number
migrants, but one old woman was temporarily
aside by the doctor, on suspicion of fever;
even she afterwards obtained a clean bill of
th.

When all had "passed," and the afternoon be-
to wear on, a black box became visible on
, which box was in charge of certain person-
also in black, of whom only one had the con-
ional air of an itinerant preacher. This box
ained a supply of hymn-books, neatly printed
got up, published at Liverpool, and also in
don at the "Latter-Day Saints' Book Depôt,
Florence-street." Some copies were hand-
ly bound; the plainer were the more in re-
t, and many were bought. The title ran:
cred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church
sus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." The Pref-
dated Manchester, 1840, ran thus:—"The
s in this country have been very desirous for a
an Book adapted to their faith and worship,
they might sing the truth with an understand-
heart, and express their praise joy and gratitude
ngs adapted to the New and Everlasting Cove-
. In accordance with their wishes, we have
ted the following volume, which we hope will
e acceptable until a greater variety can be
d. With sentiments of high consideration and
m, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the
and Everlasting Covenant, BRIGHAM YOUNG,
EY P. PRATT, JOHN TAYLOR." From this
—by no means explanatory to myself of the
and Everlasting Covenant, and not at all
ng my heart an understanding one on the sub-
of that mystery—a hymn was sung, which did
attract any great amount of attention, and was

supported by a rather select circle. But the choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; and there was to have been a Band, only the Cornet was late in coming on board. In the course of the afternoon, a mother appeared from shore, in search of her daughter, "who had run away with the Mormons." She received every assistance from the Inspector, but her daughter was not found to be on board. The saints did not seem to me, particularly interested in finding her.

Towards five o'clock, the galley became full of tea-kettles, and an agreeable fragrance of tea pervaded the ship. There was no scrambling or jostling for the hot water, no ill humour, no quarrelling. As the Amazon was to sail with the next tide, and as it would not be high water before two o'clock in the morning, I left her with her tea in full action, and her idle Steam Tug lying by, deputing steam and smoke for the time being to the Tea-kettles.

I afterwards learned that a Despatch was sent home by the captain before he struck out into the wide Atlantic, highly extolling the behaviour of these Emigrants, and the perfect order and propriety of all their social arrangements. What is in store for the poor people on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are labouring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be opened then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it; and my predispositions and tendencies must not affect me as an honest witness. I went over the Amazon's side, feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had

a remarkable result, which better known have often missed.*

Chapter XXI

THE CITY OF THE ABSENT

N I think I deserve particularly well of myself, and have earned the right to enjoy reat, I stroll from Covent-garden into the London, after business-hours there, on a or—better yet—on a Sunday, and roam deserted nooks and corners. It is neces- he full enjoyment of these journeys that ld be made in summer-time, for then the ots that I love to haunt, are at their idlest st. A gentle fall of rain is not objection- a warm mist sets off my favourite retreats d advantage.

g these, City Churchyards hold a high Such strange churchyards hide in the City

this Uncommercial Journey was printed, I to mention the experience it describes to Lord . That gentleman then showed me an article ting, in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, ch is highly remarkable for its philosophical ary research concerning these Latter-Day find in it the following sentences:—"The Select e of the House of Commons on emigrant ships summoned the Mormon agent and passenger- fore it, and came to the conclusion that no r the provisions of the 'Passengers Act' could ded upon for comfort and security in the same those under his administration. The Mormon Family under strong and accepted discipline, y provision for comfort, decorum, and internal

of London; churchyards sometimes so entirely detached from churches, always so pressed upon by houses; so small, so rank, so silent, so forgotten, except by the few people who ever look down into them from their smoky windows. As I stand peeping in through the iron gates and rails, I can peel the rusty metal off, like bark from an old tree. The illegible tombstones are all lopsided, the grave-mounds lost their shape in the rains of a hundred years ago, the Lombardy Poplar or Plane-Tree that was once a drysalter's daughter and several common-councilmen, has withered like those worthies, and its departed leaves are dust beneath it. Contagion of slow ruin overhangs the place. The discoloured tiled roofs of the environing buildings stand so awry, that they can hardly be proof against any stress of weather. Old crazy stacks of chimneys seem to look down as they overhang, dubiously calculating how far they will have to fall. In an angle of the walls, what was once the tool-house of the grave-digger rots away encrusted with toadstools. Pipes and spouts for carrying off the rain from the encompassing gables broken or feloniously cut for old lead long ago, now let the rain drip and splash as it list, upon the weedy earth. Sometimes there is a rusty pump somewhere near, and, as I look in at the rails and meditate, I hear it working under an unknown hand with a creaking protest: as though the departed in the churchyard urged, "Let us lie here in peace, don't suck us up and drink us!"

One of my best beloved churchyards, I call it, churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim; touching which men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small one

rd, with a ferocious strong spiked iron
a jail. This gate is ornamented with
l cross-bones, larger than the life, wrought
but it likewise came into the mind of
astly Grim, that to stick iron spikes a-top
one skulls, as though they were impaled,
a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls
horribly, thrust through and through with
rs. Hence, there is attraction of repulsion
n Saint Ghastly Grim, and, having often
ated it in the daylight and the dark, I once
n towards it in a thunderstorm at midnight.
not?" I said, in self-excuse. "I have
see the Colosseum by the light of the
it worse to go to see Saint Ghastly Grim
ght of the lightning?" I repaired to the
a hackney cab, and found the skulls most
having the air of a public execution, and
as the lightning flashed, to wink and grin
pain of the spikes. Having no other
whom to impart my satisfaction, I com-
d it to the driver. So far from being re-
he surveyed me—he was naturally a
osed red-faced man—with a blanched
nce. And as he drove me back, he ever
n glanced in over his shoulder through the
nt window of his carriage, as mistrusting
as a fare originally from a grave in the
rd of Saint Ghastly Grim, who might
ed home again without paying.
imes, the queer Hall of some queer Com-
es upon a churchyard such as this, and,
e Livery dine, you may hear them (if you
ng in through the iron rails, which you
when I am) toasting their own Worship-
erity. Sometimes, a wholesale house of

business, requiring much room for stowage, will occupy one or two or even all three sides of the enclosing space, and the backs of bales of goods will lumber up the windows, as if they were holding some crowded trade-meeting of themselves within. Sometimes, the commanding windows are all blank, and show no more sign of life than the graves below—not so much, for *they* tell of what once upon a time was life undoubtedly. Such was the surrounding of one City churchyard that I saw last summer, on a Volunteering Saturday evening towards eight of the clock, when with astonishment I beheld an old old man and an old old woman in it, making hay. Yes, of all occupations in this world, making hay! It was a very confined patch of churchyard lying between Gracechurch-street and the Tower, capable of yielding, say an apronful of hay. By what means the old old man and woman had got into it, with an almost toothless hay-making rake, I could not fathom. No open window was within view; no window at all was within view, sufficiently near the ground to have enabled their old legs to descend from it; the rusty churchyard-gate was locked, the mouldy church was locked. Gravely among the graves, they made hay, all alone by themselves. They looked like Time and his wife. There was but the one rake between them, and they both had hold of it in a pastorally-loving manner, and there was hay on the old woman's black bonnet, as if the old man had recently been playful. The old man was quite an obsolete old man, in knee-breeches and coarse grey stockings, and the old woman wore mittens like unto his stockings in texture and in colour. They took no heed of me as I looked on, unable to account for them. The old woman was much too

t for a pew-opener, the old man much too
for a beadle. On an old tombstone in the
round between me and them, were two cheru-
; but for those celestial embellishments being
sented as having no possible use for knee-
hes, stockings, or mittens, I should have com-
d them with the hay-makers, and sought a like-
. I coughed and awoke the echoes, but the
makers never looked at me. They used the
with a measured action, drawing the scanty
towards them; and so I was fain to leave
under three yards and a half of darkening
gravely making hay among the graves, all
by themselves. Perhaps they were Spectres,
I wanted a Medium.

another City churchyard of similar cramped
nsions, I saw, that self-same summer, two
fortable charity children. They were making
—tremendous proof of the vigour of that im-
al article, for they were in the graceful uni-
under which English Charity delights to hide
lf—and they were overgrown, and their legs
legs at least, for I am modestly incompetent to
of hers) were as much in the wrong as mere
ve weakness of character can render legs. O
as a leaden churchyard, but no doubt a golden
nd to those young persons! I first saw them
Saturday evening, and, perceiving from their
pation that Saturday evening was their trysting-
, I returned that evening se'nnight, and re-
ed the contemplation of them. They came
to shake the bits of matting which were
ad in the church aisles, and they afterwards
d them up, he rolling his end, she rolling hers,
they met, and over the two once divided now
ed rolls—sweet emblem!—gave and received a

chaste salute. It was so refreshing to find one of my faded churchyards blooming into flower thus, that I returned a second time, and a third, and ultimately this befell:—They had left the church door open, in their dusting and arranging. Walking in to look at the church, I became aware, by the dim light, of him in the pulpit, of her in the reading-desk, of him looking down, of her looking up, exchanging tender discourse. Immediately both dived, and became as it were non-existent on this sphere. With an assumption of innocence I turned to leave the sacred edifice, when an obese form stood in the portal, puffily demanding Joseph, or in default of Joseph, Celia. Taking this monster by the sleeve, and luring him forth on pretence of showing him whom he sought, I gave time for the emergence of Joseph and Celia, who presently came towards us in the churchyard, bending under dusty matting, a picture of thriving and unconscious industry. It would be superfluous to hint that I have ever since deemed this the proudest passage in my life.

But such instances, or any tokens of vitality, are rare indeed in my City churchyards. A few sparrows occasionally try to raise a lively chirrup in their solitary tree—perhaps, as taking a different view of worms from that entertained by humanity—but they are flat and hoarse of voice, like the clerk, the organ, the bell, the clergyman, and all the rest of the Church-works when they are wound up for Sunday. Caged larks, thrushes, or blackbirds, hanging in neighbouring courts, pour forth their strains passionately, as scenting the tree, trying to break out, and see leaves again before they die, but their song is Willow, Willow—of a churchyard cast. So little light lives inside the churche

my churchyards, when the two are co-existent,
t it is often only by an accident and after long
uaintance that I discover their having stained
ss in some odd window. The westering sun
nts into the churchyard by some unwonted entry,
ew prismatic tears drop on an old tombstone,
l a window that I thought was only dirty, is for
moment all bejewelled. Then the light passes
l the colours die. Though even then, if there
room enough for me to fall back so far as that I
gaze up to the top of the Church Tower, I
the rusty vane new burnished, and seeming to
k out with a joyful flash over the sea of smoke
he distant shore of country.

Blinking old men who are let out of workhouses
the hour, have a tendency to sit on bits of
ing stone in these churchyards, leaning with
h hands on their sticks and asthmatically gasp-
The more depressed class of beggars too,
g hither broken meats, and munch. I am on
ding terms with a meditative turncock who
ers in one of them, and whom I suspect of a
for poetry; the rather, as he looks out of
per when he gives the fire-plug a disparaging
nch with that large tuning-fork of his which
ld wear out the shoulder of his coat, but for a
autionary piece of inlaid leather. Fire-ladders,
ch I am satisfied nobody knows anything about,
the keys of which were lost in ancient times,
lder away in the larger churchyards, under
s like wooden eyebrows; and so removed are
e corners from the haunts of men and boys,
once on a fifth of November I found a "Guy"
ted to take care of himself there, while his pro-
tors had gone to dinner. Of the expression of
face I cannot report, because it was turned to

the wall; but his shrugged shoulders and his ten extended fingers, appeared to denote that he had moralised in his little straw chair on the mystery of mortality until he gave it up as a bad job.

You do not come upon these churchyards violently; there are shades of transition in the neighbourhood. An antiquated news shop, or barber's shop, apparently bereft of customers in the earlier days of George the Third, would warn me to look out for one, if any discoveries in this respect were left for me to make. A very quiet court, in combination with an unaccountable dyer's and scourer's, would prepare me for a churchyard. An exceedingly retiring public-house, with a bagatelle-board shadily visible in a sawdusty parlour shaped like an omnibus, and with a shelf of punch-bowls in the bar, would apprise me that I stood near consecrated ground. A "Dairy," exhibiting in its modest window one very little milk-can and three eggs, would suggest to me the certainty of finding the poultry hard by, pecking at my forefathers. I first inferred the vicinity of Saint Ghastly Grim, from a certain air of extra repose and gloom pervading a vast stack of warehouses.

From the hush of these places, it is congenial to pass into the hushed resorts of business. Down the lanes I like to see the carts and waggons huddled together in repose, the cranes idle, and the warehouses shut. Pausing in the alleys behind the closed Banks of mighty Lombard-street, it gives one as good as a rich feeling to think of the broad counters with a rim along the edge, made for telling money out on, the scales for weighing precious metals, the ponderous ledgers, and, above all, the bright copper shovels for shovelling gold. When I draw money, it never seems so much money as

is shovelled at me out of a bright copper
I like to say, "In gold," and to see seven
musically pouring out of the shovel,
enty; the Bank appearing to remark to me
icise *appearing*—"if you want more of
ow earth, we keep it in barrows at your
' To think of the banker's clerk with his
er turning the crisp edges of the Hundred-
Notes he has taken in a fat roll out of a
is again to hear the rustling of that deli-
ith-cash wind. "How will you have it?"
heard this usual question asked at a Bank
of an elderly female, habited in mourning
ped in simplicity, who answered, open-
rook-fingered, laughing with expectation,
ow!" Calling these things to mind as I
nong the Banks, I wonder whether the
litary Sunday man I pass, has designs upon
ks. For the interest and mystery of the
I almost hope he may have, and that his
ate may be at this moment taking impres-
the keys of the iron closets in wax, and
elightful robbery may be in course of trans-
About College-hill, Mark-lane, and so on
the Tower, and Dockward, the deserted
rchants' cellars are fine subjects for con-
n; but the deserted money-cellars of the
, and their plate cellars, and their jewel-
what subterranean regions of the Wonder-
p are these! And again: possibly some
boy in rags, passed through this street yes-
for whom it is reserved to be a Banker in
ss of time, and to be surpassing rich. Such
have been, since the days of Whittington;
e, long before. I want to know whether
has any foreglittering of that glittering for-

time now, when he treads these stones, hungry. Much as I also want to know whether the next man to be hanged at Newgate yonder, had any suspicion upon him that he was moving steadily towards that fate, when he talked so much about the last man who paid the same great debt at the same small Debtors' Door.

Where are all the people who on busy working-days pervade these scenes? The locomotive banker's clerk, who carries a black portfolio chained to him by a chain of steel, where is he? Does he go to bed with his chain on—to church with his chain on—or does he lay it by? And if he lays it by, what becomes of his portfolio when he is unchained for a holiday? The wastepaper baskets of these closed counting-houses would let me into many hints of business matters if I had the exploration of them; and what secrets of the heart should I discover on the "pads" of the young clerks—the sheets of cartridge-paper and blotting-paper interposed between their writing and their desks! Pads are taken into confidence on the tenderest occasions, and oftentimes when I have made a business visit, and have sent in my name from the outer office, have I had it forced on my discursive notice that the officiating young gentleman has over and over again inscribed AMELIA, in ink of various dates, on corners of his pad. Indeed, the pad may be regarded as the legitimate modern successor of the old forest-tree: whereon these young knights (having no attainable forest nearer than Epping) engrave the names of their mistresses. After all, it is a more satisfactory process than carving, and can be oftener repeated. So these courts in their Sunday rest are courts of Love Omnipotent (I rejoice to bethink myself), dry as they look. And here is

rraway's, bolted and shuttered hard and fast! It possible to imagine the man who cuts the sand-hes, on his back in a hayfield; it is possible to gine his desk, like the desk of a clerk at church, hout him; but imagination is unable to pursue men who wait at Garraway's all the week for the n who never come. When they are forcibly put of Garraway's on Saturday night—which they st be, for they never would go out of their own ord—where do they vanish until Monday morn-? On the first Sunday that I ever strayed here, xpected to find them hovering about these lanes, restless ghosts, and trying to peep into Garra-y's through chinks in the shutters, if not endeav-ing to turn the lock of the door with false keys, ys, and screw-drivers. But the wonder is, that y go clean away! And now I think of it, the nder is, that every working-day pervader of these ces goes clean away. The man who sells the s' collars and the little toy coal-scuttles, feels er as great an obligation to go afar off, as Glyn Co., or Smith, Payne, and Smith. There is old monastery-crypt under Garraway's (I have n in it among the port wine), and perhaps Gar-ay's, taking pity on the mouldy men who wait its public-room all their lives, gives them cool se-room down there over Sundays; but the catacombs of Paris would not be large enough to d the rest of the missing. This characteristic London City greatly helps its being the quaint e it is in the weekly pause of business, and tly helps my Sunday sensation in it of being the t Man. In my solitude, the ticket-porters being gone with the rest, I venture to breathe to the t bricks and stones my confidential wonder-t why a ticket-porter, who never does any work

with his hands, is bound to wear a white a
and why a great Ecclesiastical Dignitary,
never does any work with his hands eith
equally bound to wear a black one.

Chapter XXII

AN OLD STAGE-COACHING HOUSE

BEFORE the waitress had shut the door,
forgotten how many stage-coaches sh
used to change horses in the town every day.
it was of little moment; any high number
do as well as another. It had been a great
coaching town in the great stage-coaching
and the ruthless railways had killed and buri

The sign of the house was the Dolphin's
Why only head, I don't know; for the Dol
effigy at full length, and upside down—
Dolphin is always bound to be when artis
treated, though I suppose he is sometimes rig
upward in his natural condition—graced the
board. The sign-board chafed its rusty hook
side the bow-window of my room, and
shabby work. No visitor could have denie
the Dolphin was dying by inches, but he s
no bright colours. He had once served a
master; there was a newer streak of paint
him, displaying with inconsistent freshne
legend, By J. Mellows.

My door opened again, and J. Mellows's
sentative came back. I had asked her w
could have for dinner, and she now returne
the counter question, what would I like?
Dolphin stood possessed of nothing that I d

was fain to yield to the suggestion of a duck, ich I don't like. J. Mellows's representative a mournful young woman, with one eye susible of guidance, and one uncontrollable eye; ich latter, seeming to wander in quest of stageches, deepened the melancholy in which the lphin was steeped.

This young woman had but shut the door on ing again when I bethought me of adding to my r, the words, "with nice vegetables." Lookout at the door to give them emphatic utter-, I found her already in a state of pensive lepsy in the deserted gallery, picking her teeth h a pin.

At the Railway Station seven miles off, I had n the subject of wonder when I ordered a fly in ich to come here. And when I gave the ction "To the Dolphin's Head," I had obed an ominous stare on the countenance of the ng young man in velveteen, who was the platn servant of the Company. He had also called ny driver at parting, "All ri-ight! Don't hang rself when you get there, Geo-o-rge!" in a astic tone, for which I had entertained some sitory thoughts of reporting him to the General nager.

had no business in the town—I never have any iness in any town—but I had been caught by fancy that I would come and look at it in its eneracy. My purpose was fitly inaugurated by Dolphin's Head, which everywhere expressed coachfulness and present coachlessness. Coled prints of coaches, starting, arriving, changing ses, coaches in the sunshine, coaches in the w, coaches in the wind, coaches in the mist and , coaches on the King's birthday, coaches in all

circumstances compatible with their triumph and victory, but never in the act of breaking down or overturning, pervaded the house. Of these works of art, some, framed and not glazed, had holes in them; the varnish of others had become so brown and cracked, that they looked like overdone pie-crust; the designs of others were almost obliterated by the flies of many summers. Broken glasses, damaged frames, lop-sided hanging, and consignment of incurable cripples to places of refuge in dark corners, attested the desolation of the rest. The old room on the ground floor where the passengers of the Highflyer used to dine, had nothing in it but a wretched show of twigs and flower-pots in the broad window to hide the nakedness of the land, and in a corner little Mellows's perambulator, with even its parasol-head turned despondently to the wall. The other room, where post-horse company used to wait while relays were getting ready down the yard, still held its ground, but was as airless as I conceive a hearse to be: insomuch that Mr. Pitt, hanging high against the partition (with spots on him like port wine, though it is mysterious how port wine ever got squirted up there), had good reason for perking his nose and sniffing. The stopperless cruets on the spindle-shanked sideboard were in a miserably dejected state: the anchovy sauce having turned blue some years ago, and the cayenne pepper (with a scoop in it like a small model of a wooden leg) having turned solid. The old fraudulent candles which were always being paid for and never used, were burnt out at last; but their tall stilts of candlesticks still lingered, and still outraged the human intellect by pretending to be silver. The mouldy old unreformed Borough Member, with his right hand be-

l up in the breast of his coat, and his back
cteristically turned on bales of petitions from
nstituents, was there too; and the poker which
had been among the fire-irons, lest post-
company should overstir the fire, was *not*
, as of old.

rsuing my researches in the Dolphin's Head,
und it sorely shrunken. When J. Mellows
into possession, he had walled off half the
which was now a tobacco-shop with its own
nce in the yard—the once glorious yard where
ost-boys, whip in hand and always buttoning
waistcoats at the last moment, used to come
ing forth to mount and away. A "Scientific
ing-Smith and Veterinary Surgeon," had
er encroached upon the yard; and a grimly
cal Jobber, who announced himself as having
et "A neat one-horse fly, and a one-horse
" had established his business, himself, and his
y, in a part of the extensive stables. Another
was lopped clean off from the Dolphin's Head,
now comprised a chapel, a wheelwright's, and
oung Men's Mutual Improvement and Dis-
on Society (in a loft): the whole forming a back

No audacious hand had plucked down the
from the central cupola of the stables, but it
grown rusty and stuck at N—Nil: while the
or two of pigeons that remained true to their
stral traditions and the place, had collected in a
on the roof-ridge of the only outhouse retained
he Dolphin, where all the inside pigeons tried
ush the outside pigeon off. This I accepted as
lematical of the struggle for post and place in
ay times.

untering forth into the town, by way of the
red and pillared entrance to the Dolphin's

Yard, once redolent of soup and stable-litter, redolent of musty disuse, I paced the street was a hot day, and the little sun-blinds of the were all drawn down, and the more enterp tradesmen had caused their 'Prentices to t water on the pavement appertaining to their age. It looked as if they had been shedding for the stage-coaches, and drying their ineffi pocket-handkerchiefs. Such weakness would been excusable; for business was—as one de porkman who kept a shop which refuse reciprocate the compliment by keeping hin formed me—"bitter bad." Most of the ha makers and corn-dealers were gone the way t coaches, but it was a pleasant recognition t eternal procession of Children down tha original steep Incline, the Valley of the Sh that those tradesmen were mostly succeede vendors of sweetmeats and cheap toys. opposition house to the Dolphin, once fam the New White Hart, had long collapsed. I of abject depression, it had cast whitewash windows, and boarded up its front door, reduced itself to a side entrance; but even th proved a world too wide for the Literary Insti which had been its last phase; for the Insti had collapsed too, and of the ambitious letters inscription on the White Hart's front, all had off but these:

L Y INS T

—suggestive of Lamentably Insolvent. As neighbouring market-place, it seemed to wholly relinquished marketing, to the dea crockery whose pots and pans straggled half it, and to the Cheap Jack who sat with folded

e shafts of his cart, superciliously gazing around ;
elveteen waistcoat, evidently harbouring grave
ts whether it was worth his while to stay a
in such a place.
he church bells began to ring as I left this
but they by no means improved the case, for
said, in a petulant way, and speaking with
difficulty in their irritation, "WHAT's-be-
-of-THE-coach-ES!" Nor would they (I
d on listening) ever vary their emphasis, save
spect of growing more sharp and vexed, but
iably went on, "WHAT's-be-come-of-THE
-ES!"—always beginning the inquiry with an
lite abruptness. Perhaps from their elevation
saw the railway, and it aggravated them.
oming upon a coachmaker's workshop, I began
ok about me with a revived spirit, thinking
perchance I might behold there some remains
e old times of the town's greatness. There
only one man at work—a dry man, grizzled,
far advanced in years, but tall and upright,
becoming aware of me looking on, straight-
his back, pushed up his spectacles against his
n paper cap, and appeared inclined to defy
To whom I pacifically said :
Good day, sir!"
What?" said he.
Good day, sir."
e seemed to consider about that, and not to
with me.—"Was you a looking for any-
?" he then asked, in a pointed manner.
I was wondering whether there happened to
y fragment of an old stage-coach here."
Is that all?"
That's all."
No, there ain't."

It was now my turn to say "Oh!" and I sai it. Not another word did the dry and grizzle man say, but bent to his work again. In the coach making days, the coach-painters had tried the brushes on a post beside him; and quite a Calend of departed glories was to be read upon it, in blu and yellow and red and green, some inches thick Presently he looked up again.

"You seem to have a deal of time on you hands," was his querulous remark.

I admitted the fact.

"I think it's a pity you was not brought up something," said he.

I said I thought so too.

Appearing to be informed with an idea, he la down his plane (for it was a plane he was at wo with), pushed up his spectacles again, and came the door.

"Would a po-shay do for you?" he asked.

"I am not sure that I understand what yo mean."

"Would a po-shay," said the coachmaker, stan ing close before me, and folding his arms in t manner of a cross-examining counsel—"would po-shay meet the views you have expressed? Yo or no?"

"Yes."

"Then you keep straight along down there till y see one. *You'll* see one if you go fur enough."

With that, he turned me by the shoulder in t direction I was to take, and went in and resum his work against a background of leaves and grap For, although he was a soured man and a disco tented, his workshop was that agreeable mixture town and country, street and garden, which often to be seen in a small English town.

I went the way he had turned me, and I came the Beer-shop with the sign of The First and st, and was out of the town on the old London id. I came to the Turnpike, and I found it, in silent way, eloquent respecting the change that d fallen on the road. The Turnpike-house was overgrown with ivy; and the Turnpike-keeper, able to get a living out of the tolls, plied the de of a cobbler. Not only that, but his wife d ginger-beer, and, in the very window of espial rough which the Toll-takers of old times used th awe to behold the grand London coaches ming on at a gallop, exhibited for sale little rber's-poles of sweetstuff in a sticky lantern.

The political economy of the master of the turn-ke thus expressed itself.

"How goes turnpike business, master?" said I him, as he sat in his little porch, repairing a oe.

"It don't go at all, master," said he to me. It's stopped."

"That's bad," said I.

"Bad?" he repeated. And he pointed to one his sunburnt dusty children who was climbing e turnpike-gate, and said, extending his open ht hand in remonstrance with Universal Nature. Five on 'em!"

"But how to improve Turnpike business?" id I.

"There's a way, master," said he, with the air one who had thought deeply on the subject.

"I should like to know it."

"Lay a toll on everything as comes through; a toll on walkers. Lay another toll on every-ing as don't come through; lay a toll on them as ops at home."

"Would the last remedy be fair?"

"Fair? Them as stops at home, could come through if they liked; couldn't they?"

"Say they could."

"Toll 'em. If they don't come through, it's *their* look out. Anyways,—Toll 'em!"

Finding it was as impossible to argue with this financial genius as if he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently the right man in the right place, I passed on meekly.

My mind now began to misgive me that the district appointed coachmaker had sent me on a wild-goose errand, and that there was no post-chaise in those parts. But coming within view of certain allotment-gardens by the roadside, I retracted this suspicion, and confessed that I had done him an injustice. For, there I saw, surely, the poorest superannuated post-chaise left on earth.

It was a post-chaise taken off its axletree and wheels, and plumped down on the clayey soil among a ragged growth of vegetables. It was a post-chaise not even set straight upon the ground but tilted over, as if it had fallen out of a balloon. It was a post-chaise that had been a long time in those decayed circumstances, and against which scarlet beans were trained. It was a post-chaise patched and mended with old teatrays, or with scraps of iron that looked like them, and boarded up as to the windows, but having A KNOCKER on the off-side door. Whether it was a post-chaise used as tool-house, summer-house, or dwelling-house, I could not discover, for there was nobody at home at the post-chaise when I knocked; but it was certainly used for something, and locked up. In the wonder of this discovery, I walked round and round the post-chaise many times, and sat down by

ost-chaise, waiting for further elucidation, came. At last, I made my way back to the ondon road by the further end of the allot-gardens, and consequently at a point beyond rom which I had diverged. I had to scram-rough a hedge and down a steep bank, and I came down a-top of a little spare man who aking stones by the roadside.

stayed his hammer, and said, regarding me riously through his dark goggles of wire:

re you aware, sir, that you've been trespass-

turned out of the way," said I, in explana-" to look at that odd post-chaise. Do you n to know anything about it?"

know it was many a year upon the road," e.

o I suppose. Do you know to whom it be-?"

e stone-breaker bent his brows and goggles his heap of stones, as if he were considering ier he should answer the question or not. , raising his barred eyes to my features as be-he said:

o me."

ng quite unprepared for the reply, I received h a sufficiently awkward "Indeed! Dear Presently I added, "Do you—" I was to say "live there," but it seemed so absurd tion, that I substituted "live near hear?"

e stone-breaker, who had not broken a frag-since we began to converse, then did as fol-He raised himself by poising his figure on mmer, and took his coat, on which he had seated, over his arm. He then backed to an part of the bank than that by which I had

not until then that I noticed he had bee
by a grass-grown milestone, which loo
tombstone erected over the grave of t
road.

My dinner-hour being close at hand
leisure to pursue the goggles or the subjec
made my way back to the Dolphin's
the gateway I found J. Mellows, looki
ing, and apparently experiencing that
raise his spirits.

"*I* don't care for the town," said J.
when I complimented him on the sanit
tages it may or may not possess; "I
never seen the town!"

"You don't belong to it, Mr. Mellov

"Belong to it!" repeated Mellows
didn't belong to a better style of towr
I'd take and drown myself in a pail."
curred to me that Mellows, having so
was habitually thrown back on his i
sources—by which I mean the Dolphin'

I found the document in question stretched out
t on the coffee-room table by the aid of certain
ights from the kitchen, and I gave it the addi-
nal weight of my uncommercial signature. To
e best of my belief, I bound myself to the modest
tement that universal traffic, happiness, pros-
rity, and civilisation, together with unbounded
tional triumph in competition with the foreigner,
uld infallibly flow from the Branch.

Having achieved this constitutional feat, I asked
r. Mellows if he could grace my dinner with a
t of good wine? Mr. Mellows thus replied:
"If I couldn't give you a pint of good wine, I'd
there!—I'd take and drown myself in a pail.
t I was deceived when I bought this business,
d the stock was higgledy-piggledy, and I haven't
t tasted my way quite through it with a view to
rting it. Therefore, if you order one kind and
t another, change till it comes right. For what,"
id Mellows, unloading his hat as before, "what
uld you or any gentleman do, if you ordered
e kind of wine and was required to drink an-
her? Why, you'd (and naturally and properly,
wing the feelings of a gentleman), you'd take and
own yourself in a pail!"

Chapter XXIII

THE BOILED BEEF OF NEW ENGLAND

THE shabbiness of our English capital, as compared with Paris, Bordeaux, Frankfort, Milan, eneva—almost any important town on the con-
ent of Europe—I find very striking after an ab-

sence of any duration in foreign parts. London is shabby in contrast with Edinburgh, with Aberdeen, with Exeter, with Liverpool, with a bright little town like Bury St. Edmunds. London is shabby in contrast with New York, with Boston, with Philadelphia. In detail, one would say it can rarely fail to be a disappointing piece of shabbiness, to a stranger from any of those places. There is nothing shabbier than Drury-lane, in Rome itself. The meanness of Regent-street, set against the great line of Boulevards in Paris, is as striking as the abortive ugliness of Trafalgar-square, set against the gallant beauty of the Palace de la Concorde. London is shabby by daylight, and shabbier by gaslight. No Englishman knows what gaslight is, until he sees the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal after dark.

The mass of London people are shabby. The absence of distinctive dress has, no doubt, something to do with it. The porters of the Vintners' Company, the draymen, and the butchers, are about the only people who wear distinctive dresses; and even these do not wear them on holidays. We have nothing which for cheapness, cleanliness, convenience, or picturesqueness, can compare with the belted blouse. As to our women;—next Easter or Whitsuntide, look at the bonnets at the British Museum or the National Gallery, and think of the pretty white French cap, the Spanish mantilla, or the Genoese mezzero.

Probably there are not more second-hand clothes sold in London than in Paris, and yet the mass of the London population have a second-hand look which is not to be detected on the mass of the Parisian population. I think this is mainly because a Parisian workman does not in the least trouble him-

f about what is worn by a Parisian idler, but sses in the way of his own class, and for his n comfort. In London, on the contrary, the hions descend; and you never fully know how onvenient or ridiculous a fashion is, until you see n its last descent. It was but the other day, on race-course, that I observed four people in a ouche deriving great entertainment from the ntemplation of four people on foot. The four ple on foot were two young men and two young men; the four people in the barouche were two ung men and two young women. The four ung women were dressed in exactly the ne style; the four young men were dressed in actly the same style. Yet the two couples on eels were as much amused by the two couples foot, as if they were quite unconscious of having mselves set those fashions, or of being at that y moment engaged in the display of them.

Is it only in the matter of clothes that fashion scends here in London—and consequently in gland—and thence shabbiness arises? Let us nk a little, and be just. The "Black Country" nd about Birmingham, is a very black country; t is it quite as black as it has been lately painted? a appalling accident happened at the People's rk near Birmingham, this last July, when it was owded with people from the Black Country—an palling accident consequent on a shamefully ngerous exhibition. Did the shamefully danger- s exhibition originate in the moral blackness of e Black Country and in the Black People's pecul- love of the excitement attendant on great per- nal hazard, which they looked on at, but in which ey did not participate? Light is much wanted in e Black Country. O we are all agreed on that.

All this must not be eclipsed in the Blac
the Black Country. The reserved seats
by the rope, the cleared space below it, s
one should be smashed but the performer,
tence of slipping and falling off, the baske
feet and the sack for the head, the phc
everywhere, and the virtuous indignation
—all this must not be wholly swallowed
blackness of the jet-black country.

Whatsoever fashion is set in England,
to descend. This is a text for a perpetua
on care in setting fashions. When yo
fashion low down, look back for the tim
never be far off) when it was the fashion
This is the text for a perpetual sermon
justice. From imitations of Ethiopian Se
to imitations of Prince's coats and waistc
will find the original model in St. James'
When the Serenaders become tiresome, tr
beyond the Black Country; when the c
waistcoats become insupportable, refer then

ickets of gentlemen, and enhanced their comforts, is because working men could scarcely, for want capital, originate such combinations without lp; and because help has not been separable from at great impertinence, Patronage. The instinctive volt of his spirit against patronage, is a quality uch to be respected in the English working man. is the base of the base of his best qualities. or is it surprising that he should be unduly sus- ious of patronage, and sometimes resentful of it en where it is not, seeing what a flood of washy k has been let loose on his devoted head, or with at complacent condescension the same devoted ad has been smoothed and patted. It is a proof me of his self-control that he never strikes out gilistically, right and left, when addressed as one "My friends," or "My assembled friends;" t he does not become inappeasable, and run uck like a Malay, whenever he sees a biped in addcloth getting on a platform to talk to him; t any pretence of improving his mind, does not tantly drive him out of his mind, and cause him toss his obliging patron like a mad bull.

For, how often have I heard the unfortunate rking man lectured, as if he were a little charity- ld, humid as to his nasal development, strictly ral as to his Catechism, and called by Providence walk all his days in a station in life represented festive occasions by a mug of warm milk-and- ter and a bun! What popguns of jokes have se ears tingled to hear let off at him, what nine sentiments, what impotent conclusions, at spelling-book moralities, what adaptations of orator's insufferable tediousness to the assumed el of his understanding! If his sledge-hammers, spades and pick-axes, his saws and chisels, his

have heard him discoursed to times in
Consequently, not being a fool or a fawn
come to acknowledge his patronage by
saying: "Let me alone. If you unde
no better than *that*, sir and madam, let
You mean very well, I dare say, but I
it, and I won't come here again to have
of it."

Whatever is done for the comfort an
ment of the working man must be so f
himself as that it is maintained by him
there must be in it no touch of condesc
shadow of patronage. In the great we
tricts, this truth is studied and understoo
the American civil war rendered it nece
in Glasglow, and afterwards in Manch
the working people should be shown ho
themselves of the advantages derivable fr
and from the combination of numbers, in th
and the cooking of their food, this truth
all things borne in mind. The quick co
was that suspicion and reluctance were

attracted by the following hand-bill
ose-coloured paper:

SELF-SUPPORTING
COOKING DEPÔT
THE WORKING CLASSES,
nmercial-street, Whitechapel,

commodation is provided for Dining
ortably 300 Persons at a time.

pen from 7 A. M. till 7 P. M.

PRICES.

Articles of the BEST QUALITY.

or Coffee	One Penny
Jutter	One Penny
Cheese	One Penny
d . . One half-penny or .	One Penny
. . . . .	One Penny
. . . . .	One Penny

e above Articles always ready.

bove may be had, from 12 to 3 o'clock,

tch Broth	One Penny
p	One Penny
toes	One Penny
ced Beef	Twopence
d Beef	Twopence
d Ham	Twopence
n Pudding or Rice . .	One Penny

Economy of Cooking depends greatly
plicity of the arrangements with which
ber of persons can be served at one

time, the Upper Room of this Establishment be especially set apart for a

PUBLIC DINNER EVERY DAY

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Consisting of the following Dishes:

Bowl of Broth, or Soup,
Plate of Cold Beef or Ham,
Plate of Potatoes,
Plum Pudding, or Rice,

FIXED CHARGE 4½*d.*

THE DAILY PAPERS PROVIDED.

N.B.—This Establishment is conducted on strictest business principles, with the full inten of making it self-supporting, so that every one frequent it with a feeling of perfect independen The assistance of all frequenting the Dep confidently expected in checking anything inte ing with the comfort, quiet, and regularity of establishment.

Please do not destroy this Hand Bill, but ha to some other person whom it may interest.

This Self-Supporting Cooking Depôt (not a good name, and one would rather give it an lish one) had hired a newly-built warehouse t found to let; therefore it was not establishe premises specially designed for the purpose. at a small cost they were exceedingly well ad to the purpose: being light, well ventilated, c and cheerful. They consisted of three large ro That on the basement story was the kitchen; on the ground floor was the general dining-r that on the floor above was the Upper Roo

n the hand-bill, where the Public Dinner
ce-halfpenny a head was provided every
cooking was done, with much economy
d fuel, by American cooking-stoves, and
women not previously brought up as
walls and pillars of the two dining-
e agreeably brightened with ornamental
ie tables were capable of accommodating
it persons each; the attendants were all
nen, becomingly and neatly dressed, and
ke. I think the whole staff was female,
ception of the steward or manager.

inquiries were directed to the wages of
because, if any establishment claiming to
porting, live upon the spoliation of any-
ything, or eke out a feeble existence by
is and beggarly resources (as too many so-
chanics' Institutions do), I make bold to
y Uncommercial opinion that it has no
live, and had better die. It was made
ie by the account books, that every per-
yed was properly paid. My next in-
e directed to the quality of the provi-
hased, and to the terms on which they
ht. It was made equally clear to me
ality was the very best, and that all bills
weekly. My next inquiries were directed
nce-sheet for the last two weeks—only
nd fourth of the establishment's career.
le equally clear to me, that after every-
ht was paid for, and after each week
d with its full share of wages, rent and
eciation of plant in use, and interest on
the rate of four per cent. per annum, the
had yielded a profit of (in round num-
pound ten; and the previous week a

profit of six pounds ten. By this time I felt that I had a healthy appetite for the dinners.

It had just struck twelve, and a quick succession of faces had already begun to appear at a little window in the wall of the partitioned space where I sat looking over the books. Within this little window, like a pay-box at a theatre, a neat and brisk young woman presided to take money and issue tickets. Every one coming in must take a ticket. Either the fourpence-halfpenny ticket for the upper room (the most popular ticket, I think), or a penny ticket for a bowl of soup, or as many penny tickets as he or she chose to buy. For three penny tickets one had quite a wide range of choice. A plate of cold boiled beef and potatoes; or a plate of cold ham and potatoes; or a plate of hot minced beef and potatoes; or a bowl of soup, bread and cheese, and a plate of plum-pudding. Touching what they should have, some customers on taking their seats fell into a reverie—became mildly distracted—postponed decision, and said in bewilderment, they would think of it. One old man I noticed when I sat among the tables in the lower room, who was startled by the bill of fare, and sat contemplating it as if it were something of a ghostly nature. The decision of the boys was as rapid as their execution, and always included pudding.

There were several women among the diners, and several clerks and shopmen. There were carpenters and painters from the neighbouring buildings under repair, and there were nautical men, and there were, as one diner observed to me, "some of most sorts." Some were solitary, some came two together, some dined in parties of three or four, or six. The latter talked together, but assuredly no one was louder than at my club in Pall-Mall. One

whistled in rather a shrill manner
d for his dinner, but I was gratified
he did so in evident defiance of my
individuality. Quite agreeing with
eration, that I had no business to be
dined like the rest, I "went in," as
or fourpence-halfpenny.

of the fourpence-halfpenny banquet
wer room, a counter in it, on which
great number of cold portions ready
. Behind this counter, the fragrant
ming in deep cans, and the best-
toes were fished out of similar re-
thing to eat was touched with the
waitress had her own tables to at-
soon as she saw a new customer seat
of her tables, she took from the
dinner—his soup, potatoes, meat,
-piled it up dexterously in her two
fore him, and took his ticket. This
whole dinner at once, had been
simplify the business of attendance,
popular with the customers: who
bled to vary the meal by varying the
hes: beginning with soup to-day,
the middle to-morrow, putting soup
day after to-morrow, and ringing
on meat and pudding. The rapidity
ery new comer got served, was re-
the dexterity with which the
te new to the art a month before)
r duty, was as agreeable to see, as
ess with which they wore their dress
their hair.

saw better waiting, so I certainly
r meat, potatoes, or pudding. And

the soup was an honest and stout soup, with rice and barley in it, and "little matters for the teeth to touch," as had been observed to me by my friend below stairs already quoted. The dinner-service, too, was neither conspicuously hideous for High Art nor for Low Art, but was of a pleasant and pure appearance. Concerning the viands and their cookery, one last remark. I dined at my club in Pall-Mall aforesaid, a few days afterwards, for exactly twelve times the money, and not half as well.

The company thickened after one o'clock struck, and changed pretty quickly. Although experience of the place had been so recently attainable, and although there was still considerable curiosity out in the street and about the entrance, the general tone was as good as could be, and the customers fell easily into the ways of the place. It was clear to me, however, that they were there to have what they paid for, and to be on an independent footing. To the best of my judgment, they might be patronised out of the building in a month. With judicious visiting, and by dint of being questioned, read to, and talked at, they might even be got rid of (for the next quarter of a century) in half the time.

This disinterested and wise movement is fraught with so many wholesome changes in the lives of the working people, and with so much good in the way of overcoming that suspicion which our own unconscious impertinence has engendered, that it is scarcely gracious to criticise details as yet; the rather, because it is indisputable that the managers of the Whitechapel establishment most thoroughly feel that they are upon their honour with the customers, as to the minutest points of administration. But,

ough the American stoves cannot roast, they can
ly boil one kind of meat as well as another, and
d not always circumscribe their boiling talents
hin the limits of ham and beef. The most en-
iastic admirer of those substantials, would prob-
not object to occasional inconstancy in respect
ork and mutton: or, especially in cold weather,
a little innocent trifling with Irish stews, meat
, and toads in holes. Another drawback on
Whitechapel establishment, is the absence of
r. Regarded merely as a question of policy, it
ery impolitic, as having a tendency to send the
rking men to the public-house, where gin is re-
ted to be sold. But, there is a much higher
und on which this absence of beer is objection-
e. It expresses distrust of the working man. It
a fragment of that old mantle of patronage in
ich so many estimable Thugs, so darkly wander-
up and down the moral world, are sworn to
ffle him. Good beer is a good thing for him,
says, and he likes it; the Depôt could give it
good, and he now gets it bad. Why does the
pôt not give it him good? Because he would
drunk. Why does the Depôt not let him have
int with his dinner, which would not make him
nk? Because he might have had another pint,
another two pints, before he came. Now, this
rust is an affront, is exceedingly inconsistent
h the confidence the managers express in their
d-bills, and is a timid stopping-short upon the
ight highway. It is unjust and unreasonable,
. It is unjust, because it punishes the sober
for the vice of the drunken man. It is un-
onable, because any one at all experienced in
things knows that the drunken workman does
get drunk where he goes to eat and drink, but

where he goes to drink—expressly to drink. To pose that the working man cannot state this que to himself quite as plainly as I state it here, suppose that he is a baby, and is again to tell in the old wearisome condescending patron way that he must be goody-poody, and do as toldy-poldy, and not be a manny-panny or a v poter, but fold his handy-pandys, and be a ch pildy.

I found from the accounts of the Whitec Self-Supporting Cooking Depôt, that every a sold in it, even at the prices I have quoted, yie certain small profit! Individual speculators a course already in the field, and are of course al appropriating the name. The classes for w benefit the real depôts are designed, will distin between the two kinds of enterprise.

Chapter XXIV

CHATHAM DOCKYARD

THERE are some small out-of-the-way lan places on the Thames and the Medway, w I do much of my summer idling. Running wa favourable to day-dreams, and a strong tidal ri the best of running water for mine. I lik watch the great ships standing out to sea or co home richly laden, the active little steam-tugs fidently puffing with them to and from the horizon, the fleet of barges that seem to plucked their brown and russet sails from the trees in the landscape, the heavy old colliers, in ballast, floundering down before the tide light screw barks and schooners imperiously hu

ght course while the others patiently tack and out, the yachts with their tiny hulls and great sheets of canvas, the little sailing-boats bob- to and fro on their errands of pleasure or ss, and—as it is the nature of little people to naking a prodigious fuss about their small . Watching these objects, I still am under ligation to think about them, or even so much see them, unless it perfectly suits my humour. tle am I obliged to hear the plash and flop of de, the ripple at my feet, the clinking windlass ff, or the humming steam-ship paddles further yet. These, with the creaking little jetty on I sit, and the gaunt high-water marks and vater marks in the mud, and the broken way, and the broken bank, and the broken and piles leaning forward as if they were of their personal appearance and looking for reflection in the water, will melt into any train ncy. Equally adaptable to any purpose or to are the pasturing sheep and kine upon the es, the gulls that wheel and dip around me, rows (well out of gunshot) going home from ich harvest-fields, the heron that has been out ing and looks as melancholy, up there in the s if it hadn't agreed with him. Everything n the range of the senses will, by the aid of nning water, lend itself to everything beyond range, and work into a drowsy whole, not a kind of tune, but for which there is no definition.

e of these landing-places is near an old fort (I ee the Nore Light from it with my pocket- , from which fort mysteriously emerges a boy, om I am much indebted for additions to my stock of knowledge. He is a young boy,

with an intelligent face burnt to a dust colour b
the summer sun, and with crisp hair of the sam
hue. He is a boy in whom I have perceive
nothing incompatible with habits of studious inquir
and meditation, unless an evanescent black eye (
was delicate of inquiring how occasioned) should l
so considered. To him am I indebted for abili
to identify a Custom-house boat at any distance
and for acquaintance with all the forms and cer
monies observed by a homeward-bound Indiama
coming up the river, when the Custom-hou
officers go aboard her. But for him, I might nev
have heard of "the dumb-ague," respecting whi
malady I am now learned. Had I never sat at h
feet, I might have finished my mortal career an
never known that when I see a white horse on
barge's sail, that barge is a lime barge. F
precious secrets in reference to beer, am I likewi
beholden to him, involving warning against th
beer of a certain establishment, by reason of i
having turned sour through failure in point of d
mand: though my young sage is not of opinion th
similar deterioration has befallen the ale. He h
also enlightened me touching the mushrooms of th
marshes, and has gently reproved my ignorance
having supposed them to be impregnated with sa
His manner of imparting information, is thoughtfu
and appropriate to the scene. As he reclines beside
me, he pitches into the river, a little stone or pie
of grit, and then delivers himself oracularly,
though he spoke out of the centre of the spreadi
circle that it makes in the water. He never in
proves my mind without observing this formula.

With the wise boy—whom I know by no oth
name than the Spirit of the Fort—I recently co
sorted on a breezy day when the river leaped abo

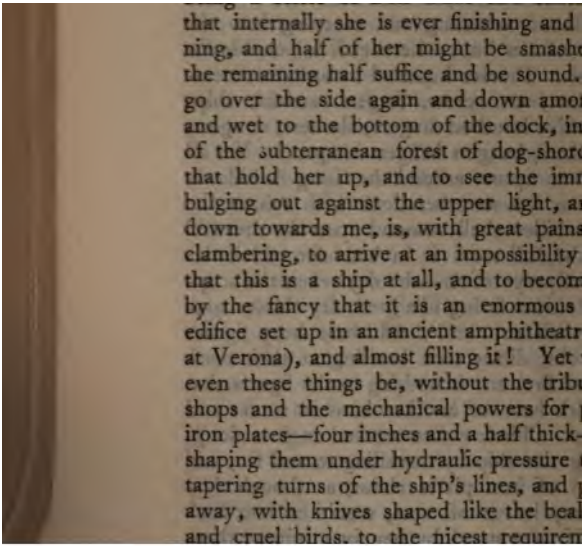
and was full of life. I had seen the sheaved
n carrying in the golden fields as I came down
the river; and the rosy farmer, watching his
ouring-men in the saddle on his cob, had told
how he had reaped his two hundred and sixty
s of long-strawed corn last week, and how a
er week's work he had never done in all his
s. Peace and abundance were on the country-
in beautiful forms and beautiful colours, and
harvest seemed even to be sailing out to grace
never-reaped sea in the yellow-laden barges
mellowed the distance.

t was on this occasion that the Spirit of the
t, directing his remarks to a certain floating iron
ery lately lying in that reach of the river,
ched my mind with his opinions on naval archi-
ure, and informed me that he would like to be
engineer. I found him up to everything that is
e in the contracting line by Messrs. Peto and
ssey—cunning in the article of concrete—mel-
in the matter of iron—great on the subject of
nery. When he spoke of pile-driving and
ce-making, he left me not a leg to stand on,
I can never sufficiently acknowledge his for-
rance with me in my disabled state. While he
discoursed, he several times directed his eyes
one distant quarter of the landscape, and spoke
h vague mysterious awe of "the Yard." Pon-
ng his lessons after we had parted, I bethought
that the Yard was one of our large public
kyards, and that it lay hidden among the crops
n in the dip behind the windmills, as if it
estly kept itself out of view in peaceful times,
sought to trouble no man. Taken with this
esty on the part of the Yard, I resolved to
rove the Yard's acquaintance.

My good opinion of the Yard's retiring character was not dashed by nearer approach. It resounded with the noise of hammers beating upon iron; and the great sheds or slips under which the mighty men-of-war are built, loomed business-like when contemplated from the opposite side of the river. For all that, however, the Yard made no display, but kept itself snug under hill-sides of corn-fields, hop-gardens, and orchards; its great chimneys smoking with a quiet—almost a lazy—air, like giants smoking tobacco; and the great Shears moored off it, looking meekly and inoffensively out of proportion, like the Giraffe of the machinery creation. The store of cannon on the neighbouring gun-wharf, had an innocent toy-like appearance, and the one red-coated sentry on duty over them was a mere toy figure, with a clock-work movement. As the hot sunlight sparkled on him he might have passed for the identical little man who had the little gun, and whose bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead.

Crossing the river and landing at the Stairs, where a drift of chips and weed had been trying to land before me and had not succeeded, but had got into a corner instead, I found the very street posts to be cannon, and the architectural ornaments to be shells. And so I came to the Yard, which was shut up tight and strong with great folded gates, like an enormous patent safe. These gates devouring me, I became digested into the Yard; and it had, at first, a clean-swept holiday air, as if it had given over work until next war-time. Though indeed a quantity of hemp for rope was tumbling out of store-houses, even there, which would hardly be lying like so much hay on the white stones if the Yard were as placid as it pretended.

lash, Dong, BANG, Boom, Rattle, Clash,
nk, BANG, Dong, BANG, Clatter, BANG
G! What on earth is this! This is,
ill be, the Achilles, iron armour-plated
elve hundred men are working at her
ve hundred men working on stages over
over her bows, over her stern, under her
en her decks, down in her hold, within
ithout, crawling and creeping into the
s of her lines wherever it is possible for
st. Twelve hundred hammerers, meas-
kers, armourers, forgers, smiths, ship-
welve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers,
nkers, bangers bangers bangers! Yet all
dous uproar around the rising Achilles is
to the reverberations with which the
Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful
the full work is in hand for which this
of preparation—the day when the scup-
re now fitting like great dry thirsty con-
shall run red. All these busy figures
ecks, dimly seen bending at their work
nd fire, are as nothing to the figures that
ork here of another kind in smoke and
ıy. These steam-worked engines along-
ıg the ship by travelling to and fro, and
ns of iron plates about, as though they
any leaves of trees, would be rent limb
if they stood by her for a minute then.
that this Achilles, monstrous compound
ık and oaken chest, can ever swim or
think that any force of wind and wave
break her! To think that wherever I
ing red-hot iron point thrust out of her
within—as I do now, there, and there,
—and two watching men on a stage


that internally she is ever finishing and
ning, and half of her might be smash
the remaining half suffice and be sound.
go over the side again and down amo
and wet to the bottom of the dock, in
of the subterranean forest of dog-shor
that hold her up, and to see the im
bulging out against the upper light, a
down towards me, is, with great pain
clambering, to arrive at an impossibility
that this is a ship at all, and to becom
by the fancy that it is an enormous
edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatr
at Verona), and almost filling it! Yet
even these things be, without the trib
shops and the mechanical powers for
iron plates—four inches and a half thick
shaping them under hydraulic pressure
tapering turns of the ship's lines, and
away, with knives shaped like the bea
and cruel birds, to the nicest requiren

rk, and lifting its ponderous head, replies,
n't particularly want to do it; but if it must
ne——!" The solid metal wriggles out,
om the monster's crunching tooth, and it *is*
"Dutiful monster, observe this other mass
. It is required to be pared away, accord-
this delicately lessening and arbitrary line,
please to look at." Monster (who has been
verie) brings down its blunt head, and, much
manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks
the line—very closely, being somewhat near-
. "I don't particularly want to do it; but
ust be done——!" Monster takes another
ghted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece
s off, and falls, a hot tight-twisted snake,
the ashes. The making of the rivets is
a pretty round game, played by a man and
who put red-hot barley sugar in a Pope Joan
and immediately rivets fall out of window;
e tone of the great machines is the tone
great Yard and the great country: "We
particularly want to do it; but if it must be
——!"

w such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can
e held by such comparatively little anchors
se intended for her and lying near her here,
nystery of seamanship which I will refer to
ise boy. For my own part, I should as soon
hought of tethering an elephant to a tent-peg,
larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gar-
to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, along-
hulk, lie two of this ship's hollow iron masts.
are large enough for the eye, I find, and so
her other appliances. I wonder why only
chors look small.

ave no present time to think about it, for I

tracts butterflies?

Drawing nearer, I discern that thes
mangles, but intricate machines, set w
and saws and planes, which cut smooth a
here, and slantwise there, and now c
depth, and now miss cutting altogether,
to the predestined requirements of the
wood that are pushed on below them
which pieces is to be an oar, and is rough
to that purpose before it takes its final le
off forests, and sails for England. Like
cern that the butterflies are not true butt
wooden shavings, which, being spirte
the wood by the violence of the mach
kept in rapid and not equal movement by t
of its rotation on the air, flutter and pla
and fall, and conduct themselves as like
as heart could wish. Suddenly the noi
tion cease, and the butterflies drop dead
has been made since I came in, wanting
handle. As quickly as I can follow i

, and they have to be made by hand. Side by with the subtle and facile machine, and side by with the fast-growing pile of oars on the floor, n shapes out these special oars with an axe. ıded by no butterflies, and chipping and dint- by comparison as leisurely as if he were a la- ng Pagan getting them ready against his de- at threescore and ten, to take with him as a nt to Charon for his boat, the man (aged thirty) plies his task. The machine would a regulation oar while the man wipes his ead. The man might be buried in a mound of the strips of thin broad wooden ribbon from the wood whirled into oars as the min- fall from the clock, before he had done a fore- 's work with his axe.

ssing from this wonderful sight to the Ships —for my heart, as to the Yard, is where the are—I notice certain unfinished wooden walls easoning on the stocks, pending the solution e merits of the wood and iron question, and g an air of biding their time with surly con- e. The names of these worthies are set up them, together with their capacity in guns— tom highly conducive to ease and satisfaction ial intercourse, if it could be adapted to man-

By a plank more gracefully pendulous than ıntial, I make bold to go aboard a transport iron screw) just sent in from the contractor's to be inspected and passed. She is a very ying experience, in the simplicity and human- her arrangements for troops, in her provision ght and air and cleanliness, and in her care omen and children. It occurs to me, as I re her, that I would require a handsome sum ney to go aboard her, at midnight by the

Dockyard bell, and stay aboard alone till morning; for surely she must be haunted by a crowd of ghosts of obstinate old martinets, mournfully flapping their cherubic epaulettes over the changed times. Though still we may learn from the astounding ways and means in our Yards now, more highly than ever to respect the forefathers who got to sea, and fought the sea, and held the sea, without them. This remembrance putting me in the best of tempers with an old hulk, very green as to her copper, and generally dim and patched, I pull off my hat to her. Which salutation a callow and downy-faced young officer of Engineers, going by at the moment, perceiving, appropriates—and to which he is most heartily welcome, I am sure.

Having been torn to pieces (in imagination) by the steam circular saws, perpendicular saws, horizontal saws, and saws of eccentric action, I come to the sauntering part of my expedition, and consequently to the core of my Uncommercial pursuits.

Everywhere, as I saunter up and down the Yard, I meet with tokens of its quiet and retiring character. There is a gravity upon its red brick offices and houses, a staid pretence of having nothing worth mentioning to do, an avoidance of display, which I never saw out of England. The white stones of the pavement present no other trace of Achilles and his twelve hundred banging men (not one of whom strikes an attitude) than a few occasional echoes. But for a whisper in the air suggestive of sawdust and shavings, the oar-making and the saws of many movements might be miles away. Down below here, is the great reservoir of water where timber is steeped in various temperatures, as a part of its seasoning process. Above it, on a tramroad supported by pillars, is a Chinese

hanter's Car, which fishes the logs up, when ciently steeped, and rolls smoothly away with n to stack them. When I was a child (the d being then familiar to me) I used to think I should like to play at Chinese Enchanter, to have that apparatus placed at my disposal for purpose by a beneficent country. I still think I should rather like to try the effect of writing ok in it. Its retirement is complete, and to go ng to and fro among the stacks of timber would convenient kind of travelling in foreign coun- —among the forests of North America, the len Honduras swamps, the dark pine woods, Norwegian frosts, and the tropical heats, rainy ons, and thunder-storms. The costly store of er is stacked and stowed away in sequestered es, with the pervading avoidance of flourish or t. It makes as little of itself as possible, and to no one "Come and look at me!" And it is picked from the trees of the world; picked for length, picked out for breadth, picked out straightness, picked out for crookedness, chosen an eye to every need of ship and boat. ngely twisted pieces lie about, precious in the t of shipwrights. Sauntering through these es, I come upon an open glade where work- are examining some timber recently delivered. te a pastoral scene, with a back-ground of river windmill! and no more like War than the erican States are at present like an Union.

auntering among the ropemaking, I am spun a state of blissful indolence, wherein my rope ife seems to be so untwisted by the process as I can see back to very early days indeed, when bad dreams—*they* were frightful, though my *mature understanding* has never made out

why—were of an interminable sort of ropemaking, with long minute filaments for strands, which, when they were spun home together close to my eyes, occasioned screaming. Next, I walk among the quiet lofts of stores—of sails, spars, rigging, ships' boats—determined to believe that somebody in authority wears a girdle and bends beneath the weight of a massive bunch of keys, and that, when such a thing is wanted, he comes telling his keys like Blue Beard, and opens such a door. Impassive as the long lofts look, let the electric battery send down the word, and the shutters and doors shall fly open, and such a fleet of armed ships, under steam and under sail, shall burst forth as will charge the old Medway—where the merry Stuart let the Dutch come, while his not so merry sailors starved in the streets—with something worth looking at to carry to the sea. Thus I idle round to the Medway again, where it is now flood tide; and I find the river evincing a strong solicitude to force a way into the dry dock where Achilles is waited on by the twelve hundred bangers, with intent to bear the whole away before they are ready.

To the last, the Yard puts a quiet face upon it; for I make my way to the gates through a little quiet grove of trees, shading the quaintest of Dutch landing-places, where the leaf-speckled shadow of a shipwright just passing away at the further end might be the shadow of Russian Peter himself. So, the doors of the great patent safe at last close upon me, and I take boat again: somehow, thinking as the oars dip, of braggart Pistol and his brood, and of the quiet monsters of the Yard, with their "We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done ——!" Scrunch.

Chapter XXV

IN THE FRENCH-FLEMISH COUNTRY

IT is neither a bold nor a diversfied country," said I to myself, "this country which is ee-quarters Flemish, and a quarter French; yet has its attractions too. Though great lines of way traverse it, the trains leave it behind, and puffing off to Paris and the South, to Belgium Germany, to the Northern Sea-Coast of nce, and to England, and merely smoke it a e in passing. Then I don't know it, and that good reason for being here; and I can't pro- nce half the long queer names I see inscribed the shops, and that is another good reason for g here, since I surely ought to learn how." In rt, I was "here," and I wanted an excuse for going away from here, and I made it to my sfaction, and stayed here.

What part in my decision was borne by Mon- r P. Salcy, is of no moment, though I own to ountering that gentleman's name on a red on the wall, before I made up my mind. nsieur P. Salcy, "par permission de M. le ire," had established his theatre in the white- hed Hôtel de Ville, on the steps of which trious edifice I stood. And Monsieur P. Salcy, rileged director of such theatre, situate in "the theatrical arrondissement of the department of North," invited French-Flemish mankind to ne and partake of the intellectual banquet pro- d by his family of dramatic artists, fifteen sub- s in number. "La Famille P. Salcy, com- ée d'artistes dramatiques, au nombre de 15 ts."

Neither a bold nor a diversified country, I say again, and withal an untidy country, but pleasant enough to ride in, when the paved roads over the flats and through the hollows, are not too deep in black mud. A country so sparely inhabited, that I wonder where the peasants who till and sow and reap the ground, can possibly dwell, and also by what invisible balloons they are conveyed from their distant homes into the fields at sunrise and back again at sunset. The occasional few poor cottages and farms in this region, surely cannot afford shelter to the numbers necessary to the cultivation, albeit the work is done so very deliberately, that on one long harvest day I have seen, in twelve miles, about twice as many men and women (all told) reaping and binding. Yet have I seen more cattle, more sheep, more pigs, and all in better case, than where there is purer French spoken, and also better ricks—round swelling peg-top ricks, well thatched, not a shapeless brown heap, like the toast of a Giant's toast-and-water, pinned to the earth with one of the skewers out of his kitchen. A good custom they have about here, likewise, of prolonging the sloping tiled roof of farm or cottage, so that it overhangs three or four feet, carrying off the wet, and making a good drying place wherein to hang up herbs, or implements, or what not. A better custom than the popular one of keeping the refuse-heap and puddle close before the house door, which, although I paint my dwelling never so brightly blue (and it cannot be too blue for me hereabouts), will bring fever inside my door. Wonderful poultry of the French-Flemish country, why take the trouble to *be* poultry? Why not stop short at eggs in the rising generation, and do out and have done with it? Parents of chickens have

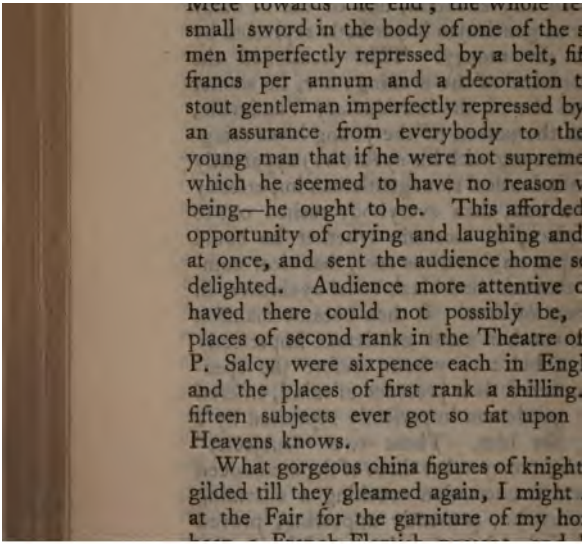
een this day, followed by their wretched young
ilies, scratching nothing out of mud with an air
ottering about on legs so scraggy and weak, that
valiant word drumsticks becomes a mockery
en applied to them, and the crow of the lord
master has been a mere dejected case of croup.
ts have I seen, and other agricultural instru-
nts, unwieldy, dislocated, monstrous. Poplar-
s by the thousand fringe the fields and fringe
end of the flat landscape, so that I feel, looking
ight on before me, as if, when I pass the ex-
nest fringe on the low horizon, I shall tumble
r into space. Little whitewashed black holes
chapels, with barred doors and Flemish inscrip-
s, abound at roadside corners, and often they
garnished with a sheaf of wooden crosses, like
dren's swords; or, in their default, some hollow
tree with a saint roosting in it, is similarly deco-
d, or a pole with a very diminutive saint en-
ned aloft in a sort of sacred pigeon-house. Not
t we are deficient in such decoration in the town
e, for, over at the church yonder, outside the
ding, is a scenic representation of the Cruci-
on, built up with old bricks and stones, and
le out with painted canvas and wooden figures:
whole surmounting the dusty skull of some
y personage (perhaps), shut up behind a little
ey iron grate, as if it were originally put there
be cooked, and the fire had long gone out. A
dmilly country this, though the windmills are
damp and rickety, that they nearly knock them-
es off their legs at every turn of their sails, and
k in loud complaint. A weaving country, too,
in the wayside cottages the loom goes wearily—
le and click, rattle and click—and, looking in, I
the poor weaving peasant, man or woman,

bending at the work, while the child, working to
turns a little handwheel put upon the ground
suit its height. An unconscionable monster, t
loom in a small dwelling, asserting himself u
generously as the bread-winner, straddling over t
children's straw beds, cramping the family in spa
and air, and making himself generally objectionab
and tyrannical. He is tributary, too, to ugly mi
and factories and bleaching-grounds, rising out
the sluiced fields in an abrupt bare way, disdainin
like himself, to be ornamental or accommodatin
Surrounded by these things, here I stood on t
steps of the Hôtel de Ville, persuaded to rema
by the P. Salcy family, fifteen dramatic subjec
strong.

There was a Fair besides. The double persu
sion being irresistible, and my sponge being left b
hind at the last Hotel, I made the tour of the lit
town to buy another. In the small sunny shops—
mercers, opticians, and druggist-grocers, with be
and there an emporium of religious images—t
gravest of old spectacled Flemish husbands a
wives sat contemplating one another across ba
counters, while the wasps, who seemed to ha
taken military possession of the town, and to ha
placed it under wasp-martial law, executed warli
manœuvres in the windows. Other shops t
wasps had entirely to themselves, and nobody ca
and nobody came when I beat with a five-fra
piece upon the board of custom. What I soug
was no more to be found than if I had sought
nugget of Californian gold: so I went, spongele
to pass the evening with the Family P. Salcy.

The members of the Family P. Salcy were
fat and so like one another—fathers, mothers,
ters, brothers, uncles, and aunts—that I think t

audience were much confused about the plot
piece under representation, and to the last ex-
l that everybody must turn out to be the long-
elative of everybody else. The Theatre was
ished on the top story of the Hôtel de Ville,
was approached by a long bare staircase,
on, in an airy situation, one of the P. Salcy
y—a stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by
t—took the money. This occasioned the
st excitement of the evening; for, no sooner
e curtain rise on the introductory Vaudeville,
eveal in the person of the young lover (sing-
very short song with his eyebrows) apparently
ry same indentical stout gentleman imperfectly
sed by a belt, than everybody rushed out to
laying place, to ascertain whether he could
ly have put on that dress-coat, that clear com-
n, and those arched black vocal eyebrows, in
ort a space of time. It then became manifest
his was another stout gentleman imperfectly
sed by a belt: to whom, before the spec-
had recovered their presence of mind, entered
d stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a
exactly like him. These two "subjects,"
g with the money-taker three of the announced
, fell into conversation touching a charming
widow: who, presently appearing, proved
a stout lady altogether irrepressible by any
—quite a parallel case to the American Negro
th of the fifteen subjects, and sister of the fifth
presided over the check-department. In
time the whole of the fifteen subjects were
tically presented, and we had the inevitable
Mère, Ma Mère! and also the inevitable
iction d'*un père, and* likewise the inevitable
*is, and also the inevi*table provincial young



Mere towards the end; the whole re
small sword in the body of one of the
men imperfectly repressed by a belt, fi
francs per annum and a decoration t
stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by
an assurance from everybody to the
young man that if he were not supreme
which he seemed to have no reason
being—he ought to be. This afforded
opportunity of crying and laughing and
at once, and sent the audience home s
delighted. Audience more attentive
haved there could not possibly be,
places of second rank in the Theatre o
P. Salcy were sixpence each in Engl
and the places of first rank a shilling.
fifteen subjects ever got so fat upon
Heavens knows.

What gorgeous china figures of knight
gilded till they gleamed again, I might
at the Fair for the garniture of my ho

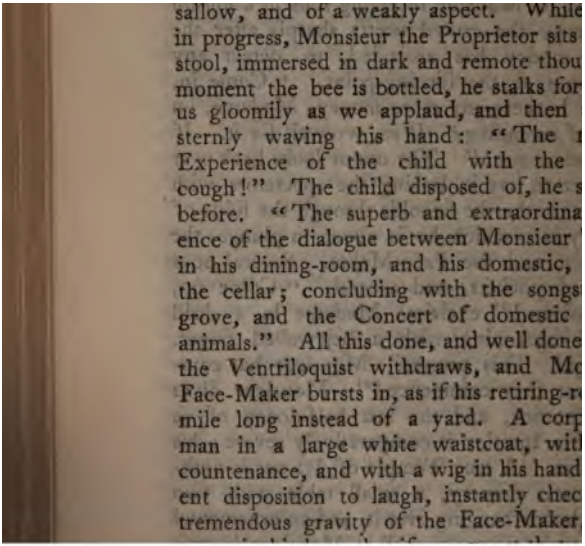
to tilt for municipal rewards at the water-quintain; which, unless I sent my lance clean through the ring, emptied a full bucket over me; to fend off which the competitors wore grotesque old scare-crow hats. Or, being French-Flemish man or woman, boy or girl, I might have circled all night on my hobby-horse in a stately cavalcade of hobby-horses four abreast, interspersed with triumphal cars, going round and round and round and round, we the goodly company singing a ceaseless chorus to the music of the barrel-organ, drum, and cymbals. On the whole, not more monotonous than the Ring in Hyde Park, London, and much merrier; for when do the circling company sing chorus, *there*, to the barrel-organ, when do the ladies embrace their horses round the neck with both arms, when do the gentlemen fan the ladies with the tails of their gallant steeds? On all these revolving delights, and on their own especial lamps and Chinese lanterns revolving with them, the thoughtful weaver-face brightens, and the Hôtel de Ville sheds an illuminated line of gaslight: while above it, the Eagle of France, gas-outlined and apparently afflicted with the prevailing infirmities that have lighted on the poultry, is in a very undecided state of policy, and as a bird moulting. Flags flutter all around. Such is the prevailing gaiety that the keeper of the prison sits on the stone steps outside the prison-door, to have a look at the world that is not locked up; while that agreeable retreat, the wine-shop opposite to the prison in the prison-alley (its sign La Tranquillité, because of its charming situation), resounds with the voices of the shepherds and shepherdesses who resort there this festive night. And it reminds me that only this afternoon, I saw a shepherd in trouble, tending this way,

over the jagged stone of a neighbouring street. A magnificent sight it was, to behold him in his blouse, a feeble little jog-trot rustic, swept along by the wind of two immense gendarmes, in cocked-hats for which the street was hardly wide enough, each carrying a bundle of stolen property that would not have held his shoulder-knot, and clanking a sabre that dwarfed the prisoner.

"Messieurs et Mesdames, I present to you at this Fair, as a mark of my confidence in the people of this so-renowned town, and as an act of homage to their good sense and fine taste, the Ventriloquist, the Ventriloquist! Further, Messieurs et Mesdames, I present to you the Face-Maker, the Physiognomist, the great Changer of Countenances, who transforms the features that Heaven has bestowed upon him into an endless succession of surprising and extraordinary visages, comprehending, Messieurs et Mesdames, all the contortions, energetic and expressive, of which the human face is capable, and all the passions of the human heart, as Love, Jealousy, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair! Hi hi, Ho ho, Lu lu, Come in!" To this effect, with an occasional smite upon a sonorous kind of tambourine—bestowed with a will, as if it represented the people who won't come in—holds forth a man of lofty and severe demeanour; a man in stately uniform, gloomy with the knowledge he possesses of the inner secrets of the booth. "Come in, come in! Your opportunity presents itself to-night; to-morrow it will be gone for ever. To-morrow morning by the Express Train the railroad will reclaim the Ventriloquist and the Face-Maker! Algeria will reclaim the Ventriloquist and the Face-Maker! Yes! For the honour of their country *they* have accepted propositions of a magnitude

credible, to appear in Algeria. See them for the st time before their departure! We go to com- ence on the instant. Hi hi! Ho ho! Lu lu! ome in! Take the money that now ascends, Iadame; but after that, no more, for we com- ence! Come in!"

Nevertheless, the eyes both of the gloomy peaker and of Madame receiving sous in a muslin ower, survey the crowd pretty sharply after the scending money has ascended, to detect any ngering sous at the turning-point. "Come in, ome in! Is there any more money, Madame, on ie point of ascending? If so, we wait for it. If ot, we commence!" The orator looks back over is shoulder to say it, lashing the spectators with ie conviction that he beholds through the folds of ie drapery into which he is about to plunge, the 'entriloquist and the Face-Maker. Several sous urst out of pockets, and ascend. "Come up, ien, Messieurs!" exclaims Madame in a shrill oice, and beckoning with a bejewelled finger. 'Come up! This presses. Monsieur has com- anded that they commence!" Monsieur dives nto his Interior, and the last half-dozen of us llow. His Interior is comparatively severe; his xterior also. A true Temple of Art needs noth- g but seats, drapery, a small table with two oderator lamps hanging over it, and an ornamental oking-glass let into the wall. Monsieur in uni- rm gets behind the table and surveys us with dis- ain, his forehead becoming diabolically intellectual nder the moderators. "Messieurs et Mesdames, present to you the Ventriloquist. He will com- ence with the celebrated Experience of the bee in ie window. The bee, apparently the veritable ee *of Nature, will hover* in the window, and



sallow, and of a weakly aspect. While
in progress, Monsieur the Proprietor sits
stool, immersed in dark and remote thou
moment the bee is bottled, he stalks for
us gloomily as we applaud, and then
sternly waving his hand: "The
Experience of the child with the
cough!" The child disposed of, he
before. "The superb and extraordina
ence of the dialogue between Monsieur
in his dining-room, and his domestic,
the cellar; concluding with the songs
grove, and the Concert of domestic
animals." All this done, and well done
the Ventriloquist withdraws, and Mo
Face-Maker bursts in, as if his retiring-r
mile long instead of a yard. A corp
man in a large white waistcoat, wit
countenance, and with a wig in his hand
ent disposition to laugh, instantly chec
tremendous gravity of the Face-Maker

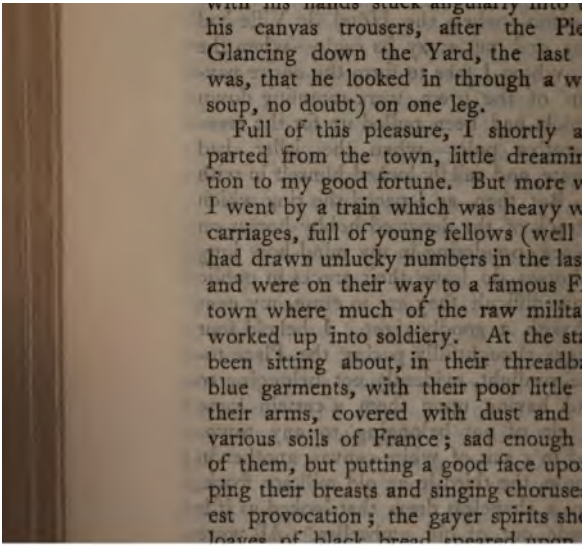
mouth inside out. He then becomes frightly grave again, and says to the Proprietor, "I am dy!" Proprietor stalks forth from baleful reverie, l announces "The Young Conscript!" Faceaker claps his wig on, hind side before, looks in glass, and appears above it as a conscript so y imbecile, and squinting so extremely hard, that hould think the State would never get any good him. Thunders of applause. Face-Maker dips ind the looking-glass, brings his own hair forrd, is himself again, is awfully grave. "A disguished inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain." ce-Maker dips, rises, is supposed to be aged, ar-eyed, toothless, slightly palsied, supernaturally lite, evidently of noble birth. "The oldest mber of the Corps of Invalides on the fête-day his master." Face-Maker dips, rises, wears the g on one side, has become the feeblest military re in existence, and (it is clear) would lie frightly about his past achievements, if he were not nfined to pantomime. "The Miser!" Faceaker dips, rises, clutches a bag, and every hair the wig is on end to express that he lives in conual dread of thieves. "The Genius of France!" ce-Maker dips, rises, wig pushed back and oothed flat, little cocked-hat (artfully concealed now) put a-top of it, Face-Maker's white waistt much advanced, Face-Maker's left hand in som of white waistcoat, Face-Maker's right hand hind his back. Thunders. This is the first of ce positions of the Genius of France. In the ond position, the Face-Maker takes snuff; in the rd, rolls up his right hand, and surveys illimitable nies through that pocket-glass. The Faceaker then, by putting out his tongue, and wear- *the wig nohow* in particular, becomes the

Village Idiot. The most remarkable feature in the whole of his ingenious performance, is, that whatever he does to disguise himself, has the effect of rendering him rather more like himself than he was at first.

There were peep-shows in this Fair, and I had the pleasure of recognising several fields of glory with which I became well acquainted a year or two ago as Crimean battles, now doing duty as Mexican victories. The change was neatly effected by some extra smoking of the Russians, and by permitting the camp followers free range in the foreground to despoil the enemy of their uniforms. As no British troops had ever happened to be within sight when the artist took his original sketches, it followed fortunately that none were in the way now.

The Fair wound up with a ball. Respecting the particular night of the week on which the ball took place, I decline to commit myself; merely mentioning that it was held in a stable-yard so very close to the railway, that it is a mercy the locomotive did not set fire to it. (In Scotland, I suppose it would have done so.) There, in a tent prettily decorated with looking-glasses and a myriad of toy flags, the people danced all night. It was no: an expensive recreation, the price of a double ticket for a cavalier and lady being one and threepence in English money, and even of that small sum fivepence was reclaimable for "consommation:" which word I venture to translate into refreshment of no greater strength, at the strongest, than ordinary wine made hot, with sugar and lemon in it. It was a ball of great good humour and of great enjoyment, though very many of the dancers must have been as poor as the fifteen subjects of the P. *Salcy* Family.

t, not having taken my own pet national
ith me to this Fair, I was very well sat-
the measure of simple enjoyment that it
o the dull French-Flemish country life.
that is, I had an opportunity of consid-
n the Fair was over—when the tri-col-
s were withdrawn from the windows of
on the Place where the Fair was held—
windows were close shut, apparently un-
air-time—when the Hôtel de Ville had
gas and put away its eagle—when the
urs, whom I take to form the entire pav-
ition of the town, were ramming down
which had been pulled up for the erec-
decorative poles—when the jailer had
is gate, and sulkily locked himself in with
s. But then, as I paced the ring which
e track of the departed hobby-horses on
t-place, pondering in my mind how long
by-horses do leave their tracks in public
how difficult they are to erase, my eyes
ted with a goodly sight. I beheld four
onages thoughtfully pacing the Place to-
the sunlight, evidently not belonging to
and having upon them a certain loose
an air of not belonging to any town.
clad in a suit of white canvas, another in
blouse, the third in an old military frock,
in a shapeless dress that looked as if it
made out of old umbrellas. All wore
red shoes. My heart beat high; for, in
male personages, although complexionless
owless, I beheld four subjects of the
Salcy. Blue-bearded though they were,
of the youthful smoothness of cheek
imparted by what is termed in Albion a


with his hands stuck angularly into
his canvas trousers, after the Pi
Glancing down the Yard, the last
was, that he looked in through a w
soup, no doubt) on one leg.

Full of this pleasure, I shortly a
parted from the town, little dreamin
tion to my good fortune. But more v
I went by a train which was heavy w
carriages, full of young fellows (well
had drawn unlucky numbers in the las
and were on their way to a famous F
town where much of the raw milita
worked up into soldiery. At the st
been sitting about, in their threadb
blue garments, with their poor little
their arms, covered with dust and
various soils of France; sad enough
of them, but putting a good face upo
ping their breasts and singing choruse
est provocation; the gayer spirits sh
loaves of black bread speared upon

t short of their destination, and, as that
: of the train was attended with a quantity
blowing, bell ringing, and proclamation of
Messieurs les Voyageurs were to do, and
ɔt to do, in order to reach their respective
ions, I had ample leisure to go forward on
form to take a parting look at my recruits,
heads were all out at window, and who
ughing like delighted children. Then I
d that a large poodle with a pink nose, who
en their travelling companion and the cause
mirth, stood on his hind-legs presenting arms
extreme verge of the platform, ready to
hem as the train went off. This poodle
military shako (it is unnecessary to add,
ach on one side over one eye), a little mili-
at, and the regulation white gaiters. He
rmed with a little musket and a little
ayonet, and he stood presenting arms in
attitude, with his unobscured eye on his
or superior officer, who stood by him. So
le was his discipline, that, when the train
and he was greeted with the parting cheers
ecruits, and also with a shower of centimes,
of which struck his shako, and had a tend-
discompose him, he remained staunch on
t, until the train was gone. He then re-
his arms to his officer, took off his shako by
his paw over it, dropped on four legs,
his uniform coat into the absurdest rela-
ith the overarching skies, and ran about the
n in his white gaiters, wagging his tail to an
ng great extent. It struck me that there
ore waggery than this in the poodle, and
knew that the recruits would neither get
their exercises, nor get rid of their uni-

forms, as easily as he; revolving which in t
thoughts, and seeking in my pockets some sm
money to bestow upon him, I casually directed
eyes to the face of his superior officer, and in h
beheld the Face-Maker! Though it was not
way to Algeria, but quite the reverse, the milit
poodle's Colonel was the Face-Maker in a c
blouse, with a small bundle dangling over
shoulder at the end of an umbrella, and takin
pipe from his breast to smoke as he and the poo
went their mysterious way.

Chapter XXVI

MEDICINE-MEN OF CIVILISATION

MY voyage (in paper boats) among savages o
yield me matter for reflection at home.
is curious to trace the savage in the civilised m
and to detect the hold of some savage customs
conditions of society rather boastful of being h
above them.

I wonder, is the Medicine Man of the N
American Indians never to be got rid of, out of
North American country? He comes into
Wigwam on all manner of occasions, and with
absurdest "Medicine." I always find it extrem
difficult, and I often find it simply impossible
keep him out of my Wigwam. For his h
"Medicine" he sticks upon his head the hair
quadrupeds, and plasters the same with fat,
dirty white powder, and talks a gibberish quite
known to the men and squaws of his tribe.
his religious "Medicine" he puts on puffy w
sleeves, little black aprons, large black waistc

peculiar cut, collarless coats with Medicine
n-holes, Medicine stockings and gaiters and
, and tops the whole with a highly grotesque
cinal hat. In one respect, to be sure, I am
free from him. On occasions when the
cine Men in general, together with a large
er of the miscellaneous inhabitants of his vil-
both male and female, are presented to the
pal Chief, his native "Medicine" is a com-
ixture of old odds and ends (hired of traders)
ew things in antiquated shapes, and pieces of
loth (of which he is particularly fond), and
and red and blue paint for the face. The
nality of this particular Medicine culminates
mock battle-rush, from which many of the
vs are borne out, much dilapidated. I need
bserve how unlike this is to a Drawing Room
James's Palace.

ie African magician I find it very difficult to
de from my Wigwam too. This creature
cases of death and mourning under his super-
n, and will frequently impoverish a whole
y by his preposterous enchantments. He is a
eater and drinker, and always conceals a re-
g stomach under a grieving exterior. His
ns consist of an infinite quantity of worthless
s, for which he charges very high. He im-
es on the poor bereaved natives, that the more
is followers they pay to exhibit such scraps on
persons for an hour or two (though they never
the deceased in their lives, and are put in high
s by his decease), the more honourably and
ly they grieve for the dead. The poor people,
itting themselves to this conjuror, an expensive
ssion is formed, in which bits of stick, feathers
rds, and a quantity of other unmeaning objects

besmeared with black paint, are carried in a certain ghastly order of which no one understands the meaning, if it ever had any, to the brink of the grave, and are then brought back again.

In the Tonga Islands everything is supposed to have a soul, so that when a hatchet is irreparably broken, they say, "His immortal part has departed; he is gone to the happy hunting-plains." This belief leads to the logical sequence that when a man is buried, some of his eating and drinking vessels, and some of his warlike implements, must be broken and buried with him. Superstitious and wrong, but surely a more respectable superstition than the hire of antic scraps for a show that has no meaning based on any sincere belief.

Let me halt on my Uncommercial road, to throw a passing glance on some funeral solemnities that I have seen where North American Indians, African Magicians, and Tonga Islanders, are supposed not to be.

Once, I dwelt in an Italian city, where there dwelt with me for a while, an Englishman of an amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion. This friend discovered a desolate stranger, mourning over the unexpected death of one very dear to him, in a solitary cottage among the vineyards of an outlying village. The circumstances of the bereavement were unusually distressing; and the survivor, new to the peasants and the country, sorely needed help, being alone with the remains. With some difficulty, but with the strong influence of a purpose at once gentle, disinterested, and determined, my friend—Mr. Kindheart—obtained access to the mourner, and undertook to arrange the burial.

There was a small Protestant cemetery near the

walls, and as Mr. Kindheart came back to me, turned into it and chose the spot. He was ays highly flushed when rendering a service un- ed, and I knew that to make him happy I must p aloof from his ministration. But when at ner he warmed with the good action of the day, conceived the brilliant idea of comforting the rner with "an English funeral," I ventured to mate that I thought that institution, which was absolutely sublime at home, might prove a fail- in Italian hands. However, Mr. Kindheart s so enraptured with his conception, that he ently wrote down into the town requesting the ndance with to-morrow's earliest light of a cer- little upholsterer. This upholsterer was famous speaking the unintelligible local dialect (his own) a far more unintelligible manner than any other n alive.

When from my bath next morning I overheard . Kindheart and the upholsterer in conference the top of an echoing staircase; and when I rheard Mr. Kindheart rendering English Under- ing phrases into very choice Italian, and the olsterer replying in the unknown Tongues; and en I furthermore remembered that the local erals had no resemblance to English funerals; ecame in my secret bosom apprehensive. But . Kindheart informed me at breakfast that meas- s had been taken to ensure a signal success.

As the funeral was to take place at sunset, and I knew to which of the city gates it must tend, ent out at that gate as the sun descended, and lked along the dusty, dusty road. I had not lked far, when I encountered this procession:

. Mr. Kindheart, much abashed, on an im- nse grey horse.

3. Behind the coach, the mourn
the coach was intended, walking in th
4. Concealed behind a roadside
irrigation of a garden, the unintelligible
admiring.

It matters little now. Coaches o
are alike to poor Kindheart, and he re
of the little cemetery with the cypress
city walls where the Mediterranean is

My first funeral, a fair representativ
its kind, was that of the husband of a
ant, once my nurse. She married for n
Flanders, after a year or two of matrim
the relict of Flanders, a small master
either she or Flanders had done me t
express a desire that I should "follo
have been seven or eight years old;—y
certainly, to feel rather alarmed by th
as not knowing where the invitation
terminate, and how far I was expect
the deceased Flanders. Consent bei
the heads of houses, I was jobbed
was pronounced at home decent mo

r opinion of myself because I couldn't cry, I ired to Sally's. Sally was an excellent crea-, and had been a good wife to old Flanders, the moment I saw her I knew that she was not ier own real natural state. She formed a sort Coat of Arms, grouped with a smelling-bottle, andkerchief, an orange, a bottle of vinegar, iders's sister, her own sister, Flanders's brother's , and two neighbouring gossips—all in mourn- and all ready to hold her whenever she fainted. sight of poor little me she became much agi- d (agitating me much more), and having ex- ned, "O here's dear Master Uncommercial!" ime hysterical, and swooned as if I had been death of her. An affecting scene followed, ng which I was handed about and poked at by various people, as *if* I were the bottle of . Reviving a little, she embraced me, said, ou knew him well, dear Master Uncommercial, he knew you!" and fainted again: which, as rest of the Coat of Arms soothingly said, "done credit." Now, I knew that she needn't have ted unless she liked, and that she wouldn't have ted unless it had been expected of her, quite as as I know it at this day. It made me feel mfortable and hypocritical besides. I was not but that it might be manners in *me* to faint , and I resolved to keep my eye on Flanders's e, and if I saw any signs of his going in that ction, to go too, politely. But Flanders's uncle o was a weak little old retail grocer) had only idea, which was that we all wanted tea; and handed us cups of tea all round, incessantly, ther we refused or not. There was a young hew of Flanders's present, to whom Flanders, *as rumoured, had left* nineteen guineas. He

drank all the tea that was offered him, this nephew —amounting, I should say, to several quarts—and ate as much plum-cake as he could possibly come by; but he felt it to be decent mourning that he should now and then stop in the midst of a lump of cake, and appear to forget that his mouth was full, in the contemplation of his uncle's memory. I felt all this to be the fault of the undertaker, who was handing us gloves on a tea-tray as if they were muffins, and tying us into cloaks (mine had to be pinned up all round, it was so long for me), because I knew that he was making game. So, when we got out into the streets, and I constantly disarranged the procession by tumbling on the people before me because my handkerchief blinded my eyes, and tripping up the people behind me because my cloak was so long, I felt that we were all making game. I was truly sorry for Flanders, but I knew that it was no reason why we should be trying (the women with their heads in hoods like coal-scuttles with the black side outward) to keep step with a man in a scarf, carrying a thing like a mourning spy-glass, which he was going to open presently and sweep the horizon with. I knew that we should not all have been speaking in one particular key-note struck by the undertaker, if we had not been making game. Even in our faces we were every one of us as like the undertaker as if we had been his own family, and I perceived that this could not have happened unless we had been making game. When we returned to Sally's, it was all of a piece. The continued impossibility of getting on without plum-cake; the ceremonious apparition of a pair of decanters containing port and sherry and cork; Sally's sister at the tea-table, clinking the best crockery and shaking her head

ly every time she looked down into the
i if it were the tomb; the Coat of Arms
id Sally as before; lastly, the words of
on administered to Sally when it was con-
ght that she should "come round nicely:"
ere, that the deceased had had as "com-
a fu-ne-ral as comfortable could be!"
funerals have I seen with grown-up eyes,
t day, of which the burden has been the
ildish burden. Making game. Real
real grief and solemnity, have been out-
id the funeral has been "performed."
te for which the funeral customs of many
savages are conspicuous, has attended these
obsequies; and once, and twice, have I
n my soul that if the waste must be, they
t the undertaker bury the money, and let
the friend.
nce, upon the whole, these ceremonies are
isibly regulated, because they are upon the
is expensively regulated. I cannot say that
ver been much edified by the custom of
ib and apron on the front of the house of
, or that I would myself particularly care
ven to my grave in a nodding and bobbing
an infirm four-post bedstead, by an inky
eature in a cocked-hat. But it may be
m constitutionally insensible to the virtues
ted-hat. In provincial France, the solem-
sufficiently hideous, but are few and cheap.
nds and townsmen of the departed, in their
esses and not masquerading under the
of the African Conjuror, surround the
r, and often carry it. It is not considered
able to stifle the bearers, or even to elevate
en on their shoulders; consequently it is

easily taken up, and easily set down, and is carried through the streets without the distressing floundering and shuffling that we see at home. A dirty priest or two, and a dirtier acolyte or two, do not lend any especial grace to the proceedings; and I regard with personal animosity the bassoon, which is blown at intervals by the big legged priest (it is always a big legged priest who blows the bassoon), when his fellows combine in a lugubrious stalwart drawl. But there is far less of the Conjuror and the Medicine Man in the buisness than under like circumstances here. The grim coaches that we reserve expressly for such shows, are non-existent; if the cemetery be far out of the town, the coaches that are hired for other purposes of life are hired for this purpose; and although the honest vehicles make no pretence of being overcome, I have never noticed that the people in them were the worse for it. In Italy, the hooded Members of Confraternities who attend on funerals, are dismal and ugly to look upon; but the services they render are at least voluntarily rendered, and impoverish no one, and cost nothing. Why should high civilisation and low savagery ever come together on the point of making them a wantonly wasteful and contemptible set of forms?

Once I lost a friend by death, who had been troubled in his time by the Medicine Man and the Conjuror, and upon whose limited resources there were abundant claims. The Conjuror assured me that I must positively "follow," and both he and the Medicine Man entertained no doubt that I must go in a black carriage, and must wear "fittings." I objected to fittings as having nothing to *do* with my friendship, and I objected to the black *carriage* as being in more senses than one a job.

me into my mind to try what would hap-
quietly walked, in my own way, from my
use to my friend's burial-place, and stood
s open grave in my own dress and person,
y listening to the best of Services. It
my mind, I found, quite as well as if I had
guised in a hired hatband and scarf both
o my very heels, and as if I had cost the
hildren, in their greatest need, ten guineas.
ny one who ever beheld the stupendous
es attendant on "A message from the
in the House of Commons, turn upon the
e Man of the poor Indians? Has he any
ine" in that dried skin pouch of his, so
y ludicrous as the two Masters in Chan-
ding up their black petticoats and butting
iculous wigs at Mr. Speaker? Yet there
orities innumerable to tell me—as there are
es innumerable among the Indians to tell
hat the nonsense is indispensable, and that
gation would involve most awful conse-
What would any rational creature who
r heard of judicial and forensic "fittings,"
the Court of Common Pleas on the first
Term? Or with what an awakened sense
ur would LIVINGSTONE's account of a simi-
be perused, if the fur and red cloth and
ir and horse hair and powdered chalk and
tches on the top of the head, were all at
ungongo instead of Westminster? That
issionary and good brave man found at least
e of blacks with a very strong sense of the
s, insomuch that although an amiable and
eople, they never could see the Mission-
ose of their legs in the attitude of kneeling,
them begin a hymn in chorus, without

every chief must sit down when a sc
meeting takes place: a meeting which h
resemblance to our own Public Dinne
of its being a main part of the proc
every gentleman present is required to
thing nasty. These Mataboos are
order, so important is their avocatio
make the most of their high functions.
out of the Tonga Islands, indeed, rat
British Islands, was there no calling in
aboos the other day to settle an eart
question of precedence; and was there
opinion delivered on the part of th
which, being interpreted to that unlu
blacks with the sense of the ridiculou
fallibly set the whole population scr
laughter?

My sense of justice demands the adm
ever, that this is not quite a one-sided
we submit ourselves meekly to the M
and the Conjuror, and are not exalte

it into open places and letting off guns. It onable whether our legislative assemblies ot take a hint from this. A shell is not lous wind-instrument, and it is monoto- ut it is as musical as, and not more monoto- n, my Honourable friend's own trumpet, or pet that he blows so hard for the Minister. lessness of arguing with any supporter of a nent or of an Opposition, is well known. cing. It is a better exercise, and has the ible recommendation that it couldn't be re- The honourable and savage member who aded gun, and has grown impatient of de- nges out of doors, fires in the air, and re- m and silent to the Palaver. Let the hon- and civilised member similarly charged peech, dart into the cloisters of Westminster n the silence of night, let his speech off, ne back harmless. It is not at first sight a ional custom to paint a broad blue stripe ne's nose and both cheeks, and a broad red om the forehead to the chin, to attach a few of wood to one's under lip, to stick fish- one's ears and a brass curtain-ring in one's d to rub one's body all over with rancid preliminary to entering on business. But question of taste and ceremony, and so is ndsor Uniform. The manner of entering usiness itself is another question. A coun- x hundred savage gentlemen entirely inde- of tailors, sitting on their hams in a ring, , and occasionally grunting, seem to me, g to the experience I have gathered in my and travels, somehow to do what they gether for; whereas that is not at all the *experience of* a council of six hundred

civilised gentlemen very dependent on tailors and sitting on mechanical contrivances. It is better that an Assembly should do its utmost to envelop itself in smoke, than that it should direct its endeavours to enveloping the public in smoke; and I would rather it buried half a hundred hatchets than buried one subject demanding attention.

Chapter XXVII

TITBULL'S ALMS-HOUSES

BY the side of most railways out of London one may see Alms-Houses and Retreats (generally with a Wing or a Centre wanting, and ambitious of being much bigger than they are), some of which are newly-founded Institutions, and some old establishments transplanted. There is a tendency in these pieces of architecture to shoot upward unexpectedly, like Jack's bean-stalk, and to be ornate in spires of Chapels and lanterns of Halls, which might lead to the embellishment of the air with many castles of questionable beauty but for the restraining consideration of expense. However, the managers, being always of a sanguine temperament, comfort themselves with plans and elevations of Loomings in the future, and are influenced in the present by philanthropy towards the railway passengers. For, the question how prosperous and promising the buildings can be made to look in their eyes, usually supersedes the less question how they can be turned to the best account for the inmates.

Why none of the people who reside in the *places* ever look out of window, or take an airing

the piece of ground which is going to be a garden
-and-by, is one of the wonders I have added to my
ways-lengthening list of the wonders of the world.
have got it into my mind that they live in a state
chronic injury and resentment, and on that ac-
unt refuse to decorate the building with a human
terest. As I have known legatees deeply injured
a bequest of five hundred pounds because it was
t five thousand, and as I was once acquainted
ith a pensioner on the Public to the extent of two
ndred a year, who perpetually anathematised his
ountry because he was not in the receipt of four,
ving no claim whatever to sixpence: so perhaps
usually happens, within certain limits, that to get
little help is to get a notion of being defrauded
more. "How do they pass their lives in this
autiful and peaceful place!" was the subject of
y speculation with a visitor who once accom-
nied me to a charming rustic retreat for old men
d women: a quaint ancient foundation in a
easant English county, behind a picturesque
urch and among rich old convent gardens. There
ere but some dozen or so of houses, and we
reed that we would talk with the inhabitants, as
ey sat in their groined rooms between the light
their fires and the light shining in at their latticed
indows, and would find out. They passed their
es in considering themselves mulcted of certain
nces of tea by a deaf old steward who lived among
em in the quadrangle. There was no reason to
ppose that any such ounces of tea had ever been
existence, or that the old steward so much as
ew what was the matter;—he passed *his* life in
nsidering himself periodically defrauded of a
rch-broom by the beadle.

But it is neither to old Alms-Houses in the

town; gaps in the busy life around
theses in the close and blotted texts of

Sometimes, these Alms-Houses belor
pany or Society. Sometimes, they wer
by individuals, and are maintained ou
funds bequeathed in perpetuity long
favourite among them is Titbull's, whi
ment is a picture of many. Of Titbul
more than that he deceased in 1723, th
tian name was Sampson, and his socia
Esquire, and that he founded these Alr
Dwellings for Nine Poor Women ar
Men by his Will and Testament. I
know even this much, but for its being
a grim stone very difficult to read, let i
of the centre house of Titbull's Alms-
which stone is ornamented a-top witl
sculptured drapery resembling the el
bull's bath-towel.

Titbull's Alms-Houses are in the eas
in a great highway, in a poor busy a

. I take the ground to have risen in those since Titbull's time, and you drop into his in by three stone steps. So did I first drop it, very nearly striking my brows against Tit- pump, which stands with its back to the ughfare just inside the gate, and has a con- d air of reviewing Titbull's pensioners.

And a worse one," said a virulent old man a pitcher, "there isn't nowhere. A harder to work, nor a grudginger one to yield, there nowhere!" This old man wore a long coat, as we see Hogarth's Chairmen represented , and it was of that peculiar green-pea hue but the green, which seems to come of poverty. id also that peculiar smell of cupboard which s to come of poverty.

The pump is rusty, perhaps," said I.

Not *it*," said the old man, regarding it with luted virulence in his watery eye. "It never fit to be termed a pump. That's what's the er with *it*."

Whose fault is that?" said I.

he old man, who had a working mouth which ed to be trying to masticate his anger and to that it was too hard and there was too much , replied, "Them gentlemen."

What gentlemen?"

Maybe you're one of 'em?" said the old man, ciously.

The trustees?"

I wouldn't trust 'em myself," said the virulent nan.

If you mean the gentlemen who administer place, no, I am not one of them; nor have I so much as heard of them."

I wish I never heard of them," gasped the old

man: "at my time of life—with the rheumatic drawing water—from that thing!" Not to be luded into calling it a Pump, the old man ga another virulent look, took up his pitcher, carried it into a corner dwelling-house, shutting door after him.

Looking around and seeing that each little h was a house of two little rooms; and seeing the little oblong court-yard in front was like a gr yard for the inhabitants, saving that no word engraven on its flat dry stones; and seeing that currents of life and noise ran to and fro outs having no more to do with the place than if it a sort of low-water mark on a lively beach; I seeing this and nothing else, I was going out at gate when one of the doors opened.

"Was you looking for anything, sir?" ask tidy well-favoured woman.

Really, no; I couldn't say I was.

"Not wanting any one, sir?"

"No—at least I—pray what is the name o elderly gentleman who lives in the corner ther

The tidy woman stepped out to be sure o door I indicated, and she and the pump and I s all three in a row with our backs to the thoro fare.

"Oh! *His* name is Mr. Battens," said the woman, dropping her voice.

"I have just been talking with him."

"Indeed?" said the tidy woman. "Ho wonder Mr. Battens talked!"

"Is he usually so silent?"

"Well, Mr. Battens is the oldest here—t to say, the oldest of the old gentlemen—in poi residence."

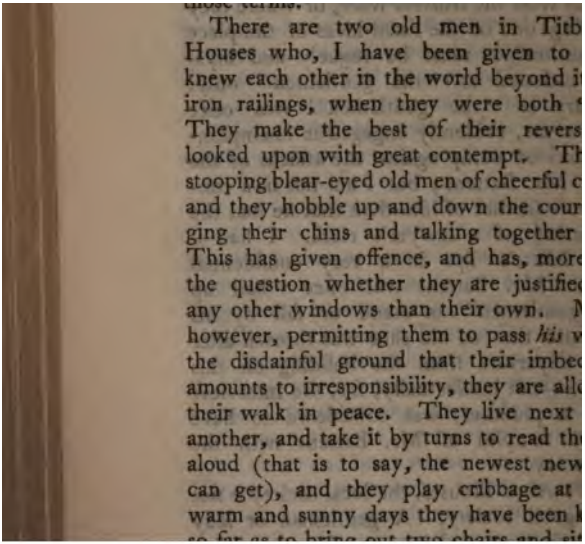
She had a way of passing her hands ove

one another as she spoke, that was not only
t propitiatory; so I asked her if I might
her little sitting-room? She willingly re-
es, and we went into it together: she leav-
door open, with an eye as I understood to
ial proprieties. The door opening at once
e room without any intervening entry, even
must have been silenced by the precaution.
as a gloomy little chamber, but clean, and
mug of wallflower in the window. On
mney-piece were two peacock's feathers, a
ship, a few shells, and a black profile with
elash; whether this portrait purported to be
female passed my comprehension, until my
informed me that it was her only son, and
a speaking one."
e is alive, I hope?"
o, sir," said the widow, "he were cast
n China." This was said with a modest
f its reflecting a certain geographical distinc-
his mother.
the old gentlemen here are not given to
," said I, "I hope the old ladies are?—not
u are one."
shook her head. "You see they get so

ow is that?"
ell, whether the gentlemen really do deprive
ny little matters which ought to be ours by
I cannot say for certain; but the opinion of
l ones is they do. And Mr. Battens he do
o so far as to doubt whether credit is due to
nder. For Mr. Battens he do say, anyhow
his name up by it and he done it cheap."
am afraid the pump has soured Mr. Bat-

proving my acquaintance subsequently with spected lady, whose name was Mrs. Mitts, ccasionally dropping in upon her with a little g of sound Family Hyson in my pocket, I lly became familiar with the inner politics ays of Titbull's Alms-Houses. But I never find out who the trustees were, or where they it being one of the fixed ideas of the place hose authorities must be vaguely and mys- ly mentioned as "the gentlemen" only. secretary of "the gentlemen" was once d out to me, evidently engaged in champion- e obnoxious pump against the attacks of the tented Mr. Battens; but I am not in a con- to report further of him than that he had the tly bearing of a lawyer's clerk. I had it Mrs. Mitts's lips in a very confidential nt, that Mr. Battens was once "had up the gentlemen" to stand or fall by his tions, and that an old shoe was thrown after on his departure from the building on this errand;—not ineffectually, for, the interview ng in a plumber, was considered to have led the temples of Mr. Battens with the h of victory.

Titbull's Alms-Houses, the local society is not led as good society. A gentleman or lady ing visitors from without, or going out to tea, s, as it were, accordingly; but visitings or tea- ngs interchanged among Titbullians do not Such interchanges, however, are rare, in quence of internal dissensions occasioned by Saggers's pail: which household article has Titbull's into almost as many parties as there lwellings in that precinct. The extremely licated nature of the conflicting articles of



those terms.

There are two old men in Titb
Houses who, I have been given to
knew each other in the world beyond i
iron railings, when they were both
They make the best of their revers
looked upon with great contempt. Th
stooping blear-eyed old men of cheerful c
and they hobble up and down the cour
ging their chins and talking together
This has given offence, and has, more
the question whether they are justifie
any other windows than their own. N
however, permitting them to pass *his* v
the disdainful ground that their imbec
amounts to irresponsibility, they are all
their walk in peace. They live next
another, and take it by turns to read th
aloud (that is to say, the newest new
can get), and they play cribbage at
warm and sunny days they have been l
so far as to bring out two chairs and si

a general suspicion that they are spies of gentlemen:" to which they were supposed e given colour in my own presence on the n of the weak attempt at justification of the by the gentlemen's clerk; when they emerged eaded from the doors of their dwellings, as dwellings and themselves constituted an old- ed weather-glass of double action with two of old ladies inside, and deferentially bowed n at intervals until he took his departure. are understood to be perfectly friendless and nless. Unquestionably the two poor fellows he very best of their lives in Titbull's Alms- s, and unquestionably they are (as before ned) the subjects of unmitigated contempt

Saturday nights, when there is a greater stir sual outside, and when itinerant vendors of laneous wares even take their stations and up their smoky lamps before the iron railings, l's becomes flurried. Mrs. Saggers has her ated palpitations of the heart, for the most n Saturday nights. But Titbull's is unfit to with the uproar of the streets in any of its . It is religiously believed at Titbull's that push more than they used, and likewise that remost object of the population of England Vales is to get you down and trample on you. of railroads they know, at Titbull's, little than the shriek (which Mrs. Saggers says through her, and ought to be taken up by nment); and the penny postage may even e unknown there, for I have never seen a let- livered to any inhabitant. But there is a tall t sallow lady resident in Number Seven, l's, who never speaks to anybody, who is

again. An immense sensation was
gipsy-party calling in a spring-van, to
lady up to go for a day's pleasure
Forest, and notes were compared as
the company was the son, grandson,
other relative, the Contractor. A t
sonage with a white hat and a cigar i
was the favourite: though as Titbull's
reason to believe that the Contractor
all, than that this man was supposed
chimney stacks as if he would like to
down and cart them off, the genera
much unsettled in arriving at a concl
way out of this difficulty, it concentr
the acknowledged Beauty of the party,
in whose dress was verbally unripped
ladies then and there, and whose "
with another and a thinner personag
hat might have suffused the pump
were principally discussed) with
months afterwards. Herein Titbull's

Titbull's by the inmates when they establish selves in that place of contemplation for the of their days, by far the greater and more ble part belongs to the ladies. I may claim ionour of having either crossed the threshold, oked in at the door, of every one of the nine , and I have noticed that they are all particu- the article of bedsteads, and maintain favourite long-established bedsteads and bedding as a ar part of their rest. Generally an antiquated of drawers is among their cherished posses- ; a tea-tray always is. I know of at least two s in which a little tea-kettle of genuine shed copper, vies with the cat in winking at re ; and one old lady has a tea-urn set forth in on the top of her chest of drawers, which urn :d as her library, and contains four duodecimo ies, and a black-bordered newspaper giving an nt of the funeral of Her Royal Highness the ess Charlotte. Among the poor old gentle- there are no such niceties. Their furniture ne air of being contributed, like some obsolete ry Miscellany, "by several hands;" their hairs never match; old patchwork coverlets among them; and they have an untidy habit eping their wardrobes in hat-boxes. When I one old gentleman who is rather choice in his brushes and blacking-bottle, I have summed e domestic elegances of that side of the build-

the occurrence of a death in Titbull's, it is ably agreed among the survivors—and it is the subject on which they do agree—that the de- d did something "to bring it on." Judging Titbull's, I should say the human race need die, if they took care. But they don't take

care, and they do die, and when they die in Titbull's they are buried at the cost of the Foundation. Some provision has been made for the purpose, in virtue of which (I record this on the strength of having seen the funeral of Mrs. Quinch) a lively neighbouring undertaker dresses up four of the old men, and four of the old women, hustles them into a procession of four couples, and leads off with a large black bow at the back of his hat, looking over his shoulder at them airily from time to time to see that no member of the party has got lost, or has tumbled down; as if they were a company of dim old dolls.

Resignation of a dwelling is of very rare occurrence in Titbull's. A story does obtain there, how an old lady's son once drew a prize of Thirty Thousand Pounds in the Lottery, and presently drove to the gate in his own carriage, with French Horns playing up behind, and whisked his mother away, and left ten guineas for a Feast. But I have been unable to substantiate it by any evidence, and regard it as an Alms-House Fairy Tale. It is curious that the only proved case of resignation happened within my knowledge.

It happened on this wise. There is a sharp competition among the ladies respecting the gentility of their visitors, and I have so often observed visitors to be dressed as for a holiday occasion, that I suppose the ladies to have besought them to make all possible display when they come. In these circumstances much excitement was one day occasioned by Mrs. Mitts receiving a visit from a Greenwich Pensioner. He was a Pensioner of a bluff and warlike appearance, with an empty coat-sleeve, and he was got up with unusual care; his coat-buttons were extremely bright, he wore his

-sleeve in a graceful festoon, and he had
-stick in his hand that must have cost
When, with the head of his walking-stick,
d at Mrs. Mitts's door—there are no
n Titbull's—Mrs. Mitts was overheard
door neighbour to utter a cry of surprise
much agitation; and the same neigh-
afterwards solemnly affirm that when he
ted into Mrs. Mitts's room, she heard a
Heard a smack which was not a blow.
was an air about this Greenwich Pen-
n he took his departure, which imbued
's with the conviction that he was com-
He was eagerly looked for, and Mrs.
closely watched. In the meantime, if
ould have placed the unfortunate six old
at a greater disadvantage than that at
y chronically stood, it would have been
ion of this Greenwich Pensioner. They
shrunken already, but they shrunk to
comparison with the Pensioner. Even
old gentlemen themselves seemed con-
heir inferiority, and to know submissively
could never hope to hold their own
Pensioner with his warlike and maritime
in the past, and his tobacco money in
t: his chequered career of blue water,
powder, and red bloodshed for England
beauty.
three weeks were out, the Pensioner re-
Again he knocked at Mrs. Mitts's door
handle of his stick, and again was he ad-
But not again did he depart alone; for
s, in a bonnet identified as having been
hed, went out walking with him, and
till the ten o'clock beer, Greenwich time.

There was now a truce, even as t
waters of Mrs. Saggers's pail; nothi
of among the ladies but the conduct
and its blighting influence on the
Titbull's. It was agreed that Mr. B
to take it up," and Mr. Battens was
with on the subject. That unsatisfac
replied "that he didn't see his wa
was unanimously voted by the ladie
tion was in his nature.

How it came to pass, with some
inconsistency, that Mrs. Mitts was
ladies and the Pensioner admired by
matters not. Before another week
bull's was startled by another phen
ten o'clock in the forenoon appear
taining not only the Greenwich P
one arm, but, to boot, a Chelsea P
one leg. Both dismounting to assi
into the cab, the Greenwich Pensio
company inside, and the Chelsea Pens
the box by the driver: his wooden l
after the manner of a bowsprit, as
homage to his friend's seagoing caree
equipage drove away. No Mrs. M
that night.

What Mr. Battens might have do
ter of taking it up, goaded by the i
of public feeling next morning, was
another phenomenon. A Truck, pr
Greenwich Pensioner and the Chel
each placidly smoking a pipe, and
warrior breast against the handle.

The display on the part of the G
sioner of his "marriage-lines," and
ment that himself and friend had loo

furniture of Mrs. G. Pensioner, late Mitts, by no means reconciled the ladies to the conduct of their sister; on the contrary, it is said that they appeared more than ever exasperated. Nevertheless, my stray visits to Titbull's since the date of this occurrence, have confirmed me in an impression that it was a wholesome fillup. The nine ladies are smarter, both in mind and dress, than they used to be, though it must be admitted that they despise the six gentlemen to the last extent. They have a much greater interest in the external thoroughfare too, than they had when I first knew Titbull's. And whenever I chance to be leaning my back against the pump or the iron railings, and to be talking to one of the junior ladies, and to see that a flush has passed over her face, I immediately know without looking round that a Greenwich Pensioner has gone past.

Chapter XXVIII

THE ITALIAN PRISONER

THE rising of the Italian people from under their unutterable wrongs, and the tardy burst of day upon them after the long long night of oppression that has darkened their beautiful country, have naturally caused my mind to dwell often of late on my own small wanderings in Italy. Connected with them, is a curious little drama, in which the character I myself sustained was so very subordinate that I may relate its story without any fear of being suspected of self-display. It is strictly a true story.

I am newly arrived one summer evening, in a

certain small town on the Mediterranean. I have had my dinner at the inn, and I and the mosquitoes are coming out into the streets together. It is far from Naples; but a bright brown plump little woman-servant at the inn, is a Neapolitan, and is so vivaciously expert in pantomimic action, that in the single moment of answering my request to have a pair of shoes cleaned which I have left up-stairs, she plies imaginary brushes, and goes completely through the motions of polishing the shoes up, and laying them at my feet. I smile at the brisk little woman in perfect satisfaction with her briskness; and the brisk little woman, amiably pleased with me because I am pleased with her, claps her hands and laughs delightfully. We are in the inn yard. As the little woman's bright eyes sparkle on the cigarette I am smoking I make bold to offer her one; she accepts it none the less merrily, because I touch a most charming little dimple in her fat cheek, with its light paper end. Glancing up at the many green lattices to assure herself that the mistress is not looking on, the little woman then puts her two little dimple arms a-kimbo, and stands on tiptoe to light her cigarette at mine. "And now, dear little sir," says she, puffing out smoke in a most innocent and cherubic manner, "keep quite straight on, take the first to the right, probably you will see him standing at his door."

I have a commission to "him," and I have been inquiring about him. I have carried the commission about Italy several months. Before I left England, there came to me one night a certain generous and gentle English nobleman (he is dead in these days when I relate the story, and exiles have lost their best British friend), with this request: "Whenever you come to such a town, will you

out one Giovanni Carlavero, who keeps a little
e-shop there, mention my name to him sud-
ly, and observe how it affects him?" I ac-
ted the trust, and am on my way to discharge it.
The sirocco has been blowing all day, and it is
hot unwholesome evening with no cool sea-
eze. Mosquitoes and fire-flies are lively enough,
most other creatures are faint. The coquettish
of pretty young women in the tiniest and
kedest of dolls' straw hats, who lean out at
ned lattice blinds, are almost the only airs stir-
. Very ugly and haggard old women with
affs, and with a grey tow upon them that looks
f they were spinning out their own hair (I sup-
e they were once pretty, too, but it is very dif-
lt to believe so), sit on the footway leaning
inst house walls. Everybody who has come for
er to the fountain, stays there, and seems in-
able of any such energetic idea as going home.
pers are over, though not so long but that I can
ll the heavy resinous incense as I pass the
rch. No man seems to be at work, save the
persmith. In an Italian town he is always at
k, and always thumping in the deadliest
ner.

keep straight on, and come in due time to the
on the right: a narrow dull street, where I see
ell-favoured man of good stature and military
ring, in a great cloak, standing at a door.
wing nearer to this threshold, I see it is the
shold of a small wine-shop; and I can just
e out, in the dim light, the inscription that it is
t by Giovanni Carlavero.

touch my hat to the figure in the cloak, and
in, and draw a stool to a little table. The
p (*just such another as* they dig out of Pompeii)

is lighted, but the place is empty. The figure in the cloak has followed me in, and stands before me.

"The master?"

"At your service, sir."

"Please to give me a glass of the wine of the country."

He turns to a little counter, to get it. As his striking face is pale, and his action is evidently that of an enfeebled man, I remark that I fear he has been ill. It is not much, he courteously and gravely answers, though bad while it lasts: the fever.

As he sets the wine on the little table, to his manifest surprise I lay my hand on the back of his, look him in the face, and say in a low voice: "I am an Englishman, and you are acquainted with a friend of mine. Do you recollect——?" and I mentioned the name of my generous countryman.

Instantly, he utters a loud cry, bursts into tears, and falls on his knees at my feet, clasping my legs in both his arms and bowing his head to the ground.

Some years ago, this man at my feet, whose over-fraught heart is heaving as if it would burst from his breast, and whose tears are wet upon the dress I wear, was a galley-slave in the North of Italy. He was a political offender, having been concerned in the then last rising, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. That he would have died in his chains, is certain, but for the circumstance that the Englishman happened to visit his prison.

It was one of the vile old prisons of Italy, and a part of it was below the waters of the harbour. The place of his confinement was an arched un

r-ground and under-water gallery, with a grill-te at the entrance, through which it received such ght and air as it got. Its condition was insuffer-ly foul, and a stranger could hardly breathe in it, see in it with the aid of a torch. At the upper d of this dungeon, and consequently in the worst sition, as being the furthest removed from light d air, the Englishman first beheld him, sitting on iron bedstead to which he was chained by a avy chain. His countenance impressed the Eng-hman as having nothing in common with the es of the malefactors with whom he was associ-ed, and he talked with him, and learnt how he me to be there.

When the Englishman emerged from the dread-l den into the light of day, he asked his con-ctor, the governor of the jail, why Giovanni arlavero was put into the worst place?

"Because he is particularly recommended," was e stringent answer.

"Recommended, that is to say, for death?"

"Excuse me; particularly recommended," was gain the answer.

"He has a bad tumour in his neck, no doubt casioned by the hardship of his miserable life. he continues to be neglected, and he remains here he is, it will kill him."

"Excuse me, I can do nothing. He is particu-rly recommended."

The Englishman was staying in that town, and went to his home there; but the figure of this an chained to the bedstead made it no home, and stroyed his rest and peace. He was an English-an of an extraordinarily tender heart, and he uld not bear the *picture*. He went back to the *lson grate; went back* again and again, and talked

to the man and cheered him. He used
influence to get the man unchained fro
stead, were it only for ever so short a
day, and permitted to come to the grat
a long time, but the Englishman's statio
character, and steadiness of purpose, w
position so far, and that grace was at las
Through the bars, when he could th
upon the tumour, the Englishman lance
did well, and healed. His strong inte
prisoner had greatly increased by this ti
formed the desperate resolution that he v
his utmost self-devotion and use his utm
to get Carlavero pardoned.

If the prisoner had been a brigand
derer, if he had committed every non-pol
in the Newgate Calendar and out of
would have been easier than for a n
court or priestly influence to obtain
As it was, nothing could have been mo
Italian authorities, and English authoriti
interest with them, alike assured the
that his object was hopeless. He met
ing but evasion, refusal, and ridicule.
cal prisoner became a joke in the pla
especially observable that English Circ
and English Society on its travels, were
ous on the subject as Circumlocution
may be on any subject without loss of c
the Englishman possessed (and proved
his life) a courage very uncommon am
had not the least fear of being conside
in a good humane cause. So he wen
tently trying, and trying, and trying, t
vanni Carlavero out. The prisoner
rigorously re-chained, after the tumour

it was not likely that his miserable life could very long.

ne day, when all the town knew about the ishman and his political prisoner, there came ie Englishman, a certain sprightly Italian Ad- te of whom he had some knowledge; and he this strange proposal. "Give me a hundred ds to obtain Carlavero's release. I think I get him a pardon, with that money. But I ot tell you what I am going to do with the ey, nor must you ever ask me the question if cceed, nor must you ever ask me for an ac- t of the money if I fail." The Englishman led to hazard the hundred pounds. He did nd heard not another word of the matter. For a year and more, the Advocate made no sign, never once "took on" in any way, to have subject on his mind. The Englishman was obliged to change his residence to another more famous town in the North of Italy. He d from the poor prisoner with a sorrowful t, as from a doomed man for whom there was elease but Death.

he Englishman lived in his new place of abode her half-year and more, and had no tidings of wretched prisoner. At length, one day, he ived from the Advocate a cool concise mys- us note, to this effect. "If you still wish to ow that benefit upon the man in whom you once interested, send me fifty pounds more, I think it can be ensured." Now, the English- had long settled in his mind that the Advocate a heartless sharper, who had preyed upon his ulity and his interest in an unfortunate sufferer. he sat down and wrote a dry answer, giving Advocate to understand that he was wiser now

than he had been formerly, and that n
money was extractable from his pocket.

He lived outside the city gates, some
two from the post-office, and was accuste
walk into the city with his letters and pe
himself. On a lovely spring day, when
was exquisitely blue, and the sea Divine
tiful, he took his usual walk, carrying this
the Advocate in his pocket. As he wen
his gentle heart was much moved by the lo
of the prospect, and by the thought of the
dying prisoner chained to the bedstead, fo
the universe had no delights. As he drev
and nearer to the city where he was to
letter, he became very uneasy in his min
debated with himself, was it remotely
after all, that this sum of fifty pounds coul
the fellow-creature whom he pitied so mu
for whom he had striven so hard, to liberty
was not a conventionally rich Englishma
far from that—but, he had a spare fifty p
the banker's. He resolved to risk it.
doubt, God has recompensed him for the re

He went to the banker's, and got a bil
amount, and enclosed it in a letter to the A
that I wish I could have seen. He simply
Advocate that he was quite a poor man,
he was sensible it might be a great weaknes
to part with so much money on the fait
vague a communication; but, that there
and that he prayed the Advocate to make
use of it. If he did otherwise no good co
come of it, and it would lie heavy on his
day.

Within a week, the Englishman was sitti
breakfast, when he heard some suppressed

itation on the staircase, and Giovanni Carlavero
d into the room and fell upon his breast, a free
!

onscious of having wronged the Advocate in
wn thoughts, the Englishman wrote him an
st and grateful letter, avowing the fact, and
ating him to confide by what means and
gh what agency he had succeeded so well.
Advocate returned for answer through the
"There are many things, as you know, in
Italy of ours, that are safest and best not even
en of—far less written of. We may meet
day, and then I may tell you what you want
now; not here, and now." But, the two
r did meet again. The Advocate was dead
n the Englishman gave me my trust; and how
man had been set free, remained as great a
ery to the Englishman, and to the man him-
as it was to me.

ut, I knew this:—here was the man, this sultry
t, on his knees at my feet, because I was the
ishman's friend; here were his tears upon my
; here were his sobs choking his utterance;
were his kisses on my hands, because they had
hed the hands that had worked out his release.
had no need to tell me it would be happiness
im to die for his benefactor; I doubt if I ever
real, sterling, fervent gratitude of soul, before
nce.

e was much watched and suspected, he said,
had had enough to do to keep himself out of
le. This, and his not having prospered in his
dly affairs, had led to his having failed in his
communications to the Englishman for—as I
remember the period—some two or three
. But, his prospects were brighter, and his

wife who had been very ill had recovered, and his fever had left him, and he had bought a little vineyard, and would I carry to his benefactor the first of its wine? Ay, that I would (I told him with enthusiasm), and not a drop of it should be spilled or lost!

He had cautiously closed the door before speaking of himself, and had talked with such excess of emotion, and in a provincial Italian so difficult to understand, that I had more than once been obliged to stop him, and beg him to have compassion on me and be slower and calmer. By degrees he became so, and tranquilly walked back with me to the hotel. There, I sat down before I went to bed and wrote a faithful account of him to the Englishman: which I concluded by saying that I would bring the wine home, against any difficulties, every drop.

Early next morning, when I came out at the hotel door to pursue my journey, I found my friend waiting with one of those immense bottles in which the Italian peasants store their wine—a bottle holding some half-dozen gallons—bound round with basket-work for greater safety on the journey. I see him now, in the bright sunlight, tears of gratitude in his eyes, proudly inviting my attention to this corpulent bottle. (At the street-corner hard by, two high-flavoured able-bodied monks—pretending to talk together, but keeping their four eyes upon us.)

How the bottle had been got there, did not appear; but the difficulty of getting it into the rackety shackle vetturino carriage in which I was departing was so great, and it took up so much room when it was got in, that I elected to sit outside. The last I saw of Giovanni Carlavero was his round

he town by the side of the jingling wheels, my hand as I stretched it down from the ging me with a thousand last loving and nessages to his dear patron, and finally n at the bottle as it reposed inside, with an n of its honourable way of travelling that nd measure delightful.

ow, what disquiet of mind this dearly-be- highly-treasured Bottle began to cost me, nows. It was my precious charge through our, and, for hundreds of miles, I never my mind by day or by night. Over bad nd they were many—I clung to it with af- desperation. Up mountains, I looked in saw it helplessly tilting over on its back, ror. At innumerable inn doors when the was bad, I was obliged to be put into my efore the Bottle could be got in, and was o have the Bottle lifted out before human d come near me. The Imp of the same cept that his associations were all evil and ociations were all good, would have been a blesome travelling companion. I might ved Mr. Cruikshank as a subject for a new n of the miseries of the Bottle. The Na- emperance Society might have made a Tract of me.

suspicions that attached to this innocent greatly aggravated my difficulties. It was apple-pie in the child's book. Parma t it, Modena mocked it, Tuscany tackled s nibbled it, Rome refused it, Austria ac- Soldiers suspected it, Jesuits jobbed it. I d a neat Oration, developing my inoffen- ntions in connexion with this Bottle, and *it in an infinity* of guard-houses, at a

multitude of town gates, and on every drawb
angle, and rampart, of a complete system of f
cations. Fifty times a day, I got down to har
an infuriated soldiery about the Bottle. Th
the filthy degradation of the abject and vile R
States, I had as much difficulty in working my
with the Bottle, as if it had bottled up a con
system of heretical theology. In the Neap
country, where everybody was a spy, a sold
priest, or a lazzarone, the shameless beggars
four denominations incessantly pounced u
Bottle and made it a pretext for extorting t
from me. Quires—quires do I say? Ream
forms illegibly printed on whity-brown paper
filled up about the Bottle, and it was the subj
more stamping and sanding than I had eve
before. In consequence of which haze of
perhaps, it was always irregular, and always
with dismal penalties of going back or not goi
ward, which were only to be abated by the
crossing of a base hand, poked shirtless ou
ragged uniform sleeve. Under all discourage
however, I stuck to my Bottle, and held firm
resolution that every drop of its contents
reach the Bottle's destination.

The latter refinement cost me a separa
of troubles on its own separate account.
corkscrews did I see the military power br
against that Bottle; what gimlets, spikes, c
rods, gauges, and unknown tests and instru
At some places, they persisted in declaring t
wine must not be passed, without being open
tasted; I, pleading to the contrary, used t
argue the question seated on the Bottle l
should open it in spite of me. In the s
parts of Italy more violent shrieking, face-r

culating, greater vehemence of speech and
ace and action, went on about that Bottle,
ld attend fifty murders in a northern lati-
t raised important functionaries out of their
the dead of night. I have known half-a-
ilitary lanterns to disperse themselves at all
f a great sleeping Piazza, each lantern sum-
some official creature to get up, put on his
-hat instantly, and come and stop the Bottle.
characteristic that while this innocent Bottle
ach immense difficulty in getting from little
to town, Signor Mazzini and the fiery cross
traversing Italy from end to end.

ll, I stuck to my Bottle, like any fine old
ish gentleman all of the olden time. The
the Bottle was interfered with, the stauncher
ecame (if possible) in my first determination
my countryman should have it delivered to him
ct, as the man whom he had so nobly restored
life and liberty had delivered it to me. If ever
had been obstinate in my days—and I may have
en, say, once or twice—I was obstinate about
e Bottle. But, I made it a rule always to keep a
ocket full of small coin at its service, and never to
e out of temper in its cause. Thus, I and the
Bottle made our way. Once we had a break-
down; rather a bad break-down, on a steep high
place with the sea below us, on a tempestuous
evening when it blew great guns. We were driv-
ing four wild horses abreast, Southern fashion, and
there was some little difficulty in stopping them. I
was outside, and not thrown off; but no words can
describe my feelings when I saw the Bottle—
travelling inside, as usual—burst the door open,
and roll obesely out into the road. A blessed
Bottle with a charmed existence, he took no hurt,

and we repaired damage, and went on triumphant.

A thousand representations were made to me that the Bottle must be left at this place, or that, and called for again. I never yielded to one of them, and never parted from the Bottle, on any pretence, consideration, threat, or entreaty. I had no faith in any official receipt for the Bottle, and nothing would induce me to accept one. These unmanageable politics at last brought me and the Bottle, still triumphant, to Genoa. There, I took a tender and reluctant leave of him for a few weeks, and consigned him to a trusty English captain, to be conveyed to the Port of London by sea.

While the Bottle was on his voyage to England, I read the Shipping Intelligence as anxiously as if I had been an underwriter. There was some stormy weather after I myself had got to England by way of Switzerland and France, and my mind greatly misgave me that the Bottle might be wrecked. At last to my great joy, I received notice of his safe arrival, and immediately went down to Saint Katharine's Docks, and found him in a state of honourable captivity in the Custom House.

The wine was mere vinegar when I set it down before the generous Englishman—probably it had been something like vinegar when I took it up from Giovanni Carlavero—but not a drop of it was spilled or gone. And the Englishman told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound. And long afterwards, the Bottle graced his table. And the last time I saw him in this world that misses him, he took me aside in a crowd, *to say*, with his amiable smile: "We were talking *of* you only to-day at dinner, and I wished you

had been there, for I had some Claret up in Carlavero's Bottle."

Chapter XXIX

THE SHORT-TIMERS

"WITHIN so many yards of this Covent-garden lodging of mine, as within so many yards of Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the Prisons, the Courts of Justice, all the Institutions that govern the land, I can find—*must* find, whether I will or no—in the open streets, shameful instances of neglect of children, intolerable toleration of the engenderment of paupers, idlers, thieves, races of wretched and destructive cripples both in body and mind, a misery to themselves, a misery to the community, a disgrace to civilisation, and an outrage on Christianity. I know it to be a fact as easy of demonstration as any sum in any of the elementary rules of arithmetic, that if the State would begin its work and duty at the beginning, and would with the strong hand take those children out of the streets, while they are yet children, and wisely train them, it would make them a part of England's glory, not its shame—of England's strength, not its weakness—would raise good soldiers and sailors, and good citizens, and many great men, out of the seeds of its criminal population. Yet I go on bearing with the enormity as if it were nothing, and I go on reading the Parliamentary Debates as if they were something, and I concern myself far more about one railway-bridge across a public thoroughfare, than about a dozen generations of scrofula,

ignorance, wickedness, prostitution, poverty, and felony. I can slip out at my door, in the small hours after any midnight, and, in one circuit of the purlieus of Covent-garden Market, can behold a state of infancy and youth, as vile as if a Bourbon sat upon the English throne; a great police force looking on with authority to do no more than worry and hunt the dreadful vermin into corners, and there leave them. Within the length of a few streets I can find a workhouse, mismanaged with that dull short-sighted obstinacy that its greatest opportunities as to the children it receives are lost, and yet not a farthing saved to any one. But the wheel goes round, and round, and round; and because it goes round—so I am told by the politest authorities—it goes well."

Thus I reflected, one day in the Whitsun week last past, as I floated down the Thames among the bridges, looking—not inappropriately—at the drags that were hanging up at certain dirty stairs to hook the drowned out, and at the numerous conveniences provided to facilitate their tumbling in. My object in that uncommercial journey called up another train of thought, and it ran as follows:

"When I was at school, one of seventy boys, I wonder by what secret understanding our attention began to wander when we had pored over our books for some hours. I wonder by what ingenuity we brought on that confused state of mind when sense became nonsense, when figures wouldn't work, when dead languages wouldn't construe, when live languages wouldn't be spoken, when memory wouldn't come, when dulness and vacancy wouldn't go. I cannot remember that we ever conspired to be sleepy after dinner, or that we

ever particularly wanted to be stupid, and to have flushed faces and hot beating heads, or to find blank hopelessness and obscurity this afternoon in what would become perfectly clear and bright in the freshness of to-morrow morning. We suffered for these things, and they made us miserable enough. Neither do I remember that we ever bound ourselves by any secret oath or other solemn obligation, to find the seats getting too hard to be sat upon after a certain time; or to have intolerable twitches in our legs, rendering us aggressive and malicious with those members; or to be troubled with a similar uneasiness in our elbows, attended with fistic consequences to our neighbours; or to carry two pounds of lead in the chest, four pounds in the head, and several active blue-bottles in each ear. Yet, for certain, we suffered under those distresses, and were always charged at for labouring under them, as if we had brought them on, of our own deliberate act and deed. As to the mental portion of them being my own fault in my own case—I should like to ask any well-trained and experienced teacher, not to say psychologist. And as to the physical portion—I should like to ask PROFESSOR OWEN."

It happened that I had a small bundle of papers with me, on what is called the "The Half-Time System" in schools. Referring to one of those papers I found that the indefatigable MR. CHADWICK had been beforehand with me, and had already asked Professor Owen: who had handsomely replied that I was not to blame, but that, being troubled with a skeleton, and having been constituted according to certain natural laws, I and my skeleton were unfortunately bound by those laws—even in school—and had comported our-

selves accordingly. Much comforted by the good Professor's being on my side, I read on to discover whether the indefatigable Mr. Chadwick had taken up the mental part of my afflictions. I found that he had, and that he had gained on my behalf, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Walter Scott, and the common sense of mankind. For which I beg Mr. Chadwick, if this should meet his eye, to accept my warm acknowledgments.

Up to that time I had retained a misgiving that the seventy unfortunates of whom I was one, must have been, without knowing it, leagued together by the spirit of evil in a sort of perpetual Guy Fawkes Plot, to grope about in vaults with dark lanterns after a certain period of continuous study. But now the misgiving vanished, and I floated on with a quieted mind to see the Half-Time System in action. For that was the purpose of my journey both by steamboat on the Thames, and by very dirty railway on the shore. To which last institution, I beg to recommend the legal use of coke as engine-fuel, rather than the illegal use of coal; the recommendation is quite disinterested, for I was most liberally supplied with small coal on the journey, for which no charge was made. I had not only my eyes, nose, and ears filled, but my hair and all my pockets, and my pocket-book, and my watch.

The V. D. S. C. R. C. (or Very Dirty Small Coal Railway Company) delivered me close to my destination, and I soon found the Half-Time System established in spacious premises, and free placed at my convenience and disposal.

What would I see first of the Half-Time System? I chose Military Drill. "Atten—tion!" Instantly a hundred boys stood forth in the pas

one boy; bright, quick, eager, steady, for the look of command, instant and or the word. Not only was there complete n—complete accord to the eye and to the ut an alertness in the doing of the thing deprived it, curiously, of its monotonous or nical character. There was perfect uni- y, and yet an individual spirit and emulation. pectator could doubt that the boys liked it. non-commissioned officers varying from a to a yard and a half high, the result could not ibly have been attained otherwise. They ched, and counter-marched, and formed in line square, and company, and single file and able file, and performed a variety of evolutions; most admirably. In respect of an air of enjoy- le understanding of what they were about, which ems to be forbidden to English soldiers, the boys ight have been small French troops. When they ere dismissed and the broadsword exercise, mited to a much smaller number, succeeded, the oys who had no part in that new drill, either looked on attentively, or disported themselves in a gymnasium hard by. The steadiness of the broad- sword boys on their short legs, and the firmness with which they sustained the different positions, was truly remarkable.

The broadsword exercise over, suddenly there was great excitement and a rush. Naval Drill!

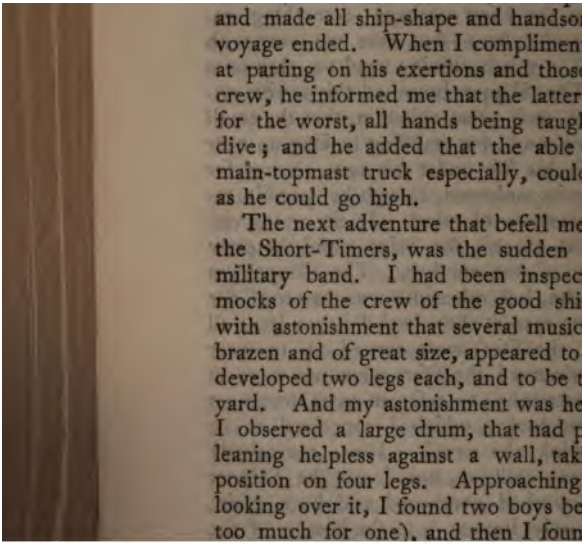
In the corner of the ground stood a decked mimic ship, with real masts, yards, and sails—mainmast seventy feet high. At the word of command from the Skipper of this ship—a mahogany-faced Old Salt, with the indispensable quid in his cheek, the true nautical roll, and all wonderfully complete—the rigging was covered with a swarm

of boys: one, the first to spring into the shrouds, outstripping all the others, and resting on the truck of the main-topmast in no time.

And now we stood out to sea, in a most amazing manner; the Skipper himself, the whole crew, the Uncommercial, and all hands present, implicitly believing that there was not a moment to lose, that the wind had that instant chopped round and sprung up fair, and that we were away on a voyage round the world. Get all sail upon her! With a will, my lads! Lay out upon the main-yard there! Look alive at the weather earring! Cheery, my boys! Let go the sheet, now! Stand by the braces, you! With a will, aloft there! Belay, starboard watch! Fifer! Come aft, fifer, and give 'em a tune! Forthwith, springs up fifer, fife in hand—smallest boy ever seen—big lump of temple, having lately fallen down on a paving-stone—gives 'em a tune with all his might and main. Hooroar, fifer! With a will, my lads! Tip 'em a livelier one, fifer! Fifer tips 'em a livelier one and excitement increases. Shake 'em out, my lads! Well done! There you have her! Pretty, pretty! Every rag upon her she can carry, wind right astarn, and ship cutting through the water fifteen knots an hour!

At this favourable moment of her voyage, I gave the alarm "A man overboard!" (on the gravel), but he was immediately recovered, none the worse. Presently, I observed the Skipper overboard, but forbore to mention it, as he seemed in no wise disconcerted by the accident. Indeed, I soon came to regard the Skipper as an amphibious creature, for he was so perpetually plunging overboard *to look* up at the hands aloft, that he was oftener in *the bosom* of the ocean than on deck. His yel-

s crew on those occasions was delightful, and onventional unintelligibility of his orders in the f uncommercial land-lubbers and loblolly boys, h they were always intelligible to the crew, hardly less pleasant. But we couldn't expect on in this way for ever; dirty weather came nd then worse weather, and when we least cted it we got into tremendous difficulties. y loose in the chart perhaps—something cer- wrong somewhere—but here we were with ers ahead, my lads, driving head on, slap on a hore! The Skipper broached this terrific an- cement in such great agitation, that the small not fifeing now, but standing looking on near wheel with his fife under his arm, seemed for noment quite unboyed, though he speedily re- ed his presence of mind. In the trying cir- tances that ensued, the Skipper and the crew d worthy of one another. The Skipper got lfully hoarse, but otherwise was master of the ion. The man at the wheel did wonders; all s (except the fifer) were turned up to wear and I observed the fifer, when we were at greatest extremity, to refer to some document s waistcoat-pocket, which I conceived to be ill. I think she struck. I was not myself ious of any collision, but I saw the Skipper ry often washed overboard and back again, I could only impute it to the beating of the I am not enough of a seaman to describe nanœuvres by which we were saved, but they the Skipper very hot (French polishing his gany face) and the crew very nimble, and eded to a marvel; for, within a few minutes e first alarm, we had wore ship and got her *nd were all a-tauto*—which I felt very grateful



and made all ship-shape and handso
voyage ended. When I complimen
at parting on his exertions and thos
crew, he informed me that the latter
for the worst, all hands being taug
dive; and he added that the able
main-topmast truck especially, coul
as he could go high.

The next adventure that befell m
the Short-Timers, was the sudden
military band. I had been inspec
mocks of the crew of the good shi
with astonishment that several music
brazen and of great size, appeared to
developed two legs each, and to be
yard. And my astonishment was he
I observed a large drum, that had
leaning helpless against a wall, tak
position on four legs. Approaching
looking over it, I found two boys be
too much for one), and then I foun

ankee Doodle, and we finished, as in loyal bound, with God Save the Queen. The proficiency was perfectly wonderful, and it t at all wonderful that the whole body cor- of Short-Timers listened with faces of the interest and pleasure.

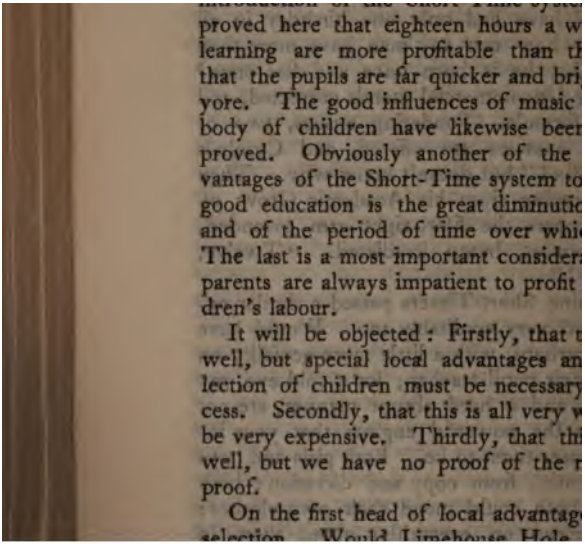
at happened next among the Short-Timers? the band had blown me into a great class- out of their brazen tubes, *in* a great class- I found myself now, with the whole choral f Short-Timers singing the praises of a sum- day to the harmonium, and my small but respected friend the fifer blazing away vo- as if he had been saving up his wind for the velve-month; also the whole crew of the hip Nameless swarming up and down the s if they had never swarmed up and down ging. This done, we threw our power into less the Prince of Wales, and blessed his Highness to such an extent that, for my own mercial part, I gasped again when it was The moment this was done, we formed, urpassing freshness, into hollow squares, and work at oral lessons, as if we never did, and ver thought of doing, anything else.

a veil be drawn over the self-committals into the Uncommercial Traveller would have etrayed but for a discreet reticence, coupled n air of absolute wisdom on the part of that ersonage. Take the square of five, multiply ifteen, divide it by three, deduct eight from four dozen to it, give me the result in and tell me how many eggs I could get for ree farthings apiece. The problem is hardly when a dozen small boys pour out answers. *vide, some very* nearly right, some worked

as far as they go with such accuracy, as at once to show what link of the chain has been dropped in the hurry. For the moment, none are quite right; but behold a labouring spirit beating the buttons on its corporeal waistcoat, in a process of internal calculation, and knitting an accidental bump on its corporeal forehead in a concentration of mental arithmetic! It is my honourable friend (if he will allow me to call him so) the fifer. With right arm eagerly extended in token of being inspired with an answer, and with right leg foremost, the fifer solves the mystery: then recalls both arm and leg, and with bump in ambush awaits the next poser. Take the square of three, multiply it by seven, divide it by four, add fifty to it, take thirteen from it, multiply it by two, double it, give me the result in pence, and say how many half-pence. Wise as the serpent is the four feet of performer on the nearest approach to that instrument, whose right arm instantly appears, and quenches this arithmetical fire. Tell me something about Great Britain, tell me something about its principal productions, tell me something about its ports, tell me something about its seas and rivers, tell me something about coal, iron, cotton, timber, tin, and turpentine. The hollow square bristles with extended right arms; but ever faithful to fact is the fifer, ever wise as the serpent is the performer on that instrument, ever prominently buoyant and brilliant are all members of the band. I observe the player of the cymbals to dash at a sounding answer now and then rather than not cut in at all; but I take that to be in the way of his instrument. All these questions, and many such, are put on the spur of the moment, *and by* one who has never examined these boys. The Uncommercial, invited to add another, glean-

demands how many birthdays a man born
e twenty-ninth of February will have had on
leting his fiftieth year? A general perception
p and pitfall instantly arises, and the fifer is
to retire behind the corduroys of his next
ours, as perceiving special necessity for col-
g himself and communing with his mind.
while, the wisdom of the serpent suggests that
an will have had only one birthday in all
ime, for how can any man have more than
eeing that he is born once and dies once?
blushing Uncommercial stands corrected, and
ls the formula. Pondering ensues, two or
wrong answers are offered, and Cymbals
up "Six!" but doesn't know why. Then
tly emerging from his Academic Grove of
oys appears the fifer, right arm extended,
leg foremost, bump irradiated. "Twelve,
vo over!"

e feminine Short-Timers passed a similar ex-
tion, and very creditably too. Would have
better perhaps, with a little more geniality on
rt of their pupil-teacher; for a cold eye, my
friend, and a hard abrupt manner, are not
y means the powerful engines that your in-
ce supposes them to be. Both girls and boys
excellently, from copy and dictation; both
cook; both could mend their own clothes;
could clean up everything about them in
derly and skilful way, the girls having
nly household knowledge superadded. Order
ethod began in the songs of the Infant School
I visited likewise, and they were even in
dwarf degree to be found in the Nursery,
the Uncommercial walking-stick was cat-
off with acclamations, and where "the



proved here that eighteen hours a w
learning are more profitable than th
that the pupils are far quicker and bri
yore. The good influences of music
body of children have likewise been
proved. Obviously another of the
vantages of the Short-Time system to
good education is the great diminutio
and of the period of time over whi
The last is a most important consider
parents are always impatient to profit
dren's labour.

It will be objected: Firstly, that t
well, but special local advantages an
lection of children must be necessary
cess. Secondly, that this is all very w
be very expensive. Thirdly, that thi
well, but we have no proof of the r
proof.

On the first head of local advantag

On the second head of expense. Would sixpence a week be considered a very large cost for the education of each pupil, including all salaries of teachers and rations of teachers? But supposing the cost were not sixpence a week, not fivepence? It is FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

On the third head of no proof, sir, no proof. Is there any proof in the facts that Pupil Teachers more in number, and more highly qualified, have been produced here under the Short-Time system than under the Long-Time system? That the Short-Timers, in a writing competition, beat the Long-Timers of a first-class National School? That the sailor-boys are in such demand for merchant ships, that whereas, before they were trained, 10*l.* premium used to be given with each boy—too often to some greedy brute of a drunken skipper, who disappeared before the term of apprenticeship was out, if the ill-used boy didn't—captains of the best character now take these boys more than willingly, with no premium at all? That they are also much esteemed in the Royal Navy, which they prefer, "because everything is so neat and clean and orderly"? Or, is there any proof in Naval captains writing, "Your little fellows are all that I can desire"? Or, is there any proof in such testimony as this: "The owner of a vessel called at the school, and said that as his ship was going down Channel on her last voyage, with one of the boys from the school on board, the pilot said, 'It would be as well if the royal were lowered; I wish it were down.' Without waiting for any orders, and unobserved by the pilot, the lad, whom they had taken on board from the school, instantly mounted the mast and lowered the royal, and at the next glance of the pilot to the mast-

head, he perceived that the sail had been let down. He exclaimed, 'Who's done that job?' The owner, who was on board, said, 'That was the little fellow whom I put on board two days ago.' The pilot immediately said, 'Why, where could he have been brought up?' That boy had never seen the sea or been on a real ship before?" Or, is there any proof in these boys being in greater demand for Regimental Bands than the Union can meet? Or, in ninety-eight of them having gone into Regimental Bands in three years? Or, in twelve of them being in the band of one regiment? Or, in the colonel of that regiment writing, "We want six more boys; they are excellent lads"? Or, in one of the boys having risen to be band-corporal in the same regiment? Or, in employers of all kinds chorusing, "Give us drilled boys, for they are prompt, obedient, and punctual"? Other proofs I have myself beheld with these Uncommercial eyes, though I do not regard myself as having a right to relate in what social positions they have seen respected men and women who were once pauper children of the Stepney Union.

Into what admirable soldiers others of these boys have the capabilities for being turned, I need not point out. Many of them are always ambitious of military service; and once upon a time when an old boy came back to see the old place, a cavalry soldier all complete, *with his spurs on*, such a yearning broke out to get into cavalry regiments and wear those sublime appendages, that it was one of the greatest excitements ever known in the school. The girls make excellent domestic servants and at certain periods come back, a score or two at a time, to see the old building, and to take tea with the old teachers, and to hear the old bands

e the old ship with her masts towering up
neighbouring roofs and chimneys. As to
ical health of these schools, it is so ex-
ly remarkable (simply because the sanitary
is are as good as the other educational ar-
its), that when Mr. TUFNELL, the In-
irst stated it in a report, he was supposed,
f his high character, to have been betrayed
e extraordinary mistake or exaggeration.
ioral health of these schools—where cor-
ishment is unknown—Truthfulness stands
When the ship was first erected, the boys
bidden to go aloft, until the nets, which
always there, were stretched as a pre-
igainst accidents. Certain boys in their
, disobeyed the injunction, got out of win-
the early daylight, and climbed to the
. One boy unfortunately fell, and was
There was no clue to the others; but all
were assembled, and the chairman of the
dressed them. "I promise nothing; you
a dreadful thing has happened; you know
grave offence it is that has led to such a
ice; I cannot say what will be done with
ders; but, boys, you have been trained
ve all things, to respect the truth. I want
Who are the delinquents?" Instantly,
e number of boys concerned, separated
rest, and stood out.

the head and heart of that gentleman (it
ss to say, a good head and a good heart)
n deeply interested in these schools for
irs, and are so still; and the establishment
irtunate in a most admirable master, and
the schools of the Stepney Union cannot
to be what they are, without the Stepney

Board of Guardians having been earnest and humane men, strongly imbued with a sense of their responsibility. But what one set of men can do in this wise, another set of men can do; and this is a noble example to all other Bodies and Unions, and a noble example to the State. Followed, and enlarged upon by its enforcement on bad parents, it would clear London streets of the most terrible objects they smite the sight with—myriads of little children who awfully reverse Our Saviour's words, and are not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of the Kingdom of Hell.

Clear the public streets of such shame, and the public conscience of such reproach? Ah! Almost prophetic, surely, the child's jingle:

> When will that be,
> Say the bells of Step-ney!

Chapter XXX

A SMALL STAR IN THE EAST

I HAD been looking, yesternight, through the famous "Dance of Death," and to-day the grim old woodcuts arose in my mind with the new significance of a ghastly monotony not to be found in the original. The weird skeleton rattled along the streets before me, and struck fiercely; but it was never at the pains of assuming a disguise. It played on no dulcimer here, was crowned with no flowers, waved no plume, minced in no flowing robe or train, lifted no wine-cup, sat at no feast, cast no dice, counted no gold. It was simply a bare, gaunt, famished skeleton, slaying his way along.

The borders of Ratcliff and Stepney, eastward London, and giving on the impure river, were scene of this uncompromising dance of death, on a drizzling November day. A squalid maze streets, courts, and alleys of miserable houses out in single rooms. A wilderness of dirt, rags, l hunger. A mud-desert, chiefly inhabited by a e from whom employment has departed, or to om it comes but fitfully and rarely. They are skilled mechanics in any wise. They are but ourers,—dock-labourers, water-side labourers, l-porters, ballast-heavers, such like hewers of od and drawers of water. But they have come o existence, and they propagate their wretched e.

One grisly joke alone, methought, the skeleton med to play off here. It had stuck election- s on the walls, which the wind and rain had eriorated into suitable rags. It had even summed the state of the poll, in chalk, on the shutters one ruined house. It adjured the free and in- endent starvers to vote for Thisman and vote Thatman; not to plump, as they valued the e of parties and the national prosperity (both of at importance to them, I think); but, by return- Thisman and Thatman, each naught without other, to compound a glorious and immortal ole. Surely the skeleton is nowhere more cruelly ical in the original monkish idea!

Pondering in my mind the far-seeing schemes of isman and Thatman, and of the public blessing ed Party, for staying the degeneracy, physical l moral, of many thousands (who shall say how ny?) of the English race; for devising employ- nt useful to the community for those who want to work and live; for equalising rates, culti-

vating waste lands, facilitating emigration, above all things, saving and utilising the onc generations, and thereby changing ever-gr national weakness into strength: pondering mind, I say, these hopeful exertions, I turned a narrow street to look into a house or two.

It was a dark street with a dead wall o side. Nearly all the outer doors of the stood open. I took the first entry, and knoc a parlour-door. Might I come in? I migh plased, sur.

The woman of the room (Irish) had pic some long strips of wood, about some wh barge; and they had just now been thrust i otherwise empty grate to make two iron po There was some fish in one, and there wer potatoes in the other. The flare of the b wood enabled me to see a table, and a broke or so, and some old cheap crockery orn about the chimney-piece. It was not unti spoken with the woman a few minutes, tha a horrible brown heap on the floor in a which, but for previous experience in this wise, I might not have suspected to be "the There was something thrown upon it; and what that was.

"'Tis the poor craythur that stays her and 'tis very bad she is, and 'tis very ba been this long time, and 'tis better she'll ne and 'tis slape she does all day, and 'tis wa does all night, and 'tis the lead, sur."

"The what?"

"The lead, sur. Sure 'tis the lead-mills, the women gets took on at eighteen-pence sur, when they makes application early enou is lucky and wanted; and 'tis lead-pisoned

, and some of them gets lead-pisoned soon, and
ne of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some,
t not many, niver; and 'tis all according to the
nstitooshun, sur, and some constitooshuns is
ong, and some is weak; and her constitooshun
lead-pisoned, bad as can be, sur; and her brain
coming out at her ear, and it hurts her dreadful;
d that's what it is, and niver no more, and niver
less, sur."

The sick young woman moaning here, the
eaker bent over her, took a bandage from her
ad, and threw open a back door to let in the
ylight upon it, from the smallest and most miser-
le back-yard I ever saw.

"That's what cooms from her, sur, being lead-
oned; and it cooms from her night and day, the
or, sick craythur; and the pain of it is dreadful;
d God he knows that my husband has walked
sthreets these four days, being a labourer, and
walking them now, and is ready to work, and no
rk for him, and no fire and no food but the bit in
pot, and no more than ten shillings in a fort-
ht; God be good to us! and it is poor we are,
d dark it is and could it is indeed."

Knowing that I could compensate myself there-
er for my self-denial, if I saw fit, I had resolved
t I would give nothing in the course of these
its. I did this to try the people. I may state
once that my closest observation could not detect
y indication whatever of an expectation that I
uld give money: they were grateful to be talked
about their miserable affairs, and sympathy was
inly a comfort to them; but they neither asked
money in any case, nor showed the least trace
surprise or disappointment or resentment at my
ing none.

The woman's married daughter had by this time come down from her room on the floor above, to join in the conversation. She herself had been to the lead-mills very early that morning to be "took on," but had not succeeded. She had four children; and her husband, also a water-side labourer, and then out seeking work, seemed in no better case as to finding it than her father. She was English, and by nature of a buxom figure and cheerful. Both in her poor dress and in her mother's there was an effort to keep up some appearance of neatness. She knew all about the sufferings of the unfortunate invalid, and all about the lead-poisoning, and how the symptoms came on, and how they grew,—having often seen them. The very smell when you stood inside the door of the works was enough to knock you down, she said: yet she was going back again to get "took on." What could she do? Better be ulcerated and paralysed for eighteen-pence a day, while it lasted, than see the children starve.

A dark and squalid cupboard in this room, touching the back door and all manner of offence, had been for some time the sleeping place of the sick young woman. But the nights being now wintry, and the blankets and coverlets "gone to the leaving shop," she lay all night where she lay all day, and was lying then. The woman of the room, her husband, this most miserable patient, and two others, lay on the one brown heap together for warmth.

"God bless you, sir, and thank you!" were the parting words from these people,—gratefully spoken too,—with which I left this place.

Some streets away, I tapped at another parlour door on another ground-floor. Looking in, I found

an, his wife, and four children, sitting at a
ning-stool by way of table, at their dinner of
d and infused tea-leaves. There was a very
ty cinderous fire in the grate by which they
and there was a tent bedstead in the room
a bed upon it and a coverlet. The man did
rise when I went in, nor during my stay, but
ly inclined his head on my pulling off my hat,
in answer to my inquiry whether I might ask
a question or two, said, "Certainly." There
g a window at each end of this room, back and
t, it might have been ventilated; but it was
up tight, to keep the cold out, and was very
ening.

The wife, an intelligent, quick woman, rose and
d at her husband's elbow; and he glanced up
er as if for help. It soon appeared that he was
er deaf. He was a slow, simple fellow of
ut thirty.

'What was he by trade?"

'Gentleman asks what are you by trade, John?"

'I am a boilermaker;" looking about him with
exceedingly perplexed air, as if for a boiler that
unaccountably vanished.

'He ain't a mechanic, you understand, sir,"
wife put in: "he's only a labourer."

'Are you in work?"

He looked up at his wife again. "Gentleman
are you in work, John?"

'In work!" cried this forlorn boilermaker,
ing aghast at his wife, and then working his
n's way very slowly round to me: "Lord,
"

'Ah, he ain't indeed!" said the poor woman,
ing her head, as she looked at the four children
uccession, and then at him.

"Work!" said the boilermaker, still seeking the evaporated boiler, first in my countenance, then in the air, and then in the features of his second at his knee: "I wish I *was* in work! I haven't had more than a day's work to do this three weeks."

"How have you lived?"

A faint gleam of admiration lighted up the face of the would-be boilermaker, as he stretched the short sleeve of his threadbare canvas jacket, and replied, pointing her out, "On the work of the wife."

I forget where boilermaking had gone to, or where he supposed it had gone to; but he added some resigned information on that head, coupled with an expression of his belief that it was never coming back.

The cheery helpfulness of the wife was very remarkable. She did slop-work; made pea-jackets. She produced the pea-jacket then in hand, and spread it out upon the bed,—the only piece of furniture in the room on which to spread it. She showed how much of it she made, and how much was afterwards finished off by the machine. According to her calculation at the moment, deducting what her trimming cost her, she got for making a pea-jacket tenpence half-penny, and she could make one in something less than two days.

But, you see, it come to her through two hands, and of course it didn't come through the second hand for nothing. Why did it come through the second hand at all? Why, this way. The second hand took the risk of the given-out work, you see. If she had money enough to pay the security deposit,—call it two pound,—she could get the work from the first hand, and so the second would

have to be deducted for. But, having no ney at all, the second hand come in and took profit, and so the whole worked down to ten- ce half-penny. Having explained all this with at intelligence, even with some little pride, and hout a whine or murmur, she folded her work in, sat down by her husband's side at the wash- -stool, and resumed her dinner of dry bread. an as the meal was, on the bare board, with its gallipots for cups, and what not other sordid ke-shifts; shabby as the woman was in dress, toning down towards the Bosjesman colour, h want of nutriment and washing,—there was itively a dignity in her, as the family anchor holding the poor shipwrecked boilermaker's k. When I left the room, the boilermaker's s were slowly turned towards her, as if his last e of ever again seeing that vanished boiler lay her direction.

These people had never applied for parish relief once; and that was when the husband met with lisabling accident at his work.

Not many doors from here, I went into a room the first floor. The woman apologised for its ng in "an untidy mess." The day was Satur- , and she was boiling the children's clothes in a icepan on the hearth. There was nothing else o which she could have put them. There was crockery, or tinware, or tub, or bucket. There s an old gallipot or two, and there was a broken tle or so, and there were some broken boxes for ts. The last small scraping of coals left was ted together in a corner of the floor. There re some rags in an open cupboard, also on the or. In a corner of the room was a crazy old nch bedstead, with a man lying on his back

upon it in a ragged pilot jacket, and rough oil-sk
fantail hat. The room was perfectly black.
was difficult to believe, at first, that it was not pu
posely coloured black, the walls were so begrime

As I stood opposite the woman boiling the ch
dren's clothes,—she had not even a piece of so
to wash them with,—and apologising for her o
cupation, I could take in all these things witho
appearing to notice them, and could even corr
my inventory. I had missed, at the first glan
some half a pound of bread in the otherwise emp
safe, an old red ragged crinoline hanging on
handle of the door by which I had entered, a
certain fragments of rusty iron scattered on
floor, which looked like broken tools and a pi
of stove-pipe. A child stood looking on. On
box nearest to the fire sat two younger childr
one a delicate and pretty little creature, whom
other sometimes kissed.

This woman, like the last, was wofully shabby,
was degenerating to the Bosjesman complexi
But her figure, and the ghost of a certain viva
about her, and the spectre of a dimple in her che
carried my memory strangely back to the old d
of the Adelphi Theatre, London, when Mrs. F
william was the friend of Victorine.

"May I ask you what your husband is?"

"He's a coal-porter, sir,"—with a glance a
sigh towards the bed.

"Is he out of work?"

"Oh, yes, sir! and work's at all times v
very scanty with him; and now he's laid up."

"It's my legs," said the man upon the
"I'll unroll 'em." And immediately began.

"Have you any older children?"

"I have a daughter that does the needle-w

d I have a son that does what he can. She's at r work now, and he's trying for work."

"Do they live here?"

"They sleep here. They can't afford to pay ore rent, and so they come here at night. The rent very hard upon us. It's rose upon us too, now, sixpence a week,—on account of these new anges in the law, about the rates. We are a eek behind; the landlord's been shaking and ttling at that door frightfully; he says he'll turn out. I don't know what's to come of it."

The man upon the bed ruefully interposed, Here's my legs. The skin's broke, besides the velling. I have had a many kicks, working, one ay and another."

He looked at his legs (which were much dis-loured and misshapen) for a while, and then ap-aring to remember that they were not popular ith his family, rolled them up again, as if they ere something in the nature of maps or plans that ere not wanted to be referred to, lay hopelessly wn on his back once more with his fantail hat er his face, and stirred not.

"Do your eldest son and daughter sleep in that pboard?"

"Yes," replied the woman.

"With the children?"

"Yes. We have to get together for warmth. e have little to cover us."

"Have you nothing by you to eat but the piece bread I see there?"

"Nothing. And we had the rest of the loaf r our breakfast, with water. I don't know what's come of it."

"Have you no prospect of improvement?"

"If my eldest son earns anything to-day, he'll

bring it home. Then we shall have something to eat to-night, and may be able to do something towards the rent. If not, I don't know what's to come of it."

"This is a sad state of things."

"Yes, sir; it's a hard, hard life. Take care of the stairs as you go, sir,—they're broken,—and good day, sir!"

These people had a mortal dread of entering the workhouse, and received no out-of-door relief.

In another room, in still another tenement, I found a very decent woman with five children,—the last a baby, and she herself a patient of the parish doctor,—to whom, her husband being in the hospital, the Union allowed for the support of herself and family, four shillings a week and five loaves. I suppose when Thisman, M. P., and Thatman, M. P., and the Public-blessing Party, lay their heads together in course of time, and come to an equalisation of rating, she may go down to the dance of death to the tune of sixpence more.

I could enter no other houses for that one while, for I could not bear the contemplation of the children. Such heart as I had summoned to sustain me against the miseries of the adults failed me when I looked at the children. I saw how young they were, how hungry, how serious and still. I thought of them, sick and dying in those lairs. I think of them dead without anguish; but to think of them so suffering and so dying quite unmanned me.

Down by the river's bank in Ratcliff, I was turning upward by a side-street, therefore, to regain the railway, when my eyes rested on the inscription across the road, "East London Children's Hospital." I could scarcely have seen an inscrip-

better suited to my frame of mind; and I
t across and went straight in.
found the children's hospital established in an
sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature,
on the simplest means. There were trap-
s in the floors, where goods had been hoisted
nd down; heavy feet and heavy weights had
ed every knot in the well-trodden planking:
nvenient bulks and beams and awkward stair-
s perplexed my passage through the wards.
I found it airy, sweet, and clean. In its seven
thirty beds I saw but little beauty; for starva-
in the second or third generation takes a
hed look: but I saw the sufferings both of in-
y and childhood tenderly assuaged; I heard
little patients answering to pet playful names,
light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the
ed sticks of arms for me to pity; and the
-like little hands, as she did so, twined them-
s lovingly around her wedding-ring.
ne baby mite there was as pretty as any of
hael's angels. The tiny head was bandaged
vater on the brain; and it was suffering with
e bronchitis too, and made from time to time a
ative, though not impatient or complaining,
sound. The smooth curve of the cheeks and
he chin was faultless in its condensation of in-
ne beauty, and the large bright eyes were most
ly. It happened as I stopped at the foot of the
that these eyes rested upon mine with that
ful expression of wondering thoughtfulness
h we all know sometimes in very little chil-
. They remained fixed on mine, and never
ed from me while I stood there. When the
rance of that plaintive sound shook the little
, the gaze still remained unchanged. I felt as

though the child implored me to tell the story of the little hospital in which it was sheltered to any gentle heart I could address. Laying my world-worn hand upon the little unmarked clasped hand at the chin, I gave it a silent promise that I would do so.

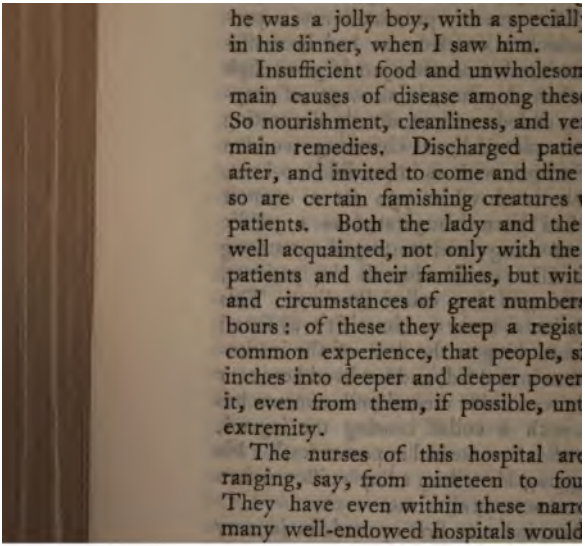
A gentleman and lady, a young husband and wife, have bought and fitted up this building for its present noble use, and have quietly settled themselves in it as its medical officers and directors. Both have had considerable practical experience of medicine and surgery; he as house-surgeon of a great London hospital; she as a very earnest student, tested by severe examination, and also as a nurse of the sick poor during the prevalence of cholera.

With every qualification to lure them away, with youth and accomplishments and tastes and habits that can have no response in any breast near them, close begirt by every repulsive circumstance inseparable from such a neighbourhood, there they dwell. They live in the hospital itself, and their rooms are on its first floor. Sitting at their dinner-table, they could hear the cry of one of the children in pain. The lady's piano, drawing-materials, books, and other such evidences of refinement are as much a part of the rough place as the iron bedsteads of the little patients. They are put to shifts for room, like passengers on board ship. The dispenser of medicines (attracted to them not by self-interest, but by their own magnetism and that of their cause) sleeps in a recess in the dining-room, and has his washing apparatus in the sideboard.

Their contented manner of making the best of the things around them, I found so pleasantly inseparable *from* their usefulness! Their pride in this partition

put up ourselves, or in that partition that we
vn, or in that other partition that we moved,
stove that was given us for the waiting-room,
r nightly conversion of the little consulting-
ito a smoking-room! Their admiration
ituation, if we could only get rid of its one
iable incident, the coal-yard at the back!
iospital carriage, presented by a friend, and
iful." That was my presentation to a per-
or, for which a coach-house had been dis-
in a corner down-stairs, just large enough
it. Coloured prints, in all stages of prep-
for being added to those already decorating
ds, were plentiful; a charming wooden
enon of a bird, with an impossible top-knot,
icked his head when you set a counter
going, had been inaugurated as a public
iat very morning; and trotting about among
s, on familiar terms with all the patients,
omical mongrel dog, called Poodles. This
dog (quite a tonic in himself) was found
ristically starving at the door of the institu-
I was taken in and fed, and has lived here ever
An admirer of his mental endowments has
d him with a collar bearing the legend,
not Poodles by external appearances." He
rily wagging his tail on a boy's pillow when
: this modest appeal to me.

i this hospital was first opened, in January
present year, the people could not possibly
: but that somebody paid for the services
l there; and were disposed to claim them
it, and to find fault if out of temper. They
me to understand the case better, and have
icreased in gratitude. The mothers of the
avail themselves very freely of the visiting



he was a jolly boy, with a speciall
in his dinner, when I saw him.

Insufficient food and unwholeson
main causes of disease among thes
So nourishment, cleanliness, and ve
main remedies. Discharged patie
after, and invited to come and dine
so are certain famishing creatures
patients. Both the lady and the
well acquainted, not only with the
patients and their families, but wit
and circumstances of great number
bours: of these they keep a regist
common experience, that people, s
inches into deeper and deeper pover
it, even from them, if possible, unt
extremity.

The nurses of this hospital ar
ranging, say, from nineteen to fou
They have even within these narr
many well-endowed hospitals would

ork was needed. She is a fair dress-
e hospital cannot pay her as many
he year as there are months in it; and
lady regarded it as a duty to speak to
er improving her prospects and follow-
le. "No," she said: she could never
or so happy elsewhere any more; she
mong the children. And she stays.
nurses, as I passed her, was washing a
Liking her pleasant face, I stopped to
r charge,—a common, bullet-headed,
arge enough, laying hold of his own
lippery grasp, and staring very solemnly
ket. The melting of the pleasant face
d smiles, as this young gentleman gave
ed kick, and laughed at me, was almost
revious pain.
ing play was acted in Paris years ago,
e Children's Doctor." As I parted
ildren's doctor, now in question, I saw
black necktie, in his loose buttoned
coat, in his pensive face, in the flow of
r, in his eyelashes, in the very turn of
he, the exact realisation of the Paris
as it was presented on the stage. But
that I know of has had the boldness
the life and home of this young hus-
ung wife in the Children's Hospital in
London.
way from Ratcliff by the Stepney rail-
to the terminus at Fenchurch Street.
o will reverse that route may retrace

Chapter XXXI

ABOARD SHIP

MY journeys as Uncommercial Traveller for the firm of Human-Interest Brothers have not slackened since I last reported of them, but have kept me continually on the move. I remain in the same idle employment. I never solicit an order, I never get any commission, I am the rolling stone that gathers no moss,—unless any should by chance be found among these samples.

Some half a year ago, I found myself in my idlest, dreamiest, and least accountable condition altogether, on board ship, in the harbour of the city of New York, in the United States of America. Of all the good ships afloat, mine was the good steamship "Russia," Capt. Cook, Cunard Line, bound for Liverpool. What more could I wish for?

I had nothing to wish for but a prosperous passage. My salad-days, when I was green of visage and sea-sick, being gone with better things (and not worse), no coming event cast its shadow before.

I might but a few moments previously have imitated Sterne, and said, "'And yet, methinks, Eugenius,'—laying my forefinger wistfully on his coat sleeve, thus,—'and yet, methinks, Eugenius, 'tis but sorry work to part with thee, for what fresh fields, . . . my dear Eugenius, . . . can be fresher than thou art, and in what pastures new shall I find Eliza, or call her, Eugenius, if thou wilt, Annie?'"—I say I might have done this, but Eugenius was gone, and I hadn't done it.

I was resting on a skylight on the hurricane deck, watching the working of the ship very [illegible]

out, that she might head for England. It was gh-noon on a most brilliant day in April, and the autiful bay was glorious and glowing. Full many time, on shore there, had I seen the snow come wn, down, down (itself like down), until it lay ep in all the ways of men, and particularly, as it emed, in my way, for I had not gone dry-shod any hours for months. Within two or three days t past had I watched the feathery fall setting in with e ardour of a new idea, instead of dragging at the irts of a worn-out winter, and permitting glimpses a fresh young spring. But a bright sun and a ar sky had melted the snow in the great crucible nature; and it had been poured out again that rning over sea and land, transformed into myriads gold and silver sparkles.

The ship was fragrant with flowers. Something the old Mexican passion for flowers may have adually passed into North America, where flowers luxuriously grown, and tastefully combined in richest profusion; but, be that as it may, such rgeous farewells in flowers had come on board, t the small officer's cabin on deck, which I anted, bloomed over into the adjacent scuppers, d banks of other flowers that it couldn't hold de a garden of the unoccupied tables in the pas-gers' saloon. These delicious scents of the shore, ngling with the fresh airs of the sea, made the nosphere a dreamy, an enchanting one. And with the watch aloft setting all the sails, and th the screw below revolving at a mighty rate, d occasionally giving the ship an angry shake for isting, I fell into my idlest ways, and lost my-f.

As, for instance, whether it was I lying there, or *ne other entity* even more mysterious, was a

matter I was far too lazy to look into. What did it signify to me if it were I? or to the more mysterious entity, if it were he? Equally as to the remembrances that drowsily floated by me, or by him, why ask when or where the things happened? Was it not enough that they befell at some time, somewhere?

There was that assisting at the church service on board another steamship, one Sunday, in a stiff breeze. Perhaps on the passage out. No matter. Pleasant to hear the ship's bells go as like church-bells as they could; pleasant to see the watch off duty mustered and come in: best hats, best Guernseys, washed hands and faces, smoothed heads. But then arose a set of circumstances so rampantly comical, that no check which the gravest intentions could put upon them would hold them in hand. Thus the scene. Some seventy passengers assembled at the saloon tables. Prayer-books on tables. Ship rolling heavily. Pause. No minister. Rumour has related that a modest young clergyman on board has responded to the captain's request that he will officiate. Pause again, and very heavy rolling.

Closed double doors suddenly burst open, and two strong stewards skate in, supporting minister between them. General appearance as of somebody picked up drunk and incapable, and under conveyance to station-house. Stoppage, pause, and particularly heavy rolling. Stewards watch their opportunity, and balance themselves, but cannot balance minister; who, struggling with a drooping head and a backward tendency, seems determined to return below, while they are as determined *that he* shall be got to the reading-desk in mid-saloon. Desk portable, sliding away down a

table, and aiming itself at the breasts of various members of the congregation. Here the double doors, which have been carefully closed by other stewards, fly open again, and worldly passenger tumbles in, seemingly with pale-ale designs: who, seeking friend, says "Joe!" Perceiving incongruity, says, "Hullo! Beg yer pardon!" and tumbles out again. All this time the congregation have been breaking up into sects,—as the manner of congregations often is,—each sect sliding away by itself, and all pounding the weakest sect which slid first into the corner. Utmost point of dissent soon attained in every corner, and violent rolling. Stewards at length made a dash; conduct minister to the mast in the centre of the saloon, which he embraces with both arms; skate out; and leave him in that condition to arrange affairs with flock.

There was another Sunday, when an officer of the ship read the service. It was quiet and impressive, until we fell upon the dangerous and perfectly unnecessary experiment of striking up a hymn. After it was given out, we all rose, but everybody left it to somebody else to begin. Silence resulting, the officer (no singer himself) rather reproachfully gave us the first line again, upon which a rosy pippin of an old gentleman, remarkable throughout the passage for his cheerful politeness, gave a little stamp with his boot (as if he were leading off a country dance), and blithely warbled us into a show of joining. At the end of the first verse we became, through these tactics, so much refreshed and encouraged, that none of us, howsoever unmelodious, would submit to be left out of the second verse; while as to the third we lifted up our voices in a sacred howl that left it doubtful whether we were the more boastful of the sen-

ments we united in professing, or of professing them with a most discordant defiance of time and tune.

"Lord bless us!" thought I, when the fresh remembrance of these things made me laugh heartily alone in the dead water-gurgling waste of the night, what time I was wedged into my berth by a wooden bar, or I must have rolled out of it, "what errand was I then upon, and to what Abyssinian point had public events then marched? No matter as to me. And as to them, if the wonderful popular rage for a plaything (utterly confounding in its inscrutable unreason) had not then lighted on a poor young savage boy, and a poor old screw of a horse, and hauled the first off by the hair of his princely head to 'inspect' British volunteers, and hauled the second off by the hair of his equine tail to the Crystal Palace, why so much the better for all of us outside Bedlam!"

So, sticking to the ship, I was at the trouble of asking myself would I like to show the grog distribution in "the fiddle" at noon to the Grand United Amalgamated Total Abstinence Society? Yes, I think I should. I think it would do them good to smell the rum, under the circumstances. Over the grog, mixed in a bucket, presides the boatswain's mate, small tin can in hand. Enter the crew, the guilty consumers, the grown-up brood of Giant Despair, in contradistinction to the band of youthful angel Hope. Some in boots, some in leggings, some in tarpaulin overalls, some in frocks, some in pea-coats, a very few in jackets, most with sou'wester hats, all with something rough and rugged round the throat; all, dripping salt water where they stand; all pelted by weather, besmeared with grease, and blackened by the sooty riggings.

Each man's knife in its sheath in his girdle, loosened for dinner. As the first man, with a knowingly kindled eye, watches the filling of the poisoned chalice (truly but a very small tin mug, to be prosaic), and, tossing back his head, tosses the contents into himself, and passes the empty chalice and passes on, so the second man with an anticipatory wipe of his mouth or sleeve or handkerchief, bides his turn, and drinks and hands and passes on, in whom, and in each as his turn approaches, beams a knowingly kindled eye, a brighter temper, and a suddenly awakened tendency to be jocose with some shipmate. Nor do I even observe that the man in charge of the ship's lamps, who in right of his office has a double allowance of poisoned chalices, seems thereby vastly degraded, even though he empties the chalices into himself, one after the other, much as if he were delivering their contents at some absorbent establishment in which he had no personal interest. But vastly comforted, I note them all to be, on deck presently, even to the circulation of redder blood in their cold blue knuckles; and when I look up at them lying out on the yards, and holding on for life among the beating sails, I cannot for *my* life see the justice of visiting on them —or on me—the drunken crimes of any number of criminals arraigned at the heaviest of assizes.

Abetting myself in my idle humour, I closed my eyes, and recalled life on board of one of those nail-packets, as I lay, part of that day, in the Bay of New York, O! The regular life began—mine always did, for I never got to sleep afterwards—with the rigging of the pump while it was yet dark, and washing down of decks. Any enormous giant at a prodigious hydropathic establishment, conscientiously undergoing the water-cure in all its de-

partments, and extremely particular about cleaning his teeth, would make those noises. Swash, splash, scrub, rub, toothbrush, bubble, swash, splash, bubble, toothbrush, splash, splash, bubble, rub. Then the day would break, and, descending from my berth by a graceful ladder composed of half-opened drawers beneath it, I would reopen my outer dead-light and my inner sliding window (closed by a watchman during the water-cure), and would look out at the long-rolling, lead-coloured, white-topped waves over which the dawn, on a cold winter morning, cast a level, lonely glance, and through which the ship fought her melancholy way at a terrific rate. And now, lying down again, awaiting the season for broiled ham and tea, I would be compelled to listen to the voice of conscience,—the screw.

It might be, in some cases, no more than the voice of stomach; but I called it in my fancy by the higher name. Because it seemed to me that we were all of us, all day long, endeavouring to stifle the voice. Because it was under everybody's pillow, everybody's plate, everybody's camp-stool, everybody's book, everybody's occupation. Because we pretended not to hear it, especially at meal-times, evening whist, and morning conversation on deck; but it was always among us in an under monotone, not to be drowned in pea-soup, not to be shuffled with cards, not to be diverted by books, not to be knitted into any pattern, not to be walked away from. It was smoked in the weediest cigar, and drunk in the strongest cocktail; it was conveyed on deck at noon with limp ladies, who lay there in their wrappers until the stars shone; it waited at table with the stewards; nobody could put it out with the lights. It was considered (as on shore) ill-

bred to acknowledge the voice of conscience. It was not polite to mention it. One squally day an amiable gentleman in love gave much offence to a surrounding circle, including the object of his attachment, by saying of it, after it had goaded him over two easy-chairs and a skylight, "Screw!"

Sometimes it would appear subdued. In fleeting moments, when bubbles of champagne pervaded the nose, or when there was "hot pot" in the bill of fare, or when an old dish we had had regularly every day was described in that official document by a new name,—under such excitements, one would almost believe it hushed. The ceremony of washing plates on deck, performed after every meal by a circle as of ringers of crockery triple-bob majors for a prize, would keep it down. Hauling the reel, taking the sun at noon, posting the twenty-four hours' run, altering the ship's time by the meridian, casting the waste food overboard, and attracting the eager gulls that followed in our wake,—these events would suppress it for awhile. But the instant any break or pause took place in any such diversion, the voice would be at it again, importuning us to the last extent. A newly married young pair, who walked the deck affectionately some twenty miles per day, would, in the full flush of their exercise, suddenly become stricken by it, and stand trembling, but otherwise immovable, under its reproaches.

When this terrible monitor was most severe with us was when the time approached for our retiring to our dens for the night; when the lighted candles in the saloon grew fewer and fewer; when the deserted glasses with spoons in them grew more and more numerous; when waifs of toasted cheese and strays of sardines fried in batter slid languidly

to and fro in the table-racks; when the man who always read had shut up his book, and blown out his candle; when the man who always talked had ceased from troubling; when the man who was always medically reported as going to have delirium tremens had put it off till to-morrow; when the man who every night devoted himself to a midnight smoke on deck two hours in length, and who every night was in bed within ten minutes afterwards, was buttoning himself up in his third coat for his hardy vigil: for then, as we fell off one by one, and, entering our several hutches, came into a peculiar atmosphere of bilge-water and Windsor soap, the voice would shake us to the centre. Woe to us when we sat down on our sofa, watching the swinging candle for ever trying and retrying to stand upon his head! or our coat upon its peg, imitating us as we appeared in our gymnastic days by sustaining itself horizontally from the wall, in emulation of the lighter and more facile towels! Then would the voice especially claim us for its prey, and rend us all to pieces.

Lights out, we in our berths, and the wind rising, the voice grows angrier and deeper. Under the mattress and under the pillow, under the sofa and under the washing-stand, under the ship and under the sea, seeming to rise from the foundations under the earth with every scoop of the great Atlantic (and oh! why scoop so?), always the voice. Vain to deny its existence in the night season; impossible to be hard of hearing; screw, screw, screw! Sometimes it lifts out of the water, and revolves with a whirr, like a ferocious firework,—except that it never expends itself, but is always ready to go off again; sometimes it seems to be in anguish and shivers; sometimes it seems to be terrified by

ıst plunge, and has a fit which causes it to gle, quiver, and for an instant stop. And the ship sets in rolling, as only ships so fiercely ved through time and space, day and night, veather and foul, *can* roll.

d she ever take a roll before like that last? Did ever take a roll before like this worse one that ming now? Here is the partition at my ear ı in the deep on the lee side. Are we ever ng up again together? I think not; the ion and I are so long about it that I really do ve we have overdone it this time. Heavens, a scoop! What a deep scoop, what a hol- scoop, what a long scoop! Will it ever end, can we bear the heavy mass of water we have ı on board, and which has let loose all the furniture in the officers' mess, and has beaten the door of the little passage between the r and me, and is swashing about, even there even here? The purser snores reassuringly, the ship's bells striking, I hear the cheerful l's well!" of the watch musically given back length of the deck, as the lately diving parti- now high in air, tries (unsoftened by what ıave gone through together) to force me out of and berth.

All's well!" Comforting to know, though y all might be better. Put aside the rolling the rush of water, and think of darting through darkness with such velocity. Think of any r similar object coming in the opposite direc- !

Whether there may be an attraction in two such ing bodies out at sea, which may help accident ring them into collision? Thoughts, too, arise voice never silent all the while, but marvel-

lously suggestive) of the gulf below; of the strange unfruitful mountain ranges and deep valleys over which we are passing; of monstrous fish midway; of the ship's suddenly altering her course on her own account, and with a wild plunge settling down, and making *that* voyage with a crew of dead discoverers. Now, too, one recalls an almost universal tendency on the part of passengers to stumble, at some time or other in the day, on the topic of a certain large steamer making this same run, which was lost at sea, and never heard of more. Everybody has seemed under a spell, compelling approach to the threshold of the grim subject, stoppage, discomfiture, and pretence of never having been near it. The boatswain's whistle sounds! A change in the wind, hoarse orders issuing, and the watch very busy. Sails come crashing home overhead, ropes (that seem all knot) ditto; every man engaged appears to have twenty feet, with twenty times the average amount of stamping power in each. Gradually the noise slackens, the hoarse cries die away, the boatswain's whistle softens into the soothing and contented notes, which rather reluctantly admit that the job is done for the time, and the voice sets in again.

Thus come unintelligible dreams of up hill and down, and swinging and swaying, until consciousness revives of atmospherical Windsor soap and bilge-water, and the voice announces that the giant has come for the water-cure again.

Such were my fanciful reminiscences as I lay, part of that day, in the Bay of New York, O! Also as we passed clear of the Narrows, and got out to sea; also in many an idle hour at sea in sunny weather! At length the observations and computations showed that we should make the coast

f Ireland to-night. So I stood watch on deck all ight to-night, to see how we made the coast of reland.

Very dark, and the sea most brilliantly phos-horescent. Great way on the ship, and double ook-out kept. Vigilant captain on the bridge, igilant first officer looking over the port side, vigi-ant second officer standing by the quarter-master at he compass, vigilant third officer posted at the stern ail with a lantern. No passengers on the quiet ecks, but expectation everywhere nevertheless. The two men at the wheel very steady, very se-ious, and very prompt to answer orders. An or-er issued sharply now and then, and echoed back; therwise the night drags slowly, silently, with no hange.

All of a sudden, at the blank hour of two in the norning, a vague movement of relief from a long train expresses itself in all hands; the third offi-er's lantern twinkles, and he fires a rocket, and nother rocket. A sullen solitary light is pointed ut to me in the black sky yonder. A change is xpected in the light, but none takes place. "Give hem two more rockets, Mr. Vigilant." Two nore, and a blue-light burnt. All eyes watch the ight again. At last a little toy sky-rocket is flashed p from it; and, even as that small streak in the larkness dies away, we are telegraphed to Queens-own, Liverpool, and London, and back again un-er the ocean to America.

Then up came the half-dozen passengers who re going ashore at Queenstown, and up comes the nail-agent in charge of the bags, and up come the nen who are to carry the bags into the mail-tender hat will come off for them out of the harbour. Lamps and lanterns gleam here and there about the

decks, and impeding bulks are knocked away with handspikes; and the port-side bulwark, barren but a moment ago, bursts into a crop of heads of stewmen, stewards, and engineers.

The light begins to be gained upon, begins to be alongside, begins to be left astern. More rockets and, between us and the land, steams beautifully the Inman steamship City of Paris, for New York outward bound. We observe with complacency that the wind is dead against her (it being *with* us) and that she rolls and pitches. (The sickest passenger on board is the most delighted by this circumstance.) Time rushes by as we rush on; and now we see the light in Queenstown Harbour, and now the lights of the mail-tender coming out to us. What vagaries the mail-tender performs on the way in every point of the compass, especially in those where she has no business, and why she performs them, Heaven only knows! At length she is seen plunging within a cable's length of our port broadside, and is being roared at through our speaking trumpets to do this thing, and not to do that, and to stand by the other, as if she were a very demented tender indeed. Then, we slackening amid a deafening roar of steam, this much-abused tender is made fast to us by hawsers, and the men in readiness carry the bags aboard, and return for more, bending under their burdens, and looking just like the pasteboard figures of the miller and his men in the theatre of our boyhood, and comporting themselves almost as unsteadily. All the while the unfortunate tender plunges high and low, and is roared at. Then the Queenstown passengers are put on board of her, with infinite plunging and roaring, and the tender gets heaved up on the sea to that surprising extent that she looks within

re of washing aboard of us, high and dry. oared at with contumely to the last, this wretched nder is at length let go, with a final plunge of eat ignominy, and falls spinning into our wake.

The voice of conscience resumed its dominion as e day climbed up the sky, and kept by all of us ssengers into port; kept by us as we passed other ghthouses, and dangerous islands off the coast, here some of the officers, with whom I stood my atch, had gone ashore in sailing-ships in fogs (and which by that token they seemed to have quite affectionate remembrance), and past the Welsh ast, and past the Cheshire coast, and past every- ing and everywhere lying between our ship and r own special dock in the Mersey. Off which, last, at nine of the clock, on a fair evening early May, we stopped, and the voice ceased. A ry curious sensation, not unlike having my own rs stopped, ensued upon that silence; and it was ith a no less curious sensation that I went over e side of the good Cunard ship "Russia" (whom osperity attend through all her voyages!) and rveyed the outer hull of the gracious monster at the voice had inhabited. So, perhaps, shall e all, in the spirit, one day survey the frame that ld the busier voice from which my vagrant fancy rived this similitude.

Chapter XXXII

A LITTLE DINNER IN AN HOUR

T fell out on a day in this last autumn, that I had to go down from London to a place of aside resort, on an hour's business, accompanied my esteemed friend Bullfinch. Let the place

of seaside resort be, for the nonce, called Nameless.

I had been loitering about Paris in very hot weather, pleasantly breakfasting in the open air in the garden of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, pleasantly dining in the open air in the Elysian Fields, pleasantly taking my cigar and lemonade in the open air on the Italian Boulevard towards the small hours after midnight. Bullfinch—an excellent man of business—had summoned me back across the Channel, to transact this said hour's business at Nameless; and thus it fell out that Bullfinch and I were in a railway carriage together on our way to Nameless, each with his return-ticket in his waistcoat-pocket.

Says Bullfinch, "I have a proposal to make. Let us dine at the Temeraire."

I asked Bullfinch, did he recommend the Temeraire? inasmuch as I had not been rated on the books of the Temeraire for many years.

Bullfinch declined to accept the responsibility of recommending the Temeraire, but on the whole was rather sanguine about it. He "seemed to remember," Bullfinch said, that he had dined well there. A plain dinner, but good. Certainly not like a Parisian dinner (here Bullfinch obviously became the prey of want of confidence), but of its kind very fair.

I appeal to Bullfinch's intimate knowledge of my wants and ways to decide whether I was usually ready to be pleased with any dinner, or—for the matter of that—with anything that was fair of its kind and really what it claimed to be. Bullfinch doing me the honour to respond in the affirmative, I agreed to ship myself as an able trencherman on board the Temeraire.

"Now, our plan shall be this," says Bullfinch, ith his forefinger at his nose. "As soon as we t to Namelesston, we'll drive straight to the emeraire, and order a little dinner in an hour. nd as we shall not have more than enough time which to dispose of it comfortably, what do you y to giving the house the best opportunities of rving it hot and quickly by dining in the coffee- om?"

What I had to say was, Certainly. Bullfinch who is by nature of a hopeful constitution) then gan to babble of green geese. But I checked m in that Falstaffian vein, urging considerations time and cookery.

In due sequence of events we drove up to the emeraire, and alighted. A youth in livery re- ived us on the door-step. "Looks well," said ullfinch confidentially. And then aloud, "Coffee- om!"

The youth in livery (now perceived to be ouldy) conducted us to the desired haven, and as enjoined by Bullfinch to send the waiter at nce, as we wished to order a little dinner in an our. Then Bullfinch and I waited for the waiter, ntil, the waiter continuing to wait in some un- nown and invisible sphere of action, we rang for he waiter; which ring produced the waiter, who nnounced himself as not the waiter who ought to ait upon us, and who didn't wait a moment longer.

So Bullfinch approached the coffee-room door, nd melodiously pitching his voice into a bar where wo young ladies were keeping the books of the emeraire, apologetically explained that we wished order a little dinner in an hour, and that we ere debarred from the execution of our inoffensive urpose by consignment to solitude.

Thereupon one of the young ladies rang a bell, which reverberated—as the bar this time—the waiter who was not the waiter who ought to wait upon us; this extraordinary man, whose life seemed consumed in telling upon people to say that he wouldn't wait upon them, repeated his former promise with great indignation, and retired.

Bullfinch, with a fitful countenance, was about to say to me, "This won't do," when the waiter who ought to wait upon us left off keeping us waiting at last. "Waiter," said Bullfinch piteously, "we have been a long time waiting." The waiter who ought to wait upon us laid the blame upon the waiter who ought not to wait upon us, and said it was all that waiter's fault.

"We wish," said Bullfinch, much depressed, "to order a little dinner in an hour. What can we have?"

"What would you like to have, gentlemen?"

Bullfinch, with extreme mournfulness of speech and action, and with a heirloom old fly-blown bill of fare in his hand which the waiter had given him, and which was a sort of general manuscript index to any cookery-book you please, moved the previous question.

We could have mock-turtle soup, a sole, curry, and roast duck. Agreed. At this table by this window. Punctually in an hour.

I had been feigning to look out of this window; but I had been taking note of the crumbs on all the tables, the dirty table-cloths, the stuffy, soupy, airless atmosphere, the stale leavings everywhere about, the deep gloom of the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and the stomach-ache with which a lonely traveller at a distant table in a corner was too evidently afflicted. I now pointed out to Bullfinch

larming circumstance that this traveller had
. We hurriedly debated whether, without
gement of good breeding, we could ask him
close if he had partaken of mock-turtle, sole,
, or roast duck? We decided that the thing
not be politely done, and we had set our own
chs on a cast, and they must stand the hazard
e die.

hold phrenology, within certain limits, to be
I am much of the same mind as to the subtler
ssions of the hand; I hold physiognomy to
fallible; though all these sciences demand
qualities in the student. But I also hold that
is no more certain index to personal character
the condition of a set of casters is to the
cter of any hotel. Knowing, and having
tested this theory of mine, Bullfinch resigned
lf to the worst, when, laying aside any re-
ng veil of disguise, I held up before him in
ssion the cloudy oil and furry vinegar, the
ed cayenne, the dirty salt, the obscene dregs
y, and the anchovy sauce in a flannel waist-
of decomposition.

e went out to transact our business. So in-
ng was the relief of passing into the clean
vindy streets of Namelesston from the heavy
vapid closeness of the coffee-room of the
raire, that hope began to revive within us.
began to consider that perhaps the lonely
ler had taken physic, or done something inju-
s to bring his complaint on. Bullfinch re-
d that he thought the waiter who ought to
upon us had brightened a little when suggest-
urry; and although I knew him to have been
t moment the express image of despair, I al-
myself to become elevated in spirits. As

we walked by the softly-lapping sea, all the notabilities of Namelesston, who are forever going up and down with the changelessness of the tide, passed to and fro in procession. Pretty girls on horseback, and with detested riding-masters; pretty girls on foot; mature ladies in hats,—spectacled, strong-minded, and glaring as the opposite of the weaker sex. The Stock Exchange was strongly represented, Jerusalem was strongly represented, the bores of the prosier London clubs were strongly represented. Fortune-hunters of all denominations were there, from hirsute insolvency, in a curricle, to closely-buttoned swindlery in doubtful boots, on the sharp look-out for any likely young gentleman disposed to play a game at billiards round the corner. Masters of languages, their lessons finished for the day, were going to their homes out of sight of the sea; mistresses of accomplishments, carrying small portfolios, likewise tripped homeward; pairs of scholastic pupils, two and two, went languidly along the beach, surveying the face of the waters as if waiting for some Ark to come and take them off. Spectres of the George the Fourth days flitted unsteadily among the crowd, bearing the outward semblance of ancient dandies, of every one of whom it might be said, not that he had one leg in the grave, or both legs, but that he was steeped in grave to the summit of his high shirt-collar, and had nothing real about him but his bones. Alone stationary in the midst of all the movements, the Namelesston boatmen leaned against the railings and yawned, and looked out to sea, or looked at the moored fishing-boats and at nothing. Such is the unchanging manner of life with this nursery of our hardy seamen; and very dry nurses they are, and always

mething to drink. The only two
rsonages detached from the railing
o fortunate possessors of the celebrated
nknown barking-fish, just caught (fre-
caught off Namelesston), who carried
in a hamper, and pressed the scientific
t the lid.
s of the hour had all run out when we
the Temeraire. Says Bullfinch, then,
in livery, with boldness, "Lavatory!"
arrived at the family vault with a sky-
the youth in livery presented as the
ought, we had already whisked off our
coats; but finding ourselves in the pres-
evil smell, and no linen but two crum-
newly damp from the countenances of
ody elses, we put on our cravats and
and fled unwashed to the coffee-room.
e waiter who ought to wait upon us had
ir knives and forks and glasses, on the
dirty acquaintance we had already had
of making, and which we were pleased
by the familiar expression of its stains.
here occurred the truly surprising phe-
nat the waiter who ought not to wait
ooped down upon us, clutched our loaf
d vanished with the same.
with distracted eyes, was following
untable figure "out at the portal," like
n Hamlet, when the waiter who ought
n us jostled against it, carrying a tureen.
!" said a severe diner, lately finished,
bill fiercely through his eye-glass.
ter put down our tureen on a remote
nd went to see what was amiss in this
on.

"This is not right, you know, waiter. Look here! here's yesterday's sherry, one and eightpence, and here we are again, two shillings. And what does sixpence mean?"

So far from knowing what sixpence meant, the waiter protested that he didn't know what anything meant. He wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow, and said it was impossible to do it, —not particularising what,—and the kitchen was so far off.

"Take the bill to the bar, and get it altered," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, so to call him.

The waiter took it, looked intensely at it, didn't seem to like the idea of taking it to the bar, and submitted, as a new light upon the case, that perhaps sixpence meant sixpence.

"I tell you again," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, "here's yesterday's sherry—can't you see it?—one and eightpence, and here we are again, two shillings. What do you make of one and eightpence and two shillings?"

Totally unable to make anything of one and eightpence and two shillings, the waiter went out to try if anybody else could; merely casting a helpless backward glance at Bullfinch, in acknowledgment of his pathetic entreaties for our soup-tureen. After a pause, during which Mr. Indignation Cocker read a newspaper and coughed defiant coughs, Bullfinch arose to get the tureen, when the waiter reappeared and brought it,—dropping Mr. Indignation Cocker's altered bill on Mr. Indignation Cocker's table as he came along.

"It's quite impossible to do it, gentlemen," murmured the waiter; "and the kitchen is so far off."

"Well, you don't keep the house; it's not your fault, we suppose. Bring some sherry."

"Waiter!" from Mr. Indignation Cocker, with new and burning sense of injury upon him.

The waiter, arrested on his way to our sherry, pped short, and came back to see what was ong now.

"Will you look here? This is worse than be- e. *Do* you understand? Here's yesterday's erry, one and eightpence, and here we are again o shillings. And what the devil does ninepence an?"

This new portent utterly confounded the waiter. e wrung his napkin, and mutely appealed to the lling.

"Waiter, fetch that sherry," says Bullfinch, in en wrath and revolt.

"I want to know," persisted Mr. Indignation ocker, "the meaning of ninepence. I want to ow the meaning of sherry one and eightpence sterday, and of here we are again two shillings. nd somebody."

The distracted waiter got out of the room on etext of sending somebody, and by that means t our wine. But the instant he appeared with r decanter, Mr. Indignation Cocker descended him again.

"Waiter!"

"You will now have the goodness to attend to r dinner, waiter," said Bullfinch, sternly.

"I am very sorry, but it's quite impossible to do gentlemen," pleaded the waiter; "and the tchen ——"

"Waiter!" said Mr. Indignation Cocker.

"— Is," resumed the waiter, "so far off, at ——"

"Waiter!" persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, end somebody."

you. Here's yesterday's sherry
pence, and here we are again two
how do you explain nine pence?"

However it was explained, in
be overheard. Mr. Cocker was he
ing more than "Ah-h-h-! Indee
Yes," and shortly afterwards went
man.

The lonely traveller with the st
all this time suffered severely, dra
now and then, and sipping hot br
with grated ginger in it. When
(very) mock-turtle soup, and were
with symptoms of some disorder
plexy, and occasioned by the surcha
brain with lukewarm dish-water hol
sour flour, poisonous condiments, an
five per cent. of miscellaneous kitc
into balls, we were inclined to trace
that source. On the other hand, th

curry made its appearance he suddenly retired in great disorder.

In fine, for the uneatable part of this little dinner (as contradistinguished from the undrinkable) we paid only seven shillings and sixpence each. And Bullfinch and I agreed unanimously, that no such ill-served, ill-appointed, ill-cooked, nasty little dinner could be got for the money anywhere else under the sun. With that comfort to our backs, we turned them on the dear old Temeraire, the charging Temeraire, and resolved (in the Scotch dialect) to gang nae mair to the flabby Temeraire.

Chapter XXXIII

MR. BARLOW

A GREAT reader of good fiction at an unusually early age, it seems to me as though I had been born under the superintendence of the estimable but terrific gentleman whose name stands at the head of my present reflections. The instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow, will be remembered as the tutor of Master Harry Sandford and Master Tommy Merton. He knew everything, and didactically improved all sorts of occasions, from the consumption of a plate of cherries to the contemplation of a starlight night. What youth came to without Mr. Barlow was displayed in the history of Sandford and Merton, by the example of a certain awful Master Mash. This young wretch wore buckles and powder, conducted himself with insupportable levity at the theatre, had no idea of facing a mad bull single-handed (in which I think him less reprehensible, as remotely reflecting my

own character), and was a frightful instance of the enervating effects of luxury upon the human race.

Strange destiny on the part of Mr. Barlow, to go down to posterity as childhood's experience of a bore! Immortal Mr. Barlow, boring his way through the verdant freshness of ages!

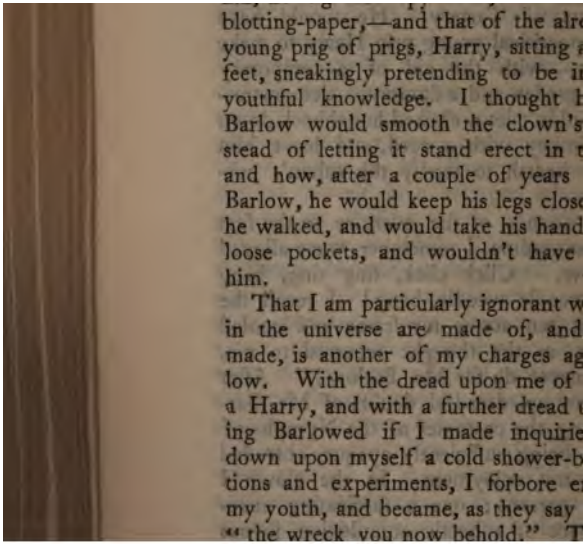
My personal indictment against Mr. Barlow is one of many counts. I will proceed to set forth a few of the injuries he has done me.

In the first place, he never made or took a joke. This insensibility on Mr. Barlow's part not only cast its own gloom over my boyhood, but blighted even the sixpenny jest-books of the time; for, groaning under a moral spell constraining me to refer all things to Mr. Barlow, I could not choose but ask myself in a whisper when tickled by a printed jest, "What would *he* think of it? What would *he* see in it?" The point of the jest immediately became a sting, and stung my conscience. For my mind's eye saw him stolid, frigid, perchance taking from its shelf some dreary Greek book, and translating at full length what some dismal sage said (and touched up afterwards, perhaps, for publication), when he banished some unlucky joker from Athens.

The incompatibility of Mr. Barlow with all other portions of my young life but himself, the adamantine inadaptability of the man to my favourite fancies and amusements, is the thing for which I hate him most. What right had he to bore his way into my Arabian Nights? Yet he did. He was always hinting doubts of the veracity of Sinbad the Sailor. If he could have got hold of the Wonderful Lamp, I knew he would have trimmed it and lighted it, and delivered a lecture over it on the qualities of sperm-oil, with a glance at the

le fisheries. He would so soon have found out
n mechanical principles—the peg in the neck
he Enchanted Horse, and would have turned it
right way in so workmanlike a manner, that the
e could never have got any height into the air,
the story couldn't have been. He would have
ed, by map and compass, that there was no
kingdom as the delightful kingdom of Casgar,
the frontiers of Tartary. He would have
ed that hypocritical young prig Harry to make
experiment,—with the aid of a temporary
ding in the garden and a dummy,—demonstrat-
that you couldn't let a choked hunchback down
Eastern chimney with a cord, and leave him
ght on the hearth to terrify the sultan's pur-
or.

he golden sounds of the overture to the first
ropolitan pantomime, I remember, were alloyed
Mr. Barlow. Click click, ting ting, bang
, weedle weedle weedle, bang! I recall the
ing air that ran across my frame and cooled
hot delight, as the thought occurred to me,
his would never do for Mr. Barlow!" After
curtain drew up, dreadful doubts of Mr. Bar-
's considering the costumes of the Nymphs of
Nebula as being sufficiently opaque, obtruded
nselves on my enjoyment. In the clown I
eived two persons; one a fascinating unac-
ntable creature of a hectic complexion, joyous
pirits though feeble in intellect, with flashes of
ancy; the other a pupil for Mr. Barlow. I
ght how Mr. Barlow would secretly rise early
he morning, and butter the pavement for *him*,
when he had brought him down, would look
rely out of his study window and ask *him* how
njoyed the fun.


blotting-paper,—and that of the alr
young prig of prigs, Harry, sitting
feet, sneakingly pretending to be i
youthful knowledge. I thought
Barlow would smooth the clown's
stead of letting it stand erect in
and how, after a couple of years
Barlow, he would keep his legs clos
he walked, and would take his hand
loose pockets, and wouldn't have
him.

That I am particularly ignorant w
in the universe are made of, and
made, is another of my charges ag
low. With the dread upon me of
a Harry, and with a further dread
ing Barlowed if I made inquirie
down upon myself a cold shower-b
tions and experiments, I forbore e
my youth, and became, as they say
"the wreck you now behold." T

dford! So I took the path, which, but for . Barlow, I might never have trodden. Thought vith a shudder, "Mr. Barlow is a bore, with an nense constructive power of making bores. His e specimen is a bore. He seeks to make a bore me. That knowledge is power I am not pre- ed to gainsay; but, with Mr. Barlow, knowl- e is power to bore." Therefore I took refuge the caves of ignorance, wherein I have resided r since, and which are still my private ad- ss.

But the weightiest charge of all my charges against . Barlow is, that he still walks the earth in ous disguises, seeking to make a Tommy of me, n in my maturity. Irrepressible, instructive nomaniac, Mr. Barlow fills my life with pitfalls, lies hiding at the bottom to burst out upon me en I least expect him.

A few of these dismal experiences of mine shall ice.

Knowing Mr. Barlow to have invested largely the moving panorama trade, and having on vari- occasions identified him in the dark with a g wand in his hand, holding forth in his old y (made more appalling in this connection by sometimes cracking a piece of Mr. Carlyle's n Dead-Sea fruit in mistake for a joke), I sys- atically shun pictorial entertainment on rollers. ilarly, I should demand responsible bail and ranty against the appearance of Mr. Barlow, ore committing myself to attendance at any as- blage of my fellow-creatures where a bottle of er and a note-book were conspicuous objects; in either of these associations, I should expressly ect him. But such is the designing nature of man, that he steals in where no reasoning pre-

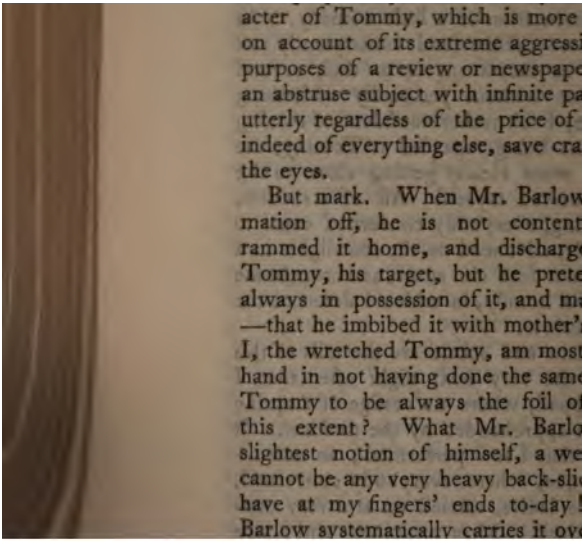
caution or prevision could expect him. As in the following case: —

Adjoining the Caves of Ignorance is a country town. In this country town the Mississippi Momuses, nine in number, were announced to appear in the town-hall, for the general delectation, this last Christmas week. Knowing Mr. Barlow to be unconnected with the Mississippi, though holding republican opinions, and deeming myself secure, I took a stall. My object was to hear and see the Mississippi Momuses in what the bills described as their "National ballads, plantation breakdowns, nigger part-songs, choice conundrums, sparkling repartees, &c." I found the nine dressed alike, in the black coat and trousers, white waistcoat, very large shirt-front, very large shirt-collar, and very large white tie and wristbands, which constitute the dress of the mass of the African race, and which has been observed by travellers to prevail over a vast number of degrees of latitude. All the nine rolled their eyes exceedingly, and had very red lips. At the extremities of the curve they formed, seated in their chairs, were the performers on the tambourine and bones. The central Momus, a black of melancholy aspect (who inspired me with a vague uneasiness for which I could not then account), performed on a Mississippi instrument closely resembling what was once called in this island a hurdy-gurdy. The Momuses on either side of him had each another instrument peculiar to the Father of Waters, which may be likened to a stringed weather-glass held upside down. There were likewise a little flute and a violin. All went well for a while, and we had had several sparkling repartees exchanged between the performers on the tambourine and bones, when the

ck of melancholy aspect, turning to the latter, l addressing him in a deep and improving voice "Bones, sir," delivered certain grave remarks to n concerning the juveniles present, and the season the year; whereon I perceived that I was in presence of Mr. Barlow—corked!

Another night—and this was in London—I at-ded the representation of a little comedy. As characters were lifelike (and consequently not proving), and as they went upon their several ys and designs without personally addressing mselves to me, I felt rather confident of coming ough it without being regarded as Tommy, the re so, as we were clearly getting close to the l. But I deceived myself. All of a sudden, opos of nothing, everybody concerned came to heck and halt, advanced to the foot-lights in a eral rally to take dead aim at me, and brought me vn with a moral homily, in which I detected the ad hand of Barlow.

Nay, so intricate and subtle are the toils of this ter, that on the very next night after that, I again entrapped, where no vestige of a spring ld have been apprehended by the timidest. It a burlesque that I saw performed; an uncom-mising burlesque, where everybody concerned, especially the ladies, carried on at a very con-rable rate indeed. Most prominent and active ng the corps of performers was what I took to (and she really gave me very fair opportunities coming to a right conclusion) a young lady of a ty figure. She was dressed as a picturesque ng gentleman, whose pantaloons had been cut in their infancy; and she had very neat knees very neat satin boots. Immediately after sing-a slang song and dancing a slang dance, this en-



acter of Tommy, which is more
on account of its extreme aggressi
purposes of a review or newspape
an abstruse subject with infinite pa
utterly regardless of the price of
indeed of everything else, save cra
the eyes.

But mark. When Mr. Barlow
mation off, he is not content
rammed it home, and discharg
Tommy, his target, but he prete
always in possession of it, and m
—that he imbibed it with mother'
I, the wretched Tommy, am most
hand in not having done the same
Tommy to be always the foil o
this extent? What Mr. Barlo
slightest notion of himself, a we
cannot be any very heavy back-sli
have at my fingers' ends to-day
Barlow systematically carries it ov

doing), he will previously have gotten some-
y to tell him some tremendous technicality, and
write in the coolest manner, "Now, sir, I
assume that every reader of your columns,
essing average information and intelligence,
ws as well as I do that"—say that the draught
n the touch-hole of a cannon of such a calibre
rs such a proportion in the nicest fractions to
draught from the muzzle; or some equally fa-
ar little fact. But whatever it is, be certain
it always tends to the exaltation of Mr. Bar-
, and the depression of his enforced and en-
ed pupil.

Mr. Barlow's knowledge of my own pursuits I
to be so profound, that my own knowledge of
n becomes as nothing. Mr. Barlow (disguised
bearing a feigned name, but detected by me) has
asionally taught me, in a sonorous voice, from
to end of a long dinner-table, trifles that I took
liberty of teaching him five-and-twenty years
. My closing article of impeachment against
. Barlow is, that he goes out to breakfast, goes
to dinner, goes out everywhere, high and low,
that he WILL preach to me, and that I CAN'T
rid of him. He makes of me a Promethean
mmy, bound; and he is the vulture that gorges
lf upon the liver of my uninstructed mind.

Chapter XXXIV

ON AN AMATEUR BEAT

T is one of my fancies, that even my idlest walk
must always have its appointed destination. I
myself a task before I leave my lodging in

Covent-garden on a street expedition, and should no more think of altering my route by the way, or turning back and leaving a part of it unachieved, than I should think of fraudulently violating an agreement entered into with somebody else. The other day, finding myself under this kind of obligation to proceed to Limehouse, I started punctually at noon, in compliance with the terms of the contract with myself to which my good faith was pledged.

On such an occasion, it is my habit to regard my walk as my beat, and myself as a higher sort of police-constable doing duty on the same. There are many a ruffian in the streets whom I mentally collar and clear out of them, who would see much little of London, I can tell him, if I could deal with him physically.

Issuing forth upon this very beat, and following with my eyes three hulking garrotters on their way home,—which home I could confidently swear to be within so many yards of Drury Lane, in such a narrow and restricted direction (though they live in their lodging quite as undisturbed as I in mine),—went on duty with a consideration which I respectfully offer to the new Chief Commissioner,—whom I thoroughly confide as a tried and efficient public servant. How often (thought I) have I been forced to swallow, in police-reports, the intolerable stereotyped pill of nonsense, how that the police-constable informed the worthy magistrate how the associates of the prisoner did, at that present speaking, dwell in a street or court which no man dared go down, and how that the worthy magistrate had heard of the dark reputation of such street or court, and how that our readers would doubtless remember that it was always the same street

h was thus edifyingly discoursed about,
fortnight.

uppose that a Chief Commissioner sent
cular to every division of police employed
, requiring instantly the names in all dis-
such much-puffed streets or courts which
urst go down; and suppose that in such
e gave plain warning, "If those places
, they are a proof of police inefficiency
ean to punish; and if they do not exist,
onventional fiction, then they are a proof
cit police connivance with professional
ich I also mean to punish"—what then?
r realities, could they survive the touch-
his atom of common sense? To tell us
urt, until it has become as trite a feature
the great gooseberry, that a costly police-
h as was never before heard of, has left
, in the days of steam and gas and pho-
f thieves and electric telegraphs, the sanc-
l stews of the Stuarts! Why, a parity
, in all departments, would bring back
in two summers, and the Druids in a

faster under my share of this public in-
rturned a wretched little creature, who,
t the rags of a pair of trousers with one
vs, and at its ragged hair with the other,
ith bare feet over the muddy stones. I
raise and succour this poor weeping
d fifty like it, but of both sexes, were
n a moment, begging, tumbling, fighting,
, yelling, shivering in their nakedness and
The piece of money I had put into the
e child I had overturned was clawed out
was again clawed out of that wolfish

gripe, and again out of that, and soon I had no notion in what part of the obscene scuffle in the mud, of rags and legs and arms and dirt, the money might be. In raising the child, I had drawn it aside out of the main thoroughfare, and this took place among some wooden hoardings and barriers and ruins of demolished buildings, hard by Temple Bar.

Unexpectedly, from among them emerged a genuine police-constable, before whom the dreadful brood dispersed in various directions, he making feints and darts in this direction and in that, and catching nothing. When all were frightened away, he took off his hat, pulled out a handkerchief from it, wiped his heated brow, and restored the handkerchief and hat to their places, with the air of a man who had discharged a great moral duty,—as indeed he had, in doing what was set down for him. I looked at him, and I looked about at the disorderly traces in the mud, and I thought of the drops of rain and the footprints of an extinct creature, hoary ages upon ages old, that geologists have identified on the face of a clift; and this speculation came over me: If this mud could petrify at this moment, and could lie concealed here for ten thousand years, I wonder whether the race of men then to be our successors on the earth could, from these or any marks, by the utmost force of the human intellect, unassisted by tradition, deduce such an astounding inference as the existence of a polished state of society that bore with the public savagery of neglected children in the streets of its capital city, and was proud of its power by sea and land, and never used its power to seize and save them!

After this, when I came to the Old Bailey and glanced up it towards Newgate, I found that the prison had an inconsistent look. There seemed to

be some unlucky inconsistency in the atmosphere that day; for though the proportions of St. Paul's Cathedral are very beautiful, it had an air of being somewhat out of drawing, in my eyes. I felt as though the cross were too high up, and perched upon the intervening golden ball too far away.

Facing eastward, I left behind me Smithfield and Old Bailey,—fire and fagot, condemned hold, public hanging, whipping through the city at the cart-tail, pillory, branding-iron, and other beautiful ancestral land marks, which rude hands have rooted up, without bringing the stars quite down upon us as yet,—and went my way upon my beat, noting how oddly characteristic neighbourhoods are divided from one another, hereabout, as though by an invisible line across the way. Here shall cease the bankers and the money-changers; here shall begin the shipping interest and the nautical-instrument shops; here shall follow a scarcely perceptible flavouring of groceries and drugs; here shall come a strong infusion of butchers; now, small hosiers shall be in the ascendant; henceforth, everything exposed for sale shall have its ticketed price attached. All this as if specially ordered and appointed.

A single stride at Houndsditch Church, no wider than sufficed to cross the kennel at the bottom of the Canon-gate, which the debtors in Holyrood sanctuary were wont to relieve their minds by skipping over, as Scott relates, and standing in delightful daring of catchpoles on the free side,—a single stride, and everything is entirely changed in grain and character. West of the stride, a table, or a chest of drawers on sale, shall be of mahogany and French-polished; east of the stride, it shall be of deal, smeared with a cheap counterfeit resembling

lip-salve. West of the stride, a penny loaf or bun shall be compact and self-contained; east of the stride, it shall be of a sprawling and splay-footed character, as seeking to make more of itself for the money. My beat lying round by Whitechapel Church, and the adjacent sugar-refineries,—great buildings, tier upon tier, that have the appearance of being nearly related to the dock-warehouses at Liverpool,—I turned off to my right, and, passing round the awkward corner on my left, came suddenly on an apparition familiar to London streets afar off.

What London peripatetic of these times has not seen the woman who has fallen forward, double, through some affection of the spine, and whose head has of late taken a turn to one side, so that it now droops over the back of one of her arms at about the wrist? Who does not know her staff, and her shawl, and her basket, as she gropes her way along, capable of seeing nothing but the pavement, never begging, never stopping, for ever going somewhere on no business? How does she live, whence does she come, whither does she go, and why? I mind the time when her yellow arms were naught but bone and parchment. Slight changes steal over her; for there is a shadowy suggestion of human skin on them now. The Strand may be taken as the central point about which she revolves in a half-mile orbit. How comes she so far east as this? And coming back too! Having been how much farther? She is a rare spectacle in this neighbourhood. I receive intelligent information to this effect from a dog—a lop-sided mongrel with a foolish tail, plodding along with his tail up, and his ears pricked, and displaying an amiable interest in the ways of his fellow-men,—if I may be

allowed the expression. After pausing at a pork-shop, he is jogging eastward like myself, with a benevolent countenance and a watery mouth, as though musing on the many excellences of pork, when he beholds this doubled-up bundle approaching. He is not so much astonished at the bundle (though amazed by that), as the circumstance that it has within itself the means of locomotion. He stops, pricks his ears higher, makes a slight point, stares, utters a short, low growl, and glistens at the nose,—as I conceive with terror. The bundle continuing to approach, he barks, turns tail, and is about to fly, when, arguing with himself that flight is not becoming in a dog, he turns, and once more faces the advancing heap of clothes. After much hesitation, it occurs to him that there may be a face in it somewhere. Desperately resolving to undertake the adventure, and pursue the inquiry, he goes slowly up to the bundle, goes slowly round it, and coming at length upon the human countenance down there where never human countenance should be, gives a yelp of horror, and flies for the East India Docks.

Being now in the Commercial Road district of my beat, and bethinking myself that Stepney Station is near, I quicken my pace that I may turn out of the road at that point, and see how my small eastern star is shining.

The Children's Hospital, to which I gave that name, is in full force. All its beds are occupied. There is a new face on the bed where my pretty baby lay, and that sweet little child is now at rest for ever. Much kind sympathy has been here since my former visit, and it is good to see the *walls profusely* garnished with dolls. I wonder *what Poodles may* think of them, as they stretch

out their arms above the beds, and stare, and display their splendid dresses. Poodles has a greater interest in the patients. I find him making the round of the beds, like a house-surgeon, attended by another dog,—a friend,—who appears to trot about with him in the character of his pupil dresser. Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl looking wonderfully healthy, who had had a leg taken off for cancer of the knee. A difficult operation, Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, but perfectly successful, as you see, dear sir! The patient, patting Poodles, adds with a smile, "The leg was so much trouble to me, that I am glad it's gone." I never saw anything in doggery finer than the deportment of Poodles, when another little girl opens her mouth to show a peculiar enlargement of the tongue. Poodles (at that time on a table, to be on a level with the occasion) looks at the tongue (with his own sympathetically out) so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and give him a guinea, wrapped in paper.

On my beat again, and close to Limehouse Church, its termination, I found myself near to certain "Lead-Mills." Struck by the name, which was fresh in my memory, and finding on inquiry, that these same lead-mills were identified with those same lead-mills of which I made mention when I first visited the East London Children's Hospital and its neighbourhood as Uncommercial Traveller, I resolved to have a look at them.

Received by two very intelligent gentlemen, brothers, and partners with their father in the concern, and who testified every desire to show their works to me freely, I went over the lead-mills.

The purport of such works is the conversion of pig-lead into white-lead. This conversion is brought about by the slow and gradual effecting of certain successive chemical changes in the lead itself. The processes are picturesque and interesting,—the most so, being the burying of the lead, at a certain stage of preparation, in pots, each pot containing a certain quantity of acid besides, and all the pots being buried in vast numbers, in layers, under tan, for some ten weeks.

Hopping up ladders, and across planks, and on elevated perches, until I was uncertain whether to liken myself to a bird or a bricklayer, I became conscious of standing on nothing particular, looking down into one of a series of large cocklofts, with the outer day peeping in through the chinks in the tiled roof above. A number of women were ascending to, and descending from, this cockloft, each carrying on the upward journey a pot of prepared lead and acid, for deposition under the smoking tan. When one layer of pots was completely filled, it was carefully covered in with planks, and those were carefully covered with tan again, and then another layer of pots was begun above; sufficient means of ventilation being preserved through wooden tubes. Going down into the cockloft then filling, I found the heat of the tan to be surprisingly great, and also the odour of the lead and acid to be not absolutely exquisite, though I believe not noxious at that stage. In other cocklofts, where the pots were being exhumed, the heat of the steaming tan was much greater, and the smell was penetrating and peculiar. There were cocklofts in all stages; full and empty, half filled and half emptied; strong, active women were clambering about them busily; and the whole thing had rather the air of

the upper part of the house of some immensely rich old Turk, whose faithful seraglio were hiding his money because the sultan or the pasha was coming.

As is the case with most pulps or pigments, so in the instance of this white-lead, processes of stirring, separating, washing, grinding, rolling, and pressing succeed. Some of these are unquestionably inimical to health, the danger arising from inhalation of particles of lead, or from contact between the lead and the touch, or both. Against these dangers, I found good respirators provided (simply made of flannel and muslin, so as to be inexpensively renewed, and in some instances washed with scented soap), and gauntlet gloves, and loose gowns. Everywhere, there was as much fresh air as windows, well placed and opened, could possibly admit. And it was explained that the precaution of frequently changing the women employed in the worst parts of the work (a precaution originating in their own experience or apprehension of its ill effects) was found salutary. They had a mysterious and singular appearance, with the mouth and nose covered, and the loose gown on, and yet bore out the simile of the old Turk and the seraglio all the better for the disguise.

At last this vexed white-lead, having been buried and resuscitated, and heated and cooled and stirred, and separated and washed and ground, and rolled and pressed, is subjected to the action of intense fiery heat. A row of women, dressed as above described, stood, let us say, in a large stone bake-house, passing on the baking-dishes as they were given out by the cooks, from hand to hand, into the ovens. The oven, or stove, cold as yet, looked as high as an ordinary house, and was full of men and women on temporary footholds, briskly pass-

ing up and stowing away the dishes. The door of another oven, or stove, about to be cooled and emptied, was opened from above, for the uncommercial countenance to peer down into. The uncommercial countenance withdrew itself, with expedition and a sense of suffocation, from the dull-glowing heat and the overpowering smell. On the whole, perhaps the going into these stoves to work, when they are freshly opened, may be the worst part of the occupation.

But I made it out to be indubitable that the owners of these lead-mills honestly and sedulously try to reduce the dangers of the occupation to the lowest point.

A washing-place is provided for the women (I thought there might have been more towels), and a room in which they hang their clothes, and take their meals, and where they have a good fire-range and fire, and a female attendant to help them, and to watch that they do not neglect the cleansing of their hands before touching their food. An experienced medical attendant is provided for them, and any premonitory symptoms of lead-poisoning are carefully treated. Their teapots and such things were set out on tables ready for their afternoon meal, when I saw their room; and it had a homely look. It is found that they bear the work much better than men: some few of them have been at it for years, and the great majority of those I observed were strong and active. On the other hand, it should be remembered that most of them are very capricious and irregular in their attendance.

American inventiveness would seem to indicate that before very long white-lead may be made entirely by machinery. The sooner, the better. In

the meantime, I parted from my two frank conductors over the mills, by telling them that they had nothing there to be concealed, and nothing to be blamed for. As to the rest, the philosophy of the matter of lead-poisoning and workpeople seems to me to have been pretty fairly summed up by the Irishwoman whom I quoted in my former paper: "Some of them gets lead-pisoned soon, and some of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some, but not many, niver; and 'tis all according to the constitooshun, sur; and some constitooshuns is strong and some is weak."

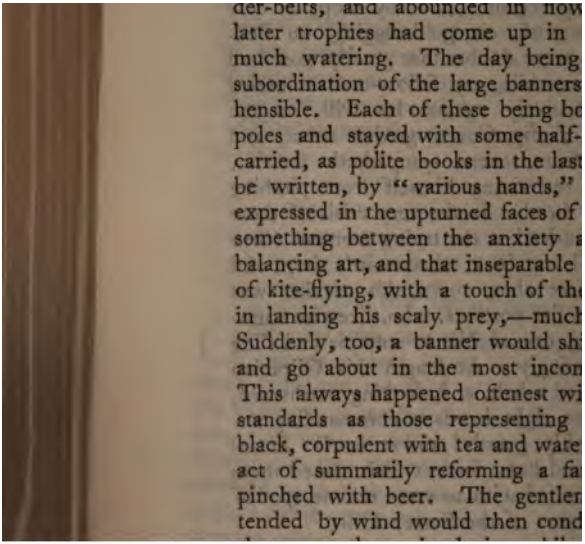
Retracing my footsteps over my beat, I went off duty.

Chapter XXXV

A PLEA FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE

ONE day this last Whitsuntide, at precisely eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there suddenly rode into the field of view commanded by the windows of my lodging an equestrian phenomenon. It was a fellow-creature on horseback, dressed in the absurdest manner. The fellow-creature wore high boots; some other (and much larger) fellow-creature's breeches, of a slack-baked doughy colour and a baggy form; a blue shirt, whereof the skirt, or tail, was puffily tucked into the waist-band of the said breeches; no coat; a red shoulder-belt; and a demi-semi-military scarlet hat, with a feathered ornament in front, which, to the uninstructed human vision, had the appearance of a moulting shuttlecock. I laid down the newspaper with which I had been occupied, and sur-

the fellow-man in question with astonish-
Whether he had been sitting to any painter
rontispiece for a new edition of "Sartor Re-
" whether "the husk or shell of him," as
emed Herr Teufelsdroch might put it, were
on a jockey, on a circus, on General Gari-
n cheap porcelain, on a toy shop, on Guy
on waxwork, on gold-digging, on Bed-
on all,—were doubts that greatly exercised
. Meanwhile, my fellow-man stumbled
d, excessively against his will, on the
tones of my Covent-garden street, and
rieks from several sympathetic females,
sively restraining himself from pitching
orse's head. In the very crisis of these
and indeed at the trying moment when
's tail was in a tobacconist's shop, and
ywhere about town, this cavalier was
o similar portents, who, likewise stum-
iding, caused him to stumble and slide
stressingly. At length this Gilpinian
fected a halt, and, looking northward,
three right hands as commanding un-
"Up, guards! and at 'em." Here-
band burst forth, which caused them
bolted with to some remote spot of
ection of the Surrey Hills.
these appearances that a procession
, I threw up my window, and,
d the satisfaction of beholding it
the streets. It was a Teetotal
learnt from its banners, and was
onsume twenty minutes in passing.
at number of children in it, some
oung in their mothers' arms as to
actically exemplifying their absti-



der-belts, and abounded in flow
latter trophies had come up in
much watering. The day being
subordination of the large banners
hensible. Each of these being bo
poles and stayed with some half-
carried, as polite books in the last
be written, by "various hands,"
expressed in the upturned faces of
something between the anxiety
balancing art, and that inseparable
of kite-flying, with a touch of the
in landing his scaly prey,—much
Suddenly, too, a banner would sh
and go about in the most incon
This always happened oftenest wi
standards as those representing
black, corpulent with tea and wate
act of summarily reforming a fa
pinched with beer. The gentler
tended by wind would then cond

Really, my dear, I am not aware that you were r required by any human being to do any thing the sort."

At intervals, a gloom would fall on the passing mbers of the procession, for which I was at first ble to account. But this I discovered, after a e observation, to be occasioned by the coming of the executioners,—the terrible official beings o were to make the speeches by-and-by,—who re distributed in open carriages at various points the cavalcade. A dark cloud and a sensation of mpness, as from many wet blankets, invariably ceded the rolling on of the dreadful cars con- ing these headsmen; and I noticed that the etched people who closely followed them, and o were in a manner forced to contemplate their ded arms, complacent countenances, and threat- ng lips, were more overshadowed by the cloud damp than those in front. Indeed, I per- ved in some of these so moody an implacability vards the magnates of the scaffold, and so plain desire to tear them limb from limb, that I uld respectfully suggest to the managers the ex- diency of conveying the executioners to the ne of their dismal labours by unfrequented ys, and in closely-tilted carts next Whitsuntide.

The procession was composed of a series of aller processions, which had come together, each m its own metropolitan district. An infusion of egory became perceptible when patriotic Peck- n advanced. So I judged, from the circum- nce of Peckham's unfurling a silken banner that ned heaven and earth with the words, "The ckham Lifeboat." No boat being in attendance, ugh life, in the likeness of "a gallant, gallant w," in nautical uniform, followed the flag. I

was led to meditate on the fact that Peckham described by geographers as an inland settlemen with no larger or nearer shore-line than the tow ing-path of the Surrey Canal, on which storm station I had been given to understand no lifebo exists. Thus I deduced an allegorical meaning and came to the conclusion, that if patriotic Peck ham picked a peck of pickled poetry, this *was* th peck of pickled poetry which patriotic Peckha picked.

I have observed that the aggregate procession was on the whole pleasant to see. I made use of that qualified expression with a direct meaning which I will now explain. It involves the title of this paper, and a little fair trying of teetotalism by its own tests. There were many people on foot, and many people in vehicles of various kinds. The former were pleasant to see, and the latter were not pleasant to see; for the reason that I never, on any occasion or under any circumstances, have be held heavier overloading of horses than in this public show. Unless the imposition of a great van laden with from ten to twenty people on a single horse be a moderate tasking of the poor creature, then the temperate use of horses was immoderate and cruel. From the smallest and lightest horse to the largest and heaviest, there were many instances in which the beast of burden was so shamefully over laden, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have frequently interposed in less gross cases.

Now, I have always held that there may be, and that there unquestionably is, such a thing as use without abuse, and that therefore the total abolitionists are irrational and wrong-headed. But the procession completely converted me. For it

large a number of the people using draught-horses in it were so clearly unable to use them without abusing them, that I perceived total abstinence from horseflesh to be the only remedy of which the case admitted. As it is all one to teetotallers whether you take half a pint of beer or half a gallon, so it was all one here whether the beast of burden were a pony or a cart-horse. Indeed, my case had the special strength that the half-pint quadruped underwent as much suffering as the half-gallon quadruped. Moral: total abstinence from horseflesh through the whole length and breadth of the scale. This pledge will be in course of administration to all teetotal processionists, not pedestrians, at the publishing office of "All the Year Round," on the 1st day of April, 1870.

Observe a point for consideration. This procession comprised many persons in their gigs, broughams, tax-carts, barouches, chaises, and what not, who were merciful to the dumb beasts that drew them, and did not overcharge their strength. What is to be done with those unoffending persons? I will not run amuck and vilify and defame them, as teetotal tracts and platforms would most assuredly do, if the question were one of drinking instead of driving: I merely ask what is to be done with them! The reply admits of no dispute whatever. Manifestly, in strict accordance with teetotal doctrines, THEY must come in too, and take the total abstinence from horseflesh pledge. It is not pretended that those members of the procession misused certain auxiliaries which in most countries and all ages have been bestowed upon man for his use, but it is undeniable that other members of the procession did. Teetotal mathematics *demonstrate* that the less includes the

greater; that the guilty include the innocent, the blind the seeing, the deaf the hearing, the dumb the speaking, the drunken the sober. If any of the moderate users of draught-cattle in question should deem that there is any gentle violence done to their reason by these elements of logic, they are invited to come out of the procession next Whitsuntide, and look at it from my window.

Chapter XXXVI

THE RUFFIAN

I ENTERTAIN so strong an objection to the euphonious softening of Ruffian into Rough, which has lately become popular, that I restore the right word to the heading of this paper; the rather, as my object is to dwell upon the fact that the Ruffian is tolerated among us to an extent that goes beyond all unruffianly endurance. I take the liberty to believe that if the Ruffian besets my life, a professional Ruffian at large in the open streets of a great city, notoriously having no other calling than that of Ruffian, and of disquieting and despoiling me as I go peacefully about my lawful business, interfering with no one, then the Government under which I have the great constitutional privilege, supreme honour and happiness, and all the rest of it, to exist, breaks down in the discharge of any Government's most simple elementary duty.

What did I read in the London daily papers, in the early days of this last September? That the Police had "AT LENGTH SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING TWO OF THE NOTORIOUS GANG THAT HAVE SO LONG INFESTED THE WATERLOO ROAD." Is it possible?

at a wonderful Police! Here is a straight, ıd, public thoroughfare of immense resort; half ile long; gas-lighted by night; with a great gas- ted railway station in it, extra the street lamps; of shops; traversed by two popular cross thor- hfares of considerable traffic; itself the main l to the South of London; and the admirable ce have, after long infestment of this dark and ly spot by a gang of Ruffians, actually got l of two of them. Why, can it be doubted any man of fair London knowledge and com- ı resolution, armed with the powers of the Law, ld have captured the whole confederacy in a k?

t is to the saving up of the Ruffian class by the gistracy and Police—to the conventional pre- ing of them, as if they were Partridges—that r number and audacity must be in great part re- ed. Why is a notorious Thief and Ruffian left at large? He never turns his liberty to account but violence and plunder, he never did ay's work out of gaol, he never will do a day's k out of gaol. As a proved notorious Thief he lways consignable to prison for three months. en he comes out, he is surely as notorious a ef as he was when he went in. Then send back again. "Just Heaven!" cries the So- y for the protection of remonstrant Ruffians. his is equivalent to a sentence of perpetual im- onment!" Precisely for that reason it has my ocacy. I demand to have the Ruffian kept out ny way, and out of the way of all decent peo- I demand to have the Ruffian employed, orce, in hewing wood and drawing water some- re for the general service, instead of hewing at Majesty's subjects and drawing their watches out

of their pockets. If this be termed an unreasonable demand, then the tax-gatherer's demand on me must be far more unreasonable, and cannot be otherwise than extortionate and unjust.

It will be seen that I treat of the Thief and Ruffian as one. I do so, because I know the two characters to be one, in the vast majority of cases, just as well as the Police know it. (As to the Magistracy, with a few exceptions, they know nothing about it but what the Police choose to tell them.) There are disorderly classes of men who are not thieves; as railway-navigators, brickmakers, wood-sawyers, costermongers. These classes are often disorderly and troublesome; but it is mostly among themselves, and at any rate they have their industrious avocations, they work early and late, and work hard. The generic Ruffian—honourable member for what is tenderly called the Rough Element—is either a Thief, or the companion of Thieves. When he infamously molests women coming out of chapel on Sunday evenings (for which I would have his back scarified often and deep) it is not only for the gratification of his pleasant instincts, but that there may be a confusion raised by which either he or his friends may profit, in the commission of highway robberies or in picking pockets. When he gets a police-constable down and kicks him helpless for life, it is because that constable once did his duty in bringing him to justice. When he rushes into the bar of a public-house and scoops an eye out of one of the company there, or bites his ear off, it is because the man he maims gave evidence against him. When he and a line of comrades extending across the footway—say of that solitary mountain-spur of the Abruzzi, the Waterloo Road—advance towards

"skylarking" among themselves, my purse or rt-pin is in predestined peril from his playfulness. lways a Ruffian, always a Thief. Always a Thief, always a Ruffian.

Now, when I, who am not paid to know these things, know them daily on the evidence of my senses and experience; when I know that the Ruffian never jostles a lady in the streets, or knocks a hat off, but in order that the Thief may profit, is it surprising that I should require from those who *are* paid to know these things, prevention of them?

Look at this group at a street corner. Number one is a shirking fellow of five-and-twenty, in an ill-favoured and ill-savoured suit, his trousers of corduroy, his coat of some indiscernible ground-work for the deposition of grease, his neckerchief like an eel, his complexion like dirty dough, his mangy fur cap pulled low upon his beetle brows to hide the prison cut of his hair. His hands are in his pockets. He puts them there when they are idle, as naturally as in other people's pockets when they are busy, for he knows that they are not roughened by work, and that they tell a tale. Hence, whenever he takes one out to draw a sleeve across his nose—which is often, for he has weak eyes and a constitutional cold in his head—he restores it to its pocket immediately afterwards. Number two is a burly brute of five-and-thirty, in a tall stiff hat; is a composite as to his clothes of betting-man and fighting-man; is whiskered; has a staring pin in his breast, along with his right hand; has insolent and cruel eyes; large shoulders; strong legs, booted and tipped for kicking. Number three is forty years of age; is short, thick set, strong, and bow-legged; wears knee cords and white stockings, a very long-sleeved waistcoat, a

very large neckerchief doubled or trebled round his throat, and a crumpled white hat crowns his ghastly parchment face. This fellow looks like an executed post-boy of other days, cut down from the gallows too soon, and restored and preserved by express diabolical agency. Number five, six, and seven, are hulking, idle, slouching young men, patched and shabby, too short in the sleeves and too tight in the legs, slimily clothed, foul-spoken, repulsive wretches inside and out. In all the party there obtains a certain twitching character of mouth and furtiveness of eye, that hint how the coward is lurking under the bully. The hint is quite correct, for they are a slinking sneaking set, far more prone to lie down on their backs and kick out, when in difficulty, than to make a stand for it. (This may account for the street mud on the backs of Numbers five, six, and seven, being much fresher than the stale splashes on their legs.)

These engaging gentry a Police-constable stands contemplating. His Station, with a Reserve of assistance, is very near at hand. They cannot pretend to any trade, not even to be porters or messengers. It would be idle if they did, for he knows them, and they know that he knows them, to be nothing but professed Thieves and Ruffians. He knows where they resort, knows by what slang names they call one another, knows how often they have been in prison, and how long, and for what. All this is known at his Station, too, and is (or ought to be) known at Scotland Yard, too. But does he know, or does his Station know, or does Scotland Yard know, or does anybody know, why these fellows should be here at liberty, when, as reputed Thieves to whom a whole Division of Police could swear, they might all be under lock

at hard labour? Not he; truly he would
e man if he did! He only knows that
members of the "notorious gang," which,
to the newspaper Police-office reports of
past September, "have so long infested"
l solitudes of the Waterloo Road, and out
almost impregnable fastnesses the Police
length dragged Two, to the unspeakable
n of all good civilians.

onsequences of this contemplative habit on
of the Executive—a habit to be looked
hermit, but not in a Police System—are
o us all. The Ruffian becomes one of the
d orders of the body politic. Under the
ame of Rough (as if he were merely a
joker) his movements and successes are
on public occasions. Whether he mus-
arge numbers, or small; whether he was
pirits, or depressed; whether he turned his
exertions to very prosperous account, or
was against him; whether he was in a
y mood, or robbed with amiable horse-
a gracious consideration for life and limb;
s chronicled as if he were an Institution.
any city in Europe, out of England, in
ese terms are held with the pests of So-
Dr in which, at this day, such violent rob-
m the person are constantly committed as
n?

reparatory Schools of Ruffianism are simi-
ie with. The young Ruffians of London
ieves yet, but training for scholarships and
os in the Criminal Court Universities—
iiet people and their property, to an ex-
is hardly credible. The throwing of
the streets has become a dangerous and

destructive offence, which surely could have got to no greater height though we had had no Police but our own riding-whips and walking-sticks—the Police to which I myself appeal on these occasions. The throwing of stones at the windows of railway carriages in motion—an act of wanton wickedness with the very Arch-Fiend's hand in it—had become a crying evil, when the railway companies forced it on Police notice. Constabular contemplation had until then been the order of the day.

Within these twelve months, there arose among the young gentlemen of London aspiring to Ruffianism, and cultivating that much-encouraged social art, a facetious cry of "I'll have this!" accompanied with a clutch at some article of a passing lady's dress. I have known a lady's veil to be thus humorously torn from her face and carried off in the open streets at noon, and I have had the honour of myself giving chase, on Westminster Bridge, to another young Ruffian, who, in full daylight early on a summer evening, had nearly thrown a modest young woman into a swoon of indignation and confusion, by his shameful manner of attacking her with this cry as she harmlessly passed along before me. Mr. CARLYLE, some time since, awakened a little pleasantry by writing of his own experience of the Ruffian of the streets. I have seen the Ruffian act in exact accordance with Mr. Carlyle's description, innumerable times, and I never saw him checked.

The blaring use of the very worst language possible, in our public thoroughfares—especially in those set apart for recreation—is another disgrace to us, and another result of constabular contemplation, the like of which I have never heard in any other country to which my uncommercial travels have

extended. Years ago, when I had a near interest in certain children who were sent with their nurses, for air and exercise, into the Regent's Park, I found this evil to be so abhorrent and horrible there, that I called public attention to it, and also to its contemplative reception by the Police. Looking afterwards into the newest Police Act, and finding that the offence was punishable under it, I resolved, when striking occasion should arise, to try my hand as prosecutor. The occasion arose soon enough, and I ran the following gauntlet.

The utterer of the base coin in question was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, who, with a suitable attendance of blackguards, youths, and boys, was flaunting along the streets, returning from an Irish funeral, in a Progress interspersed with singing and dancing. She had turned round to me and expressed herself in the most audible manner, to the great delight of that select circle. I attended the party, on the opposite side of the way, for a mile further, and then encountered a Police-constable. The party had made themselves merry at my expense until now, but seeing me speak to the constable, its male members instantly took to their heels, leaving the girl alone. I asked the constable did he know my name? Yes, he did. "Take that girl into custody, on my charge, for using bad language in the streets." He had never heard of such a charge. I had. Would he take my word that he should get into no trouble? Yes, sir, he would do that. So he took the girl, and I went home for my Police Act.

With this potent instrument in my pocket, I literally as well as figuratively "returned to the charge," and presented myself at the Police Station of the district. There, I found on duty a very in-

telligent Inspector (they are all intelligent men) who, likewise, had never heard of such a charge. I showed him my clause, and we went over it together twice or thrice. It was plain, and I engaged to wait upon the suburban Magistrate tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

In the morning I put my Police Act in my pocket again, and waited on the suburban Magistrate. I was not quite so courteously received by him as I should have been by The Lord Chancellor or The Lord Chief Justice, but that was a question of good breeding on the suburban Magistrate's part and I had my clause ready with its leaf turned down. Which was enough for *me*.

Conference took place between the Magistrate and clerk respecting the charge. During conference I was evidently regarded as a much more objectionable person than the prisoner;—one giving trouble by coming there voluntarily, which the prisoner could not be accused of doing. The prisoner had been got up, since I last had the pleasure of seeing her, with a great effect of white apron and straw bonnet. She reminded me of an elder sister of Red Riding Hood, and I seemed to remind the sympathising Chimney Sweep by whom she was attended, of the Wolf.

The Magistrate was doubtful, Mr. Uncommercial Traveller, whether this charge could be entertained. It was not known. Mr. Uncommercial Traveller replied that he wished it were better known, and that, if he could afford the leisure, he would use his endeavours to make it so. There was no question about it, however, he contended. Here was the clause.

The clause was handed in, and more conference resulted. After which I was asked the extraord

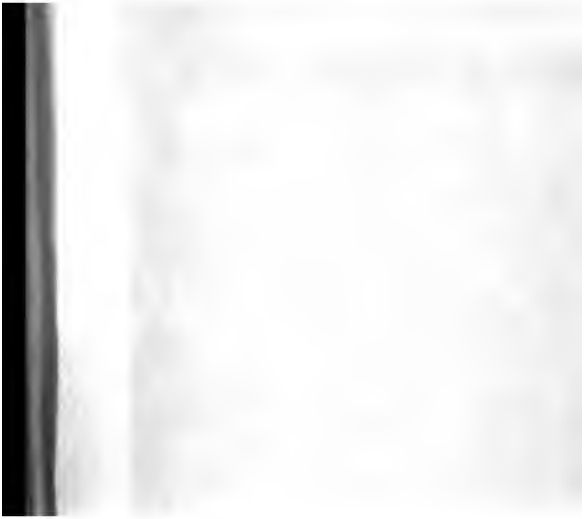
nary question: "Mr. Uncommercial, do you really wish this girl to be sent to prison?" To which I grimly answered, staring: "If I didn't, why should I take the trouble to come here?" Finally, I was sworn, and gave my agreeable evidence in detail, and White Riding Hood was fined ten shillings, under the clause, or sent to prison for so many days. "Why, Lord bless you, sir," said the Police-officer, who showed me out, with a great enjoyment of the jest of her having been got up so effectively, and caused so much hesitation: "if she goes to prison, that will be nothing new to *her*. She comes from Charles Street, Drury Lane!"

The Police, all things considered, are an excellent force, and I have borne my small testimony to their merits. Constabular contemplation is the result of a bad system; a system which is administered, not invented, by the man in constable's uniform, employed at twenty shillings a week. He has his orders, and would be marked for discouragement if he overstepped them. That the system is bad, there needs no lengthened argument to prove, because the fact is self-evident. If it were anything else, the results that have attended it could not possibly have come to pass. Who will say that under a good system, our streets could have got into their present state?

The objection to the whole Police system, as concerning the Ruffian, may be stated, and its failure exemplified, as follows. It is well known that on all great occasions, when they come together in numbers, the mass of the English people are their own trustworthy Police. It is well known that wheresoever there is collected together any fair general representation of the people, a respect for law and order, and a determination to

discountenance lawlessness and disorder, may be relied upon. As to one another, the people are a very good Police, and yet are quite willing in their good-nature that the stipendiary Police should have the credit of the people's moderation. But we are all of us powerless against the Ruffian, because we submit to the law, and it is his only trade, by superior force and by violence, to defy it. Moreover, we are constantly admonished from high places (like so many Sunday-school children out for a holiday of buns and milk-and-water) that we are not to take the law into our own hands, but are to hand our defence over to it. It is clear that the common enemy to be punished and exterminated first of all is the Ruffian. It is clear that he is, of all others, *the* offender for whose repressal we maintain a costly system of Police. Him, therefore, we expressly present to the Police to deal with, conscious that, on the whole, we can, and do, deal reasonably well with one another. Him the Police deal with so inefficiently and absurdly that he flourishes, and multiplies, and, with all his evil deeds upon his head as notoriously as his hat is, pervades the streets with no more let or hindrance than ourselves.

THE END



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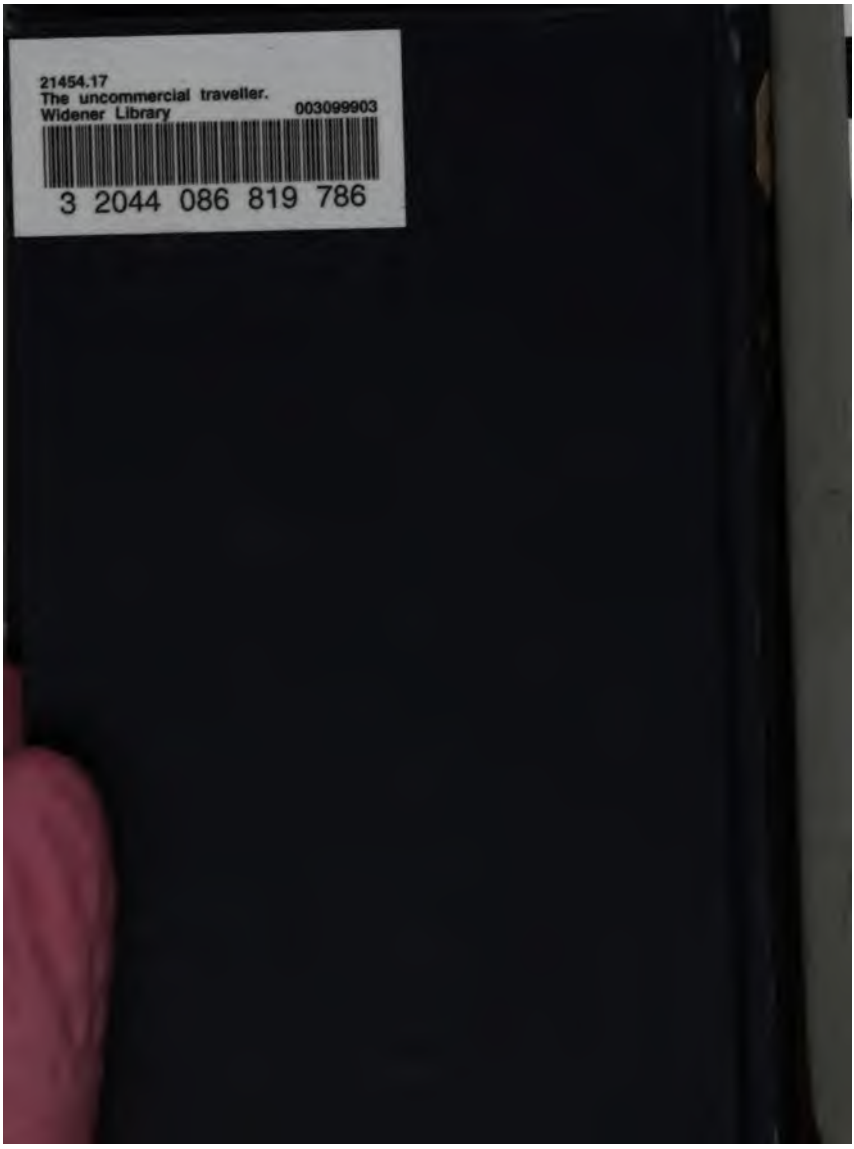
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